

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 1.

MODERN ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

By C. Stuart Johnson.

IN almost every American gallery of modern paintings three fourths of the canvases on the walls are signed with French names. The same is probably the case with collections all over the civilized world, with the possible exception of England and Germany, both of which are partial to their own artistic schools—if indeed they can substantiate their claim to possess schools, for your patriotic Frenchman will not admit there is a real

school of painting anywhere beyond the city limits of Paris.

Whether we deplore the fact or rejoice in it, these are the days of French ascendancy in art. Paris is the great artistic center to which the world looks. The graduates of foreign academies go to Paris to take their finishing course. The millionaires of East and West hie to Paris to buy pictures for their mansions. It may be true that the French school of



COMPOSITION DAY.
From the painting by Jean Geoffroy.

today has made popularity its god, and has thereby lost in solid and enduring strength; but its pursuit of popularity is certainly, at this latter end of the nineteenth century, uniquely successful.

The taste of the average modern pic-

taste, whether it be proper to call it advanced or retrograde. It would perhaps be fair to outline the artistic history of the present century in France as falling into three chapters—the heroic age of David, Ingres, and their followers, with

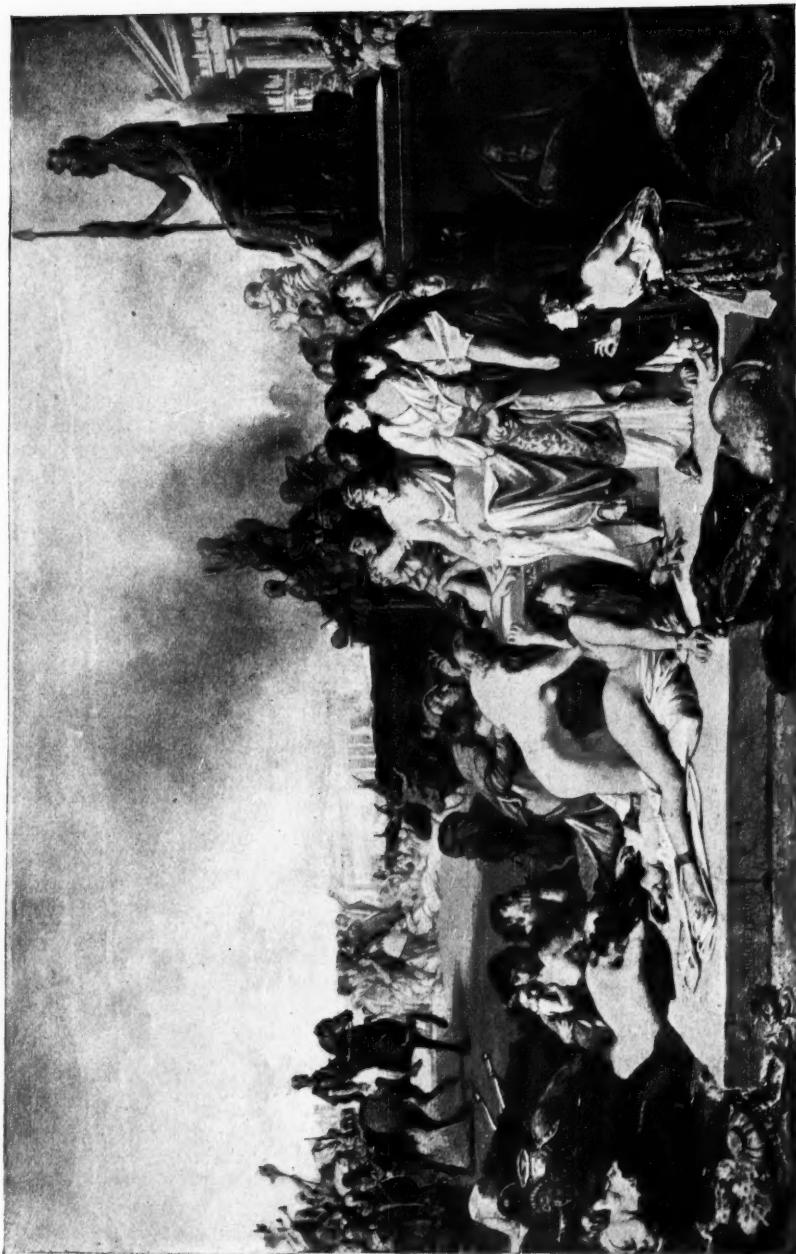


THE JESTER'S SONG.
From the painting by E. Horst.

ture buyer is not for the classical, not for the lofty, but for the interesting. He sees landscapes, and feels something like *ennui*. He gazes at historical canvases, and feels it his duty to call them fine. Then his eye lights upon some "catchy" piece of genre, and his hand goes down into his pocket. He wants the element of human interest in his paintings. He wants men and women there—especially women.

Recent French art has shown a continuous progress in the direction of catering to this average picture buyer's

their lofty ideals of classicism, and their comparatively crude execution; the poetic landscape school whose high priest was Corot, with such acolytes as Troyon, Diaz, Daubigny, and Jules Dupré; and lastly the almost innumerable company of contemporary wielders of the brush, whose specialty is genre, but whose tremendously multifarious activities are best summed up by that rather over worked term *fin de siècle*. What that dispassionate critic Houssaye said a good many years ago, that "the French genre painters are



THE LAST DAY OF CORINTH.
From the painting by Tony Robert-Fleury.

numerous and show extreme skill (*habileté*), and that is almost all there is to be said of them," is still more true today.

It must be confessed that there are very few among them who approach their subjects with the inspiration of Millet.

some canvas, but will they purchase it? It may be a good advertisement, but as producers of revenue—and the modern artist has an eye for what is colloquially termed "the main chance"—such repellent exhibits cannot compare with smooth



A RELUCTANT AWAKENING.
From the painting by F. Zuber-Buhler.

Realism is undoubtedly carried to an extreme, as such older masters as Bouguereau and Gerome are constantly warning the younger experimentalists. For instance, one of the most observed pictures of a recent Salon (that of 1886) was a huge canvas representing the cutting up of an immense hog, which the medical inspectors were examining for *trichinae*. That such a picture should be painted shows merely that its maker forgot or disregarded the unalterable canon that art must not be disgusting. That it should be approved by the Salon jury and the Parisian public is much more serious, for it shows that false standards are in vogue at the world's great art center.

This fault is one, however, that corrects itself. The public may talk about a grue-

studies of ancient or modern nymphs and graces. That "we aim to please" is still the motto of most Gallic brethren of the brush is evidenced by the specimens of their work given on these pages.

Of the French painters represented here only Tony Robert-Fleury can claim first rate eminence. He is one of the older men, though more than a decade junior to the veteran masters Bouguereau and Gerome. His father, Joseph Nicolas Robert-Fleury, was a pupil of Horace Vernet, and a colleague of such painters as Delaroche and Cogniet. The two last named were the artistic mentors of the younger Robert-Fleury, who began to exhibit in the Salon in the early sixties. He has won half a dozen medals there, one of his first being awarded to "The Last Day



THE THREE SISTERS.
From the painting by F. Lafon

of Corinth," engraved on page 5. The canvas was first exhibited at the 1870 Salon, and purchased by the government for the Luxembourg gallery, where it now hangs.

society, with a rival yearly Salon in the Champ de Mars, Robert-Fleury's policy was carried yet further, and the *hors concours* privilege was abolished *in toto*, not a canvas being thereafter admitted to the



INDECISION.
From the painting by M. Villery.

At the time of the famous "split" of the Salon, or rather of the French Artists' Society, which managed the Salon, in December, 1889, Tony Robert-Fleury was conspicuous as a leader of the conservatives. It was he and Albert Maignan who signed the official reply to Meissonier's protest against the managing committee's refusal to admit *hors concours*—that is, without examination by a jury—the work of any artist who had won a medal at the international exposition of the previous summer. And when the protestants—including such men as Carolus-Duran, Dagnan-Bouveret, Gervex, and Puvis de Chavannes—withdrawn to form a rival so-

old Salon, that of the Palais de l'Industrie, without the approval of the jury.

Its feeling for color is a point on which the modern French school rather prides itself, and on the whole justly. It cannot rival those unequalled masters of hues and pigments, the old Venetian painters, but it is distinctly in advance of its English and German contemporaries. Its superiority is quite a recent development. It has learned much since the days of Corot and Troyon, who were deeply influenced by the opinion of Constable, the English landscape painter, that "there is nothing beautiful but light and shade make it so, and if these are subtly rendered even an



THE PLAYING ODALISQUE.

From the painting by N. Siebel.

old hat becomes worthy of art." But color, of course, cannot be reproduced in black and white, and the reader must go to the originals to appreciate the cleverness of such men as Villeroy and Zuber-Bühler in this department of their art.

Zuber-Bühler speaks with the artistic

page 3, is a good specimen of his work. It was at the Salon last year.

Nathanael Sichel, whose "Playing Odalisque" is given on the preceding page, is a German artist who shows decided signs of the influence of the Parisian art movement. A native of Mayence, where he



"FARE THEE WELL!"
From the painting by H. Koch.

tones of the Parisian school, just as his country, western Switzerland, uses the language of France. Born at Locle, in the canton of Neuchatel, he studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts and under Picot, and went back to Switzerland to become one of the best known artists of the Alpine republic. He began to exhibit forty years ago, and several of his canvases are in the collection of the Neuchatel Museum.

Jean Geoffroy is one of the younger Frenchmen, having been born about thirty five years ago at Marennes, in the department of Charente Inférieure. He has made a marked success in a field of genre that has been more often cultivated by such Englishmen as Sant and such Germans as Meyer von Bremen—boys and boy life. "The Composition Hour," engraved on

was born nearly fifty years ago, and a pupil of Julius Schrader at the Berlin Academy, he made his debut with "Philip the Generous at his Wife's Tomb," in 1864. This fine composition—which now hangs in the public gallery at Darmstadt—won for him a traveling scholarship.

Herr Sichel's earlier paintings were mostly of historical themes—"The Arrest of Don Carlos by Philip II," "Cardinal de Guise in Rome," and so forth. But he gradually drifted into a line of work for which, no doubt, he found greater popular demand. There now comes forth from his studio on the Leipziger Strasse, in Berlin, an apparently unending succession of canvases whereon appear feminine forms and faces that are always graceful and pretty, if seldom much more than that.



YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

"LAST night, dear Antoinette."
(Tis thus a woer writes,
Whose thoughts are deeply set
On love's profound delights)
"Asleep within my chair
Thy vision I did greet,
And, joy beyond compare,
I dreamed I kissed thee, sweet."

Ah, she was hurt, I fear,
For, seeming ill at ease,
She wrote, "To me it's clear
Thou'rt taking liberties.
Such notions overthrow,
Pray take to other schemes;
'Tis well that thou should'st know
I don't believe in dreams."

Yet strange that when today
I kissed her—oh, the bliss,
The charm, the spell, that lay
In that ecstatic kiss!—
No fault she found; it seems,
O maid of mysteries.
That though she liked not dreams
She courts realities!

Nathan M. Levy.



MY MARE SALLY.

By Phillips McClure.

IT'S a hard matter in these days to find an investment for a small fortune, which will bring in a large income. It is a problem that has disturbed wiser heads than mine. My father was a man who knew how to turn a dollar over so rapidly that it looked like two, but he spent the actual and the visionary, and left me at his death not even the secret of his trick. My mother had kindly left me a small fortune, and this, with the large collection

my keep in expert knowledge. Three or four years ago Belding, whom I knew as a good fellow and a member of the Holloway Hunt Club, bought a farm down in Kentucky, and went to raising horses. He had a big old house down there, whose hallway could have accommodated a regiment, and whose bedrooms were large enough to own a perspective; and he asked me down to spend a few weeks with him.



SALLY SENT MARSHALL OVER WITH TERRIFIC FORCE.

of expensive tastes which were my father's gift, was all my equipment for life. I managed, however, to get a good deal of amusement out of the one, limited as its scope was by the confines of the other.

I had no business beyond that seemingly fruitless search for a breeding place for dollars. I went about a good deal. Among the qualities that my father had given me were a love for horses, a calm judgment of horse flesh, and the ability to ride anything. My acquaintances—and I have a good many—who indulge in stock farms, are continually asking me to stay at their places. I suppose I pay for

It would take a week of interested, if not interesting talk to tell the glories of a good stock farm such as Belding had managed to fall into. He never could have originated such a splendid place. It requires about as much brains to start a good stock farm as to found a great bank. This one had been the property of an old fellow who came of generations of stock farmers, and who had added to the experience of his ancestors the latest knowledge, gained by having a hereditary open sesame to every racing stable in the world. He had died, and had been pitifully buried in the ordinary way. Instead of sacrifici-

cing his splendid stud on his grave that he might have horses in the other world, they had sacrificed the whole place in the modern way under the hammer, and Belding had bought it. The greatest tribute that I could pay to it was that I ought to have had money enough to buy it myself. But I was not so mean in friendship and spirit that I could not enjoy Belding's luck.

There were a couple of dozen horses on the place that were remarkable, but there was a little brown mare, whose registered name was Au Revoir, but who was known to her trainers as Sally, that took my heart at once. Sally was what is known in breeding parlance as a "sport." She not only utterly refused to follow her father and mother (both great in their way) and become a trotter, but she developed into a phenomenal jumper and cross country horse. Anybody would have imagined that she could claim cousinship with the Irish hunters, but she hadn't a drop of anything but pure trotting blood for at least ten generations.

After I came to know Sally, I discovered that she had made up her mind that jumping and running were more fun than trotting. She could trot if she wanted to. She couldn't exactly talk, but if she were acquainted with you, and took you into her confidence, she would listen to what you had to say, and if it suited her convenience would follow your advice.

I took such a great fancy to the little beast, and we became such good friends, that Belding asked me to accept her as a gift. He said that her talents were quite useless and indeed detrimental to him, on a farm where trotting stock was raised. So Sally became my property, to our mutual satisfaction.

Belding and I used to ride around in the daytime, I on my own little mare; and we did a good deal of talking. I told him the exact state of my finances, and my desire to find some safe and permanent investment for my capital so that I could turn my attention exclusively to living, and see the sun rise daily without the obscuring clouds of carking care. The only excuse I can see for clouds is to make a good hunting morning.

"I'll tell you what you want," Belding said. "I know a fellow—I'll ask him over to dinner tomorrow. He's a distiller, and

he knows more about whisky than old Andrew Jackson ever did. He hadn't a cent of money, but he learned the business from an uncle, and then built a distillery for himself. He is making money, but he wants a partner with money. Now it seems to me here is your chance."

"But—er—a *distillery!*"

"Why not? Men invest their money in anything that brings them in a return. You are not going to turn distiller, any more than a man who puts his money in railroads becomes a conductor or an engineer. Besides, there are worse things than making good whisky."

"It isn't exactly the conventional employment of a gentleman."

"Well, it just is in Kentucky," my friend Belding remarked.

There was no use in reciting to him the arguments of the philanthropists—how if nobody made any intoxicating liquors there wouldn't be any drunkards. Belding had lived too long in Kentucky to be calm under those lectures. He would have said that there would be no railway accidents if there were no railroads. There is really nothing in this last argument, but as I have said before, Belding is not clever. Still, never saying a wise thing, he never does a foolish one. He is tremendously liked, and can bring about him just the people he chooses.

It happened that he chose to gather in a house party about this time that combined all the elements of what a house party should be. There was a gay young married lady as chaperone, her husband, three or four jolly girls, half a dozen men, and Elizabeth Harkaway. As soon as I saw Elizabeth Harkaway I knew it was what Belding was in the habit of calling "all day" with me. She was a regular Southern beauty, with a little dark head uplifted like a deer's, and a pair of dark, soft eyes that went all over you. There is nothing on this earth quite so "fetching" as a genuine Kentucky beauty. She has been treated like a queen from her babyhood, has made everything masculine "stand around," has guided horses with a light and clever hand, and every gentle yet imperious movement shows her breeding and training. Elizabeth Harkaway was the perfect example of her type, and I fell head over ears in love with her.

I had not floundered about in that state

long before I discovered that I had plenty of company. Anybody might have imagined that the damsel's eyes were electric batteries which knocked over everybody upon whom they rested. It seemed to me that I never could come near her that there were not half a dozen other fellows dangling around. I used to get on Sally and go off by myself and tell her about it. I had weathered half a dozen seasons in society, and while I had not been a prig I had never seen a girl who left life savorless when she withdrew her presence.

Sally was a great deal of company. She had her little tempers to show that she was feminine, but I suppose that to me that only added to her charm. I used to pat her on the neck and ask her if she would keep a man in hot water if she were a woman.

Belding had asked the distiller as one of the house party, and I found, much to my surprise, that he was received with cordiality by everybody. He was a dry sort of man, about forty years old, but a thorough Kentuckian in all his ways. He was not only a judge of whisky but a judge of wine, and he knew more about a horse than any of us. His stories always tapered to a point, and were always told in an original fashion that provoked the most reluctant laugh. Mine was very often of that character.

The first morning after Marshall arrived I went out on Sally to ride about the farm with Belding. I didn't mention Marshall. His actions after dinner the night before had made me feel that I did not care to assist in any of his schemes, however profitable they might be to myself. Belding brought him into the conversation in a way which I felt was hardly in the best of taste.

"Marshall seems to be cutting all of us out with Miss Elizabeth, eh?" he said. "You would hardly think a gay young beauty would take up with such a dry fellow, forty, if he's a day—but there is no accounting for a woman's taste. And after all, there's not one of us half as clever."

I gave Sally a little switch with my whip, which she bitterly resented. I suppose she thought that I needn't take it out on her, if I was out of sorts over Marshall's attentions to Miss Harkaway.

"Confound Marshall!" I said aloud. "I wish you had a chance to kill him, Sally. You could do it. But I wouldn't let him on your back for ten thousand dollars."

That afternoon I asked Miss Elizabeth if she wouldn't go out with me and try Sally. She looked on horseback as though she had never been anywhere else in her life. Her fine figure and elegant carriage were accented by her dark, close fitting habit and her spirited handling of the horse.

I rode one of Belding's horses. I was so full of my instantaneous infatuation for Elizabeth that it was all I could do to keep from telling her about it. A fine disgust came over me at the thought of that girl caring a snap for a man who devoted his life to making whisky. Whisky! Vulgarity of vulgarities! I wondered how I ever could have thought of letting one penny of my mother's money go into such an enterprise. I looked at Elizabeth and resented her living in a community where distillers were likely to be gentlemen. I knew it wasn't polite, but we hadn't gone a mile, and she had hardly finished exclaiming over Sally's admirable qualities, before I, in what I thought was most tactful fashion, made some remarks which could have been construed into a belittling of the manufacture of the State beverage.

Miss Elizabeth looked at me severely. "I think," she said, "that almost any business is better than doing nothing at all."

It was a brilliant October day, and before I could reply to this crushing remark there was a halloo behind us, and the whole party came into view. They were stringing across Belding's stone walled meadows, riding "cross country" for pure amusement, there being nothing to ride after.

"Let's go with them," Elizabeth cried, and Sally lifted her like a bird over the next wall.

I don't know how it happened, but in about one minute I found myself separated from her, and Marshall was by her side. The horse I was riding was no jumper, and he couldn't be made to jump, so I had to seek easy places and gates. Then far in front of me I saw something that made my blood boil. Sally was lung-

ing and behaving like Satan. The rest of the party had ridden on, leaving Marshall and Elizabeth together in the middle of a field. He took her down, and changing the saddles, mounted my little mare with the evident determination of giving her a lesson.

I put the brute I was on at the fence between us, and dug in my spurs. He never had jumped before, but he rose then, with a scream of terror that made me exult. To think of that man, whom I had hated the minute I saw him, riding my horse, by the side of the woman I loved! It was beyond human endurance.

The flight across the fields had seemingly resolved itself into a race. Marshall's horse, which Elizabeth rode, was a capital one that he had brought with him, and Sally was fairly skimming along. They were almost up to the party, and I was not far behind. The brisk October air fairly whizzed by us, and the light turf, the famous blue grass sod, seemed to spring under the horses' hoofs.

Every leap of my steed sent the blood faster through my veins and made me want to kill that man. But Sally knew

my mind. There was a stone wall just ahead, and as I saw her approaching it, I knew that she was up to some mischief or other.

"Good little beast!" I said to myself. "You made him take you in hand so that you could kill him!"

As Sally came to that wall she started to rise, and then, as though she had changed her mind, she settled back and sent Marshall over with terrific force. I almost heard the thud.

There was instant confusion. Everybody was down. When I reached the other side of the wall, Elizabeth Harkaway was on the ground with that man's head on her arm, wiping his face, crying that it was all her fault for having that wretched horse out, and she would never forgive herself, and she did love him, if he'd only open his eyes, and not die.

Sally and I went sadly home. Even horse sense can't compass everything, and she couldn't know that that toss was going to bring matters to a crisis instead of ending them.

I am still on the outlook for an investment.

QUITs.

Six weeks ago it was we met.
Oh, I can never more forget
That afternoon beside the sea,
When first I saw the fair Marie.

Three weeks ago we had to part.
With sighs that told a breaking heart
She vowed that e'en though far away
She would be only mine for aye.

And now this letter—I'm aghast!
She says that it will be her last;
"Because," she says, "I am engaged
To some one else—don't be enraged."

I won't, because to tell the truth
I fear I am a fickle youth;
Last week I met sweet Eleanor,
And—well, I am engaged to her.

Douglas Hemingway.

JOHN SHERMAN.

By Frank A. Munsey.

THE name that has been spoken more times in America within the last four months than any other was ever spoken in a like period of time, is the name Sherman, as used in connection with the Sherman bill. During the late Presidential canvass Governor McKinley's name was somewhat frequently heard as that of the sponsor for a famous tariff law. But to speak in the vernacular of the day, McKinley "wasn't in it" with Sherman.

The McKinley bill was considered theoretically, incidentally, languidly, but the Sherman bill has been discussed hotly, earnestly, and with that directness that men show when they are hedged about with dangers that threaten them with ruin and destruction.

As the author of this much talked of bill, it would seem an opportune time to devote a few pages to Mr. Sherman. Not that he needs any introduction to the people, but rather because the people generally like to read of the men who are foremost in the public eye, and like to see them pictured in accurate likeness. Such a likeness of John Sherman is presented as the frontispiece of this magazine. It is a truthful, life-like portrait of the great Senator as he looks today, at seventy years of age.

It is the face of a New Englander, though Mr. Sherman was born and reared in Ohio. Nevertheless, his tall, angular figure, his plain, simple tastes, his cool, reasoning temperament, are all New England traits; and well they may be, for it was from this soil his ancestry was nurtured. His father and mother emigrated to Ohio from Connecticut, and settled on the famous Western Reserve, a district populated for the most part by New Englanders. The pioneer Sherman was a lawyer of distinguished ability. His advancement in his profession, in what was then little more than the frontier, was

rapid, but at forty years of age his life went out, he being at the time one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio. The widow was left with eleven children to provide for and educate. The youngest was but a few months old, the eldest barely eighteen. Judge Sherman had accumulated no surplus. He died poor. It was an appalling outlook for a young, ambitious woman—such a problem as would turn the head of a *fin de siècle* mother.

But Mrs. Sherman was one of those brave, determined women who have made our country great among the nations. So well did she perform the work left to her hands to do that one of her sons, William Tecumseh Sherman, became, with one exception, the first military hero of the land, and the other, John Sherman, is now the greatest man of his political faith in the United States Senate, if not the greatest of any party in that body.

But before Judge Sherman, the father of these two distinguished sons, away back a century and a half ago, was a young man in Connecticut whose vocation was that of the cobbler. The boots that he made were better made, so runs the story, than those that came from other hands, though the men in those days were less clever at trickery than some Connecticut Yankees in later years. But this young man had a soul for something beyond making strong boots for the rugged settlers thereabouts, and so as he pegged away at the leather he stored his mind with a knowledge of the law. It was in 1760 that this same cobbler, now forty years of age, and known as Roger Sherman, became prominent as a Revolutionary leader. His fame spread throughout the thirteen colonies, and when the Continental Congress was created Roger Sherman became one of its leading members, serving continuously from 1774 to 1788. He was a remarkable man, possessed of strong

common sense, intense feeling, and an intuitive knowledge of the true principles of government.

Before Roger Sherman, too, there was good blood. This almost goes without saying, or he would never have been what he was. There is an occasional outcropping of genius, however, when there is no family precedent to account for it. But even in these cases a careful tracing of the blood would be pretty sure to reveal quality in ancestry that would account for the seemingly unaccountable. The Shermans came from substantial English stock, and there is none better.

A little more than a year ago there were three conspicuous men in the United States Senate, all three cousins of some degree, and all related either in the line of direct descent or collaterally through the blood of Roger Sherman. Two of these men are still in the upper house of Congress—John Sherman and George Frisbie Hoar. The third, William M. Evarts, has retired from public life taking with him rich laurels of fame well earned as a jurist, as a statesman, and as a man.

With such a paternal ancestry, and such a mother as John Sherman must have had—with these two supreme essentials supplemented by the spur of poverty, and breathing the atmosphere of enterprise and expansion that frontier lads were wont to breathe, it is not surprising that the senior Senator from Ohio has risen to the height to which he has attained. Indeed, the surprise is rather that more boys of equal ancestry—vastly more, in this country of limitless possibilities, do not rank with the brightest and ablest of our land.

But ancestry and opportunity are not enough. They must be coupled with energy and application—that sort of application that knows no tiring. Men move forward by the power that is within them—not by that behind them or about them. John Sherman began to recognize this fact at the age of fourteen, when he became self supporting. He got a place as an assistant with the engineers of the Muskingum Improvement, where he remained about two years, when he was, so the story goes, discharged for zealous partisanship of the Whig persuasion. This was at sixteen, and it is said that he exhibited the strong party spirit at that

age that has characterized his entire public career.

He went from the Muskingum Improvement into his brother Charles' law office at Mansfield, and began to read law. There was no time for idleness—no time to wait for something to turn up.

In 1855 Mr. Sherman entered Congress. He had already established a reputation for ability in his profession, and, it is said, was making money very fast when he left his practice and followed the bent of his nature—followed the example of old Roger Sherman, whose temperament must have been akin to that of his distinguished descendant, the Senator from Ohio.

Mr. Sherman was but thirty one years of age when he was elected to the national House of Representatives in 1854. He took his seat in December of the following year, and since that time has constantly held a high place in either the legislative or the executive branch of the government. He remained in the lower House eight years, and then was elevated to the Senate, where he served for seventeen consecutive years, resigning from that body to become Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes.

It was as the head of the Treasury department that Mr. Sherman did perhaps the best work of his life. He is a born financier. In 1874, several years before Mr. Hayes was even thought of in connection with the Presidency, Mr. Sherman introduced a bill providing for the resumption of specie payments on January 1, 1879. He had little thought, no doubt, of being the man to bring that purpose to a practical realization. But in 1877 he was made Secretary of the Treasury, and the work of preparing for the resumption fell to his hands. He did this so well that when the appointed day came there was not a ripple of disturbance in financial circles, though theorists and pessimists generally held that serious trouble would ensue. But with John Sherman at the head of the government's finances the people had no fears. He had their confidence.

Mr. Sherman's public career is familiar to older readers. It is so full and so varied that it would be folly to attempt even to outline it here. It is not the purpose of the writer to inflict upon the

reader an encyclopedic account or a set biographical sketch of Mr. Sherman, but rather to give here and there a glimpse of him and tell something of the stock from which he sprang. Ancestry is beginning to interest the American people more than formerly, and it is the trend of general interest that MUNSEY'S aims to follow.

Governor McKinley was regarded a year ago, by people of superficial reasoning, or of so strong a political bent that they could not see straight, as the arch enemy of mankind—the concentration of all that was objectionable in man. That was a year ago. Today the superficial reasoners and one sided men look upon John Sherman as the anti-McKinley legion looked upon the famous champion of high tariff a twelvemonth ago. He is in their eyes the author of all financial disturbances of the last six months—is responsible for all the failures, all the distress, all the enforced idleness, and all the distrust that, taken together, have pretty nearly turned this country upside down and reduced wealth to beggary.

Men with more penetrating vision have seen beneath the Sherman bill and discovered other causes that were important factors in bringing about the crisis. The heavy outflow of gold, due in a greater or less degree to the workings of the Sherman bill, was no doubt the first danger signal, and this much condemned piece of legislation speedily became the bugaboo. Every one cried out against the Sherman bill, and the wail was so loud and so universal that seventy million people, with the exception of those resident in the silver producing States, added their voices to the general cry. In the heat of the frenzy, many men, ordinarily thoughtful, fell in with the superficial belief that the Sherman bill was alone responsible.

With the public in this frame of mind, it mattered little whether the bill was good or bad. Under these conditions it was certainly harmful. None recognized this sooner than its author, who stands today among the foremost advocates of its repeal. It was, he says, a compromise measure—a move that seemed wisest for the time when it was enacted. Mr. Sherman is one of those men who see no un-wisdom or inconsistency in framing a law to meet a certain exigency, and later, un-

der changed conditions, modifying the measure or repealing it altogether. And why not? Business men cannot lay down rules for all time. They find it desirable to adjust their methods to current developments. This is exactly what Mr. Sherman did when he tided the government over the crisis of the civil war by urging the issue of legal tender notes, and afterwards, when the days of storm and stress had passed, overthrew the legal tender system by the Resumption act. It is just what he is striving to do today in his action upon the silver question.

If extraordinary ability, staunch character, long service in national legislation, and splendid qualities of leadership—if these count for anything, John Sherman should long ago have been elevated by his party to the supreme position of highest honor and trust. It is to be regretted that our ablest men are not more frequently eligible to the first office in the land. The people—the great bone and sinew of the nation—would like to see them, in turn, in the Presidential chair, but the politicians say no, and no it is. The man whose conspicuous ability and characteristics, and whose knowledge of the civil affairs of our government, make him stand head and shoulders above his compeers—with few exceptions such a man has not in the last half century reached the topmost place in the gift of the people—seldom has he even had the honor of a nomination. Henry Clay, Stephen A. Douglass, Samuel J. Tilden, and James G. Blaine, were conspicuous exceptions. Each received the honor of a nomination, but it came at a time when the opposing party was too strong for them to triumph in the election.

John Sherman has not had even this honor, though he has long been in the very front rank of the ablest men of his party. Measured as history will measure him, he has probably had no superior in recent years. Blaine was more brilliant, but not so staunch. He had the faculty of winning the admiration of men as no other has had since Clay, but when it came to the confidence of the people—the sober, thoughtful intelligence of the nation—Sherman was immeasurably his superior.

No man among us within a score of years has been better equipped for the Presidency than John Sherman. He has

the cool, thoughtful temperament, the logical mind, the dignity, the refinement, the knowledge of affairs, and the penetrating vision that are preëminently the right qualifications for this high office.

But with a thorough knowledge of Sherman's abilities, his party in convention assembled has passed by him and nominated whom? Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, James G. Blaine, and Benjamin Harrison. Eliminating Blaine from consideration, for he was the most brilliant member of his party, there is a strange irony in the work of these convening delegates who are supposed to represent the people. Hayes, Garfield, Harrison! All good men in their way; but set them up beside Sherman, any one of them, before his stature was made big by Presidential expansion, and witness the disparity in size, and then wonder at the mental acumen of the men you send to nominating conventions. Perhaps, though, the delegates are endowed with a

vision more penetrating, and are enabled to foresee the dimensions of their nominee when he has attained his growth—that growth that comes to one of good natural sense when he is elevated to the chief magistracy. It is a remarkable fact that this trust develops men to a marvelous degree. If it were not so, we should not have had the many able Presidents who, nominated from motives of mere political expediency, have proved an honor to their office.

But the query is, if we were to elect our ablest men to the Presidency would not they too be subject to this same developing process? It would be difficult to discover a reason why they would not. The inference is that they would. It is certainly an experiment worth trying.

It might have well been tried on John Sherman. The same ratio of growth that comes to the small man would have made him a giant, as it would have made Douglass, or Tilden, or Blaine.

ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

VIRGINIA, ASHORE.

THERE in the offing she steams on her way,
Bound for some far away, sweet sunny clime,
Where buds are blossoming all thro' the day,
Where poets find inspiration for rhyme.

Oh, would I were with thee to sail o'er the sea !
Far from this prosy and wearisome zone
Where there'd be sunshine forever for me,
Where all through winter the honey bees drone.

PAUL, AFLOAT.

Yonder's the land ! Oh thou beautiful spot !
Oh, *terra firma* so filled with delight !
Oh, thou man of earth, thrice happier lot
Than mine here at sea through Fate's fearful
spite !

Oh for the forests, the mountains and trees !
Oh for the meads and the dales of the dreamer !
Oh for almost anything that you please,
Rather than life on a tempest tossed steamer !

Allan A. Curtiss.

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE NEW YORK "SUN."

By E. J. Edwards.

A POLITICIAN—and he was no inferior type of his profession—once declared and strove to maintain to a group of his associates who were riding with him from New York to Albany, that Charles A. Dana wrote every line that appeared upon the editorial page of the New York *Sun*, and a good deal more besides. The maker of this assertion was by no means in error, although his companions laughed him to scorn, declaring that it was a physical impossibility for any man to write even one half as much every day as is contained upon the *Sun's* editorial page. For it may be said with truth that while Mr. Dana in these latter years of his direction of that great paper sends but little of his own manuscript up through the time polished dummy to the composing room, nevertheless the *Sun* as it appears is the visible expression of his ideas and his purposes. It is that because, with intuition which rarely errs, with patience which is superb, with kindness beneath which utmost discipline is gently concealed, and with marvelous appreciation of all those faculties, literary, humorous, the perception of news and of its comparative value, the varied acquirements of learning in all its branches, and those temperamental and moral qualities which make gentlemen—he has selected and maintained a corps of assistants who, with him, are the men who make the *Sun*.

The combination of these inestimable qualities in such a staff as that, is found in Mr. Dana himself. The writer upon the paper who develops a quality of true humor finds the first and most hearty appreciation of it in that quaint smile, that delighted comment, which Mr. Dana gives when his eye falls upon the paragraph or article. Perhaps the great editor, touching his bell, summons the city editor, Mr. Kellogg, to him. When that accomplished member of the staff, with solemn face, stands before his chief (they

all call Mr. Dana "the chief" in the *Sun* office) some such conversation as this is likely to follow:

Mr. Dana, holding a copy of the *Sun* in both hands, appearing to be intently reading it as Mr. Kellogg enters, by and by glances over the top of the sheet, and says, "Ah, Mr. Kellogg, who wrote the story headed so and so?"

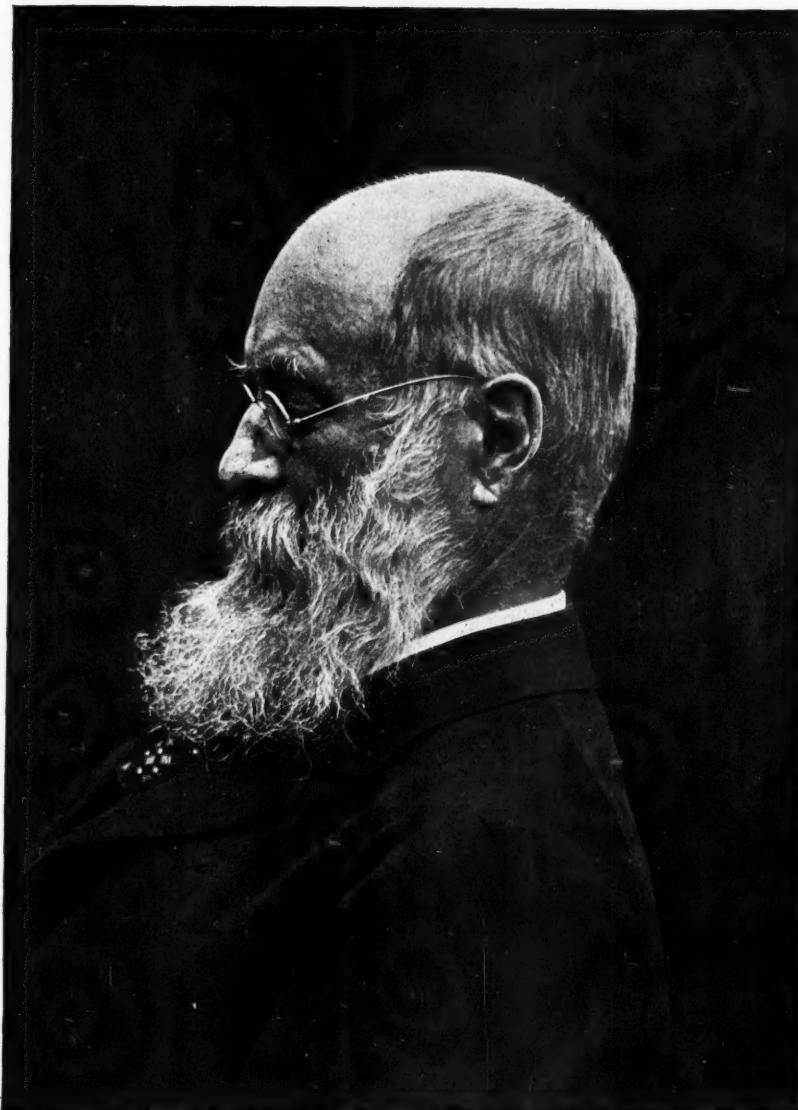
"That was a new reporter, Mr. Dana."

"Well, what is his name?"

Mr. Kellogg repeats the name of the fortunate person who is thus unconsciously honored. The chief, with that inarticulate but peculiar utterance so familiar to all of those whose privilege it has been to work with Mr. Dana, and which is his sign of satisfaction, returns to his reading of the *Sun*. Mr. Kellogg, going back to that greater room where for the most part the staff and the reporters work, still with countenance as solemn as the owl's, nevertheless chuckles to himself, for he knows that Mr. Dana has been satisfied, and that the new man, if he have moral fiber and staying qualities, is started upon a fortunate and happy career.

There are two great departments into which those who make the *Sun* are classified, one comprising those who assist Mr. Dana in the direction of the editorial and more distinctively literary elements of the paper, and the other consisting of those who direct, obtain, and prepare the news features and what are called special articles. The manner of men who do these things, and the way in which they are done, may perhaps be best suggested by a brief description of the work upon any given day.

Mr. Dana, when he is in town, usually comes to the *Sun* office between ten and eleven o'clock. He comes like a man impetuous for work; every motion suggests perfect health and intellectual vigor, and he carries his remarkable youth of old age beautifully, impressively, as he enters the



CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.
From a photograph by his son, Paul Dana.

building, almost flies up the dingy staircases, and enters his unpretentious room.

Perhaps one of his most brilliant assistants is already there; a man of still youthful aspect, who, it may be, has been standing for some minutes with one foot resting upon the window sill, his face turned toward the City Hall Park, while his fingers drum

lightly upon the window pane. The manner is that of idleness, but it is deceitful. Quaint thoughts are flitting through that brain; the tinge of humor is in them, and when Mr. Dana enters their originator is likely to turn to him and make suggestion of some queer and unexpected treatment either of some prominent man or of

some striking event. This assistant, Mr. E. P. Mitchell, too little known to the world at large, but most delightfully known to the world of journalism, has been indeed a strong right arm for Mr. Dana to lean upon. As the two men confer together it is plain to those in the outer room who happen to see them that the chief is delighted by some quaint suggestion, perhaps adds a little to it, and then Mr. Mitchell returns to his desk by the window in an adjoining room, and with most grave countenance takes up his pen. The next day there will appear in the *Sun* one of those delightfully humorous and fantastic, but exquisite literary creations in which the public faults or weaknesses of some aspiring statesman, some humbug litterateur, some vainglorious would-be social reformer, are relentlessly exposed and pilloried.

Mr. Dana discovered Mr. Mitchell some twenty years ago, when he saw his writings as they were published in certain far Eastern newspapers, and recognized through them the remarkable quality which was in that young man. For twenty years their relations have been those of delightful professional intimacy, behind which is a tenderer esteem that springs from a perfect mutual appreciation.

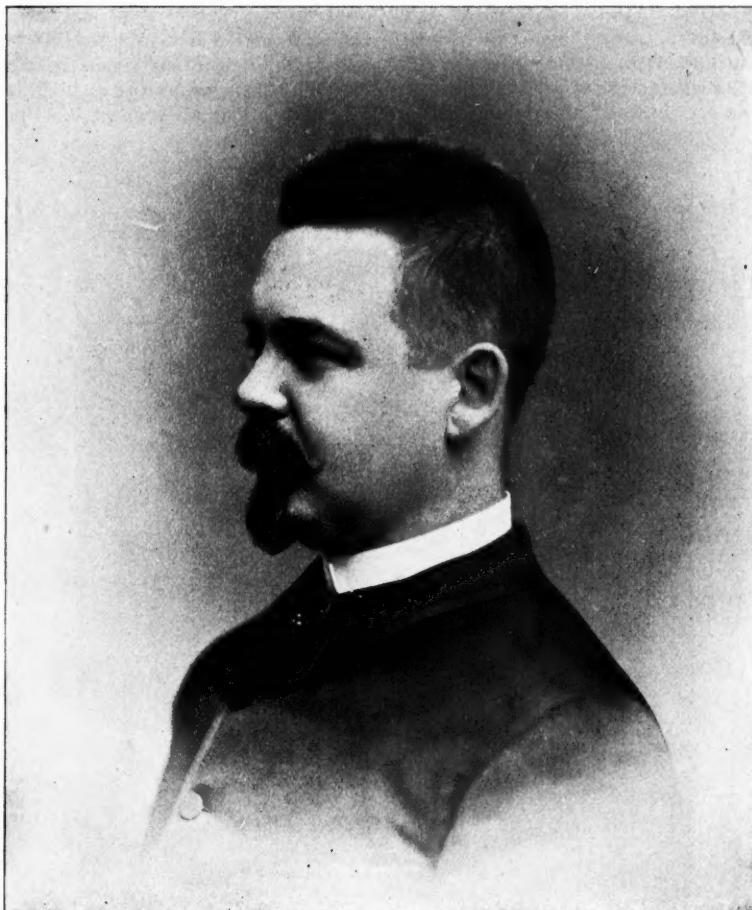
The morning hours pass by. When Mr. Dana has swiftly read his mail, he rings for the proofs, and when the office angel lays them before him he seizes them with a gesture which suggests familiarity and expertness. To see Mr. Dana read proofs is to receive a suggestion of the old time journalist of the day of Horace Greeley, or Raymond, or the elder Bennett. He is a searching reader. His body sways back and forth as he makes corrections and sees to it that that abomination to his eye, the breaking over of a word upon a line at the end of a paragraph, is eliminated by a quick stroke of his pencil. Sometimes, with an expression of dissatisfaction or impatience, and with a most vigorous thrust of his pen, the whole proof is "killed."

There comes in a gentleman whose face seems "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Nothing but a Harvard education supplemented by a career at Oxford could have bestowed that delightful mannerism which distinguishes Mayo W. Hazeltine, whose initials

are appended to the most highly esteemed book reviews that appear in any American newspaper. Mr. Dana looks up from the corner of his glasses, greets Mr. Hazeltine with a nod, and is prepared for that gentle but suggestive gesture of the forefinger with which this distinguished writer illustrates an argument or points a tale which he knows will interest the chief. Mr. Hazeltine has brought his leader for the following morning, almost always upon some phase of European politics. Having delivered it, he reveals that aristocratic democracy which is his characteristic. In spite of his culture, he is pleased to be waylaid by the humblest reporter, and to expound to him the mysteries of foreign politics, or listen with uncomplaining manner to the latest gossip of the newspaper world.

At the lunch hour Mr. Dana is likely to send for a glass of milk. Somebody comes in who has a queer anecdote, or a puzzling question of botany or arboriculture, or some other unusual inquiry or suggestion to make, and if it be not commonplace—for that Mr. Dana abhors—he listens readily while continuing to work. If botany, he reaches for his "Gray's Manual," a book which he reveres almost as much as he reveres Shakspere or Milton's "Comus." If it be a strange or weird tale of adventure, he summons the modest Mitchell to hear it; if it have an important news suggestion, there is a touch of the bell, and Mr. Kellogg is again summoned. The stenographer comes by and by, and Mr. Dana, leaning over his desk, his arms resting lightly upon it, dictates without hesitation, but with a marvelous flow of pure and lucid English, an editorial or two for the morning's paper.

A young man, tall, slender, whose lithe figure suggests muscles of steel and who is garbed in a red blazer, flits in and out. Between him and Mr. Dana there is nothing of ceremony, for he is not only an associate but the son of the chief, Paul Dana. He has written an editorial, and is quite likely to wander out into the city rooms and stroll to the desk of Mr. Kellogg, and ask for the latest news of the yacht race, or discuss the possible performance of Sunol or Nancy Hanks; for while the younger Dana is an able writer upon serious subjects, yet it is when great events calling for tests of speed or



CHESTER S. LORD.
From a photograph by Pearsall, Brooklyn.

strength or skill—the higher sports which interest gentlemen—are discussed, that there flashes from his eyes and through his glasses the gleam which betokens excitement and interest. Having heard enough, Mr. Dana turns with a queer swing upon his heels, and sails with graceful motion back to his own editorial corner again.

There comes in a gentleman of nervous manner, but of as mellow and gentle speech as ever fell upon delighted ears. Earlier in the day those who know him might have seen him down in the marts of finance—not wholly as an information seeker, but as one who has part, or in

in the past has had part, in these mighty transactions. Yet when he takes his seat, goes furrowing through the stock quotations, and makes his notes thereon, he will stop long enough to talk with charming culture upon the lost loves of the poets and the marriage mysteries of famous men, upon which subject he has written a most delightful book. The public knows him as Matthew Marshall, and financiers from Boston to San Francisco read his articles. To his associates he is called by a more familiar name, and one which indicates their high regard for him; while to society he is known as Mr. Thomas Hitchcock.

Later in the afternoon, when Mr. Dana's work is pretty nearly done, there may come into his room a stoutish gentleman, now somewhat slow of step, but whose countenance suggests not only great re-

department. Yet like all of those by whom Mr. Dana is surrounded, Mr. Laffan has broad culture and the capacity of charming companionship in which his vocation is not at all suggested. Perhaps



DANIEL F. KELLOGG.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

sponsibilities but marvelous capacity for bearing them. He draws a chair beside Mr. Dana, and they chat with the familiarity of friends, rather than associates in the great work of making the New York *Sun*. This is William M. Laffan, the publisher of the paper, and it is a marvel to those who have seen him in the business office below how, without pretentious manner or blustering habit, he has his finger with firm and masterful touch upon every one of the subordinate departments under him, which have to do with the printing, the delivery, the advertising, and the manifold and often complicated and embarrassing relations of the publishing

he chats with Mr. Dana about pictures, art, rare porcelains, and when he does these two men meet upon equal terms.

Mr. Dana rises to go about four o'clock. In the five hours that he has spent in the office his presence, his authority, and his influence have been felt in every department, and when he leaves behind him his associates and the *Sun* building, he dismisses the cares of editorship from his mind.

Sometimes before he goes, often after he has gone, one of the most conspicuous forces in New York journalism has taken his desk. What Mr. Dana is to the inside rooms the managing editor, Chester S.

Lord, is to that great department wherein the news of the *Sun* is provided for, prepared, and delivered to the readers on the following morning. If simplicity is one of

of reserve power and force in Mr. Lord's manner and methods. He has been at his desk perhaps half an hour when his finger is upon the pulse of every important



FRANKLIN FYLES.
From a photograph by Perry, Cresson, Pa.

the marks of greatness, then greatness is manifested in this room. Mr. Lord comes in quietly, modestly, some of his friends have often thought with something almost of diffidence in his manner. There is no suppression of enthusiasm, no covert glances, no suggestion of restraint or espionage among those busy reporters seated before their desks as Mr. Lord, passing down the aisle, goes to his desk. He has their confidence and they have his. This man of power takes his seat as a student who is about to take up his books, or as a litterateur just ready to begin a tale. There is suggestion of perfect self control and an impressive indication

news center in the United States. He sets the vast engines of his department at work as easily as the chief engineer of an ocean steamship sets his ponderous and complicated machines in operation. Yet there is an atmosphere of ease, good fellowship, and quiet humor (the feeling of healthy humor is one of the vitalizing and delightful forces that prevail throughout the *Sun* establishment), which tends not only to make every one feel at home in that office but also to bring out the best that is in him.

Late at night, when the ponderous machinery in the building is at work, and the night editors are expecting "good

night," Mr. Lord, with two or three of his intimates near by, is ready to listen to or repeat some quaint anecdote that he has heard, and the expression of whimsical delight upon his face, as he tells or hears these tales, is a joy to those who have seen it. There are times when it almost seems as though he would be tempted to

lift his eyebrows with something of amazement, turn coolly and look with curiosity about him, as if it would be pleasing to have some explanation made for these unusual manifestations. But though his manner be thus suggestive of utmost repose, it is mere mannerism, for Franklin Fyles, the dramatic editor, has achieved



EDWARD G. RIGGS,
Drawn by L. M. Glackens from a photograph.

produce the little flute which years ago, when he was a young desk editor, he kept concealed in his drawer, and with which, in the early hours when the paper had gone to press, he found recreation for himself and delight for his associates. But the sterner days have come when the music which is in a flute or any other instrument is to be heard by him and not produced.

Sometimes there comes in in the middle of the afternoon, sometimes late at night, after the theaters have closed, a gentleman of elegant address, and of such placid and self restrained mannerism that it seems as though were some one to fire a pistol behind his ears, he would simply

those things which are born only from the combination of high talent and great zeal. The young reporters eye him curiously and admiringly, for they have splendid respect for the man who not only has brilliantly told how plays should be made, but has also more brilliantly made one himself. Mr. Fyles hands in his copy, takes his part in the gentle jest that prevails, picks out his mail, and then hies himself away to be again in communion with the dramatic art in which he has recently become not only a critic but a creator.

Early in the evening there sometimes strolls in, with ponderous and yet graceful, swinging gait, a man who is greeted

with cordiality by Mr. Lord and received with something of awe by the young reporters. There is a queer curl to his lips, and a funny glance in his eye, as, drawing near the managing editor, he begins with much graceful language to tell of an experience delightful to hear but perhaps not available to print. He is the writer who from winning repute as the best of American reporters, is now distinguished

vocation. Mr. Ralph says: "Shall I go?" and if Mr. Lord replies "Yes, at once," it may be that within the next twenty four hours Ralph is five hundred miles away, prepared for an all night session with the telegraph operators, whose wires he is sure to make hot.

Later in the evening there strolls in a man whose face breathes the contagion of good humor. Mr. Lord turns his eye



W. J. CHAMBERLIN.
Drawn by L. M. Glackens from a photograph.

among special writers in a wider field—Mr. Julian Ralph. It does sometimes seem amazing that from a man of jovial, almost rollicking good nature there should come such felicitous word pictures as Mr. Ralph has furnished the readers of American magazines, and furnished even better, although anonymously, to the readers of the *Sun*.

Perhaps, while he is talking to Mr. Lord, there comes over the wires the report of some world stirring calamity, some news of momentous import. He eyes his managing editor for a moment, and sees revealed in Mr. Lord's manner that power which has made him the master of his

with whimsical glance towards this merry and yet brilliant man, and can tell by some peculiar telepathic process whether this political and Wall Street reporter, Mr. Edward G. Riggs, has brought down a "story" or not. Mr. Riggs' share in the making of the *Sun* is important and valuable. He has spent three hours of the busy part of the day in and near Wall Street, and in that time has chatted in the most confidential manner with those brokers and down town politicians who do great things. If he were to reveal the half of what he heard he could make a sensation, but he would forfeit friendship.

In the evening Mr. Riggs has taken by



JULIAN RALPH.
From a photograph by Notman & Son, Montreal.

the hand, or has been buttonholed by the men of affairs who frequent those public club rooms, the lobbies of the greater up town hotels. He is everybody's friend, and the enemy of nobody excepting pretentious humbugs. At eleven o'clock Mr. Riggs goes to the *Sun* office. If he has a story Mr. Lord perceives it as soon as he enters, and the reporters know it a moment later. Magnificently shirt sleeved, with the impetuosity and enthusiasm of a genuine newspaper man, he plunges into his work. The "copy," frequently sheet by sheet, is cast into the mysterious and time stained dummy. After the story is written, that persuasive and pervasive good nature of Mr. Riggs lightens the cares of the others, and is revealed in the story when it is read on the following morning.

If there comes over the wires news requiring most skillful, patient, perhaps

dangerous investigation by a reporter, Mr. Lord, wheeling about in his chair, looks over to the desk where Mr. W. J. Chamberlin writes with extraordinary skill and clearness of the topics assigned to him. He calls Mr. Chamberlin in a low tone of voice, and in perhaps half an hour the latter is on a mission requiring tact, nerve, skill, and prudence. These are the qualities which make the able reporter, and it is the revelation of them which has caused Mr. Chamberlin to be esteemed the star reporter of the *Sun*.

The space limitations of this article make it impossible to speak specifically of many other trained and valued men whose labors go to make the New York *Sun* what it is. Those who have been thus briefly illustrated are for the most part the men who make the *Sun*, and when they have made it they look upon it and say that it is good.

MISS LEPINGTON'S LAST SCHOLAR.

By Robert Beverly Hale.

IT used to be the fashion to go to Miss Lepington's school when my mother was a girl. Schools come into fashion just as crinolines and puffy sleeves do. I know for a number of reasons that it was the most fashionable girls' school in my mother's time; and what makes it perfectly certain is that my mother would never have gone to it unless it had been. Miss Lepington used to limit the number of scholars to forty; and there were many stories current as to the early applications made for a place in that school. It was no uncommon thing for a happy father to send in an application as soon as a daughter was born; and it was said that when Tom Snelling and Eunice Dunbar were engaged, they wrote to Miss Lepington that in case they were married and had a daughter they wanted a place reserved for her.

I don't exactly know whether to believe that or not. I do know that my mother applied only six years beforehand; but then her mother knew Miss Lepington very well, and so Miss Lepington was probably willing to strain a point.

But things cannot always stay in fashion. Hoop skirts went out of style after a time, and ever so many crinoline makers were ruined. Even these beautiful great sleeves must go out of fashion. I greatly fear that they may have disappeared before this story comes out. And Miss Lepington's school went out of fashion, too. You see Miss Lepington would not have German taught at her school; and there was Miss Cartwright's school that had a second cousin of Goethe's as a German teacher; and nowadays, of course, every girl ought to know German. That was only one reason out of a dozen for the falling off in pupils.

Miss Lepington must have noticed the diminution in applications; but she did not seem to. She was sterner than ever in her requirements. She had never taken

any one whose grandfather was not "somebody," she said, and she never would. So at last the time came when there were only thirty five pupils; and then the remaining ones dropped off, one by one, in a way that pains me to tell of.

But Miss Lepington never thought of giving up teaching. She was just as erect as in the old days, and a little stricter; and she taught just as well as ever—much better, I don't doubt, than Miss Cartwright, whose ancestors were I don't know what when the Lepingtons were lolling at their ease in Lepington Manor, or fighting for their king at Agincourt.

I suppose one reason the pupils stopped coming was because Hanover Street deteriorated so. Every one lives on Enderby Square now, or else on Collingwood Avenue, and you can't really expect a girl of fifteen to walk past all those queer shops on Hanover Street. It is a strange old place, and one wonders how it could ever have been so fashionable.

Miss Lepington had a nephew, Densil Smith, of Smith, Van Alen & Company. They lived together in an old house on Puritan Square. He was rich, and she must have been quite well off herself. He was so wrapped up in his business that he never knew much about her school. He may have had some little suspicion of what was going on; but one of his business rules was to get everything at first hand. His news about Miss Lepington's school was always derived from Miss Lepington herself, and thus he thought he was sure to know the truth. He was the only friend of Miss Lepington's who did not know it.

The school grew smaller and smaller, till there were only twenty pupils. Then ten of these left in a body to go to Miss Cartwright's. Then the rest deserted, one by one, until—I don't like to say it—until Constance Alford was the only pupil in Miss Lepington's school. And now the

worst is said, for if any one were to have a school with one scholar, Constance would be just the scholar to have.

She always seemed to me more like a character in a story than a girl in every day life. She was very beautiful, in the first place, and very amiable, and very good; and she was, as you see, so loyal that she stayed with Miss Lepington after every one else had deserted her.

"I shall undertake the first class in French myself this morning, Constance. I have severed my connection with Mlle. Déroulet; and until such time as I have a new instructress, I shall discharge the duties of the position myself."

Constance took out her French books and followed Miss Lepington out of the deserted schoolroom into the recitation room.

"Read, Constance, if you please."

Constance read. She read so sweetly in any language that it was hard even for Miss Lepington to find fault. I should like to hear her read Russian, but then I was always very fond of Constance Alford.

"Look out for your '*puis*,' Constance. Did not Mademoiselle tell you how to pronounce that word? Now after me: *puis*."

"*Puis*," said Constance.

"That is more tolerable; but practise it, my dear, before the mirror. The lips must move in one particular way. You can always discover a Parisian by the way he pronounces '*puis*'."

And so on, till at last the French was over. Then there was the study hour, and then the English literature class, which Miss Lepington taught herself, for she had "severed her connection" with all the assistants except old Miss Nutting, who came in to teach drawing once a week. And Constance Alford often told me that she was very glad to get rid of the other instructors, for Miss Lepington was an excellent teacher, though perhaps a trifle too narrow in some ways.

After English literature came recess. This was the first break in the dignity of the school. Constance found a chair and drew it up close to Miss Lepington's, and then they ate their lunch together, and talked affectionately, for they were very fond of each other.

"Did you know I was eighteen years old today?" said Constance.

"Why, my dear child!" cried Miss Lepington. "And I have not given you a present."

"Yes, you have, dear," said Constance. (She never called Miss Lepington "dear" during school hours.) "You give me a present of something every time you teach me. But I have something to tell you; but I hardly dare."

"Not quite so many 'buts,'" said Miss Lepington, stroking her favorite (and only) pupil's hand.

"Yes, dear, all the 'buts' I want in recess," said Constance mischievously. "What do you think I have done?"

"Become engaged to be married."

Constance burst out laughing. "Right the first time! Oh, how romantic you are, dear! I never should have believed it."

Miss Lepington blushed. "Not romantic, my child. Perhaps it is that I know a little of the world. My dear Constance, I hope that you will be very, very happy. I am confident that the gentleman both is and will be so. Who is he?"

"Jack Mackenzie," said Constance. "He's splendid. But I haven't told you everything. I thought—I hoped you wouldn't mind—I—well—I think that he rang the door bell just now. Did you hear it? I asked him to come here to see you and me. You don't mind, do you, dear?"

Miss Lepington tried to look stern; but she couldn't. No one could look stern at Constance. Miss Lepington did look in the glass to see that her hair was all right, and then changed her spectacles for her eyeglasses.

"You were indiscreet, my child, to ask a young gentleman to a girls' school; but since he is here, of course we must welcome him. Jane, show Mr. Mackenzie in."

"I hope you'll pardon my intrusion," said Jack as he came forward. "But I was so anxious to meet the lady who has been so intimate with Constance; and Constance would have me see you where she had known you and grown so fond of you. Will you forgive me?"

Miss Lepington blushed again. She was not accustomed to fine speeches from young men. "No one can be displeased with Constance," she said, "and I begin to think that her fiancé shares her immunity."

After that the three had a nice talk about the old school; and Constance told several anecdotes, which Miss Lepington had never heard before, about things that had gone on under the teacher's nose; and Miss Lepington told the two young people stories about their mothers, who had been classmates, and pointed out the desks where they had sat.

The time for the recitation in natural history was past, and they were in the middle of the hour for Latin grammar, and still Jack stayed on. At last he rose to go, and Constance rose, too. They took hold of each other's hands and stood facing Miss Lepington. And then suddenly Miss Lepington understood what was going to happen.

Jack had come to take Constance away.

Miss Lepington was a consummate mistress of her emotions, and yet Constance is very sure that her dear old teacher's eyes were full of tears.

"Good by, Constance," she said, after a pause. "I need not tell you to be a good girl. See that you deserve her, Mr. Mackenzie."

"I can't," said Jack, "but I'll try."

Constance and Miss Lepington kissed each other and parted; and the two lovers went out, leaving the teacher alone in the

deserted schoolroom. Just as they passed the doorway, Constance looked back and saw Miss Lepington with her head bowed over the desk. Constance had never seen that head bowed before.

"Densil," said Miss Lepington the next morning at breakfast, "I am going to discontinue teaching. Yesterday was the last day of school."

Mr. Densil Smith looked up with his egg spoon half way to his mouth.

"Have your pupils been dropping off?" he inquired.

"Yes. One of the dearest I ever had left yesterday."

"Why, that's too bad. But think of the rest of them," said Mr. Smith sympathetically. "Don't leave them suddenly this way."

"Thank you for your kind interest, Densil. But I assure you there is no alternative. Let us change the subject. Have you heard that Miss Alford and Mr. Mackenzie are engaged to be married? I have been thinking of what I shall give them for a wedding present, and have softly definitely decided upon the schoolhouse. I have no further need of it."

And that is how Constance and I came to set up housekeeping in Hanover Street.

FARE THEE WELL.

Give me a word, my love, to carry away with me—
To carry away with me, through all the days with me !
All over the blue and the gray of the hills with me,
And the blue and the gray of the sea.

The Lord of the hills and the ocean dwell with thee !
His white clouds shelter thee, His sunlight smile on thee !
His stars and his golden crescent sail with thee,
O'er the gray and the blue of the sea.

On the morning fair when thou shalt return to me,
His waters move with thee, His soft winds turn with thee!
And the wan'ning crescent tarry to burn for thee,
A trail o'er the gray blue sea.

Mildred McNeal.

THE JHEEN.

By Charles L. Hildreth.

"The All Merciful has turned their feet backward as a warning to men."

THE country between Bandalore and Kamus is, without exception, the most utterly forlorn, wretched, and desolate region in all western India. The road—if a mere jungle track, more frequently trodden by wild animals than man, may be so styled—wanders hither and thither in an aimless fashion, as if it were out for a stroll, rather than on government business; now exploring a swamp where the thick, black mud welters up to your horse's knees with a foul, fever suggesting smell; again toiling straight up a steep hill, evidently for the purpose of doing reverence to a heap of stones marking the tomb of some local saint; or leading you miles out of your way to an old well, whose filthy contents would have sickened Dives himself.

At long intervals you come upon a miserable village squatted in the jungle, your nose having warned you of its proximity some time before it manifests itself to your vision. At still wider intervals, you find the station bungalows—for the most part tumbledown affairs with lounging doors, windows curtained with half a generation of cobwebs and dust, roofs whose sins of admission are most flagrant during the wet season, and floors—made of brick when they are not merely trodden earth—forming preserves well stocked with every species of small deer, for whose sustenance bountiful nature has provided the cuticle of man.

After a long day's ride over such a road as I have described, even a station bungalow presents a certain charm. The musty grass mattress is a shade better than the bare ground, albeit one's bedfellows make a night of it at a revel where one is not a feaster but is feasted upon. The burned chops of a centenarian goat serve at least to fill the void after an early breakfast of *chupatties* and *dal*—leaden cakes and muddy beans.

Such, at all events, that damp, chill September night, was the opinion of Julian and myself, two young engineers in government employ, forerunners of the Hyderabad and Bhawalpoor Railway. Our party consisted of three persons besides ourselves—two native servants and a guide from Kotree. The *khansaman*, or keeper of the bungalow, welcomed us with a smile as broad as a dog's in hot weather, and with assurance of the instant preparation of a banquet fit for Lucullus; which, at the end of an hour, materialized in the shape of a detestable curry.

After we had devoured what was placed before us with the appetite of youth and the philosophy of seasoned travelers, Julian and I dragged a couple of stools out upon the veranda, and, resting our backs against the wall, found solace for the ills of life in tobacco. Too weary to talk, we smoked in silence. I had closed my eyes, and with the soft rustle of the palms and the fitful, far off moaning of a jackal becoming entangled with the fringes of an incipient dream, I was fast nodding into complete slumber, when a sudden movement on the part of my companion aroused me.

"What is that?" he ejaculated. "Didn't you hear it?"

"No," said I, "I heard nothing. What was it like?"

"It was—hark! There it is again!"

Such a sound I had never heard before. It was certainly not human; and in all my experience with the animal life of India, my ears had never been saluted with the like. I cannot describe it. I cannot compare it with any other thing. If I say it was shrill and far reaching, yet inexpressibly sweet and mournful; echoing through the dusky aisles of the forest, as if from some hidden glade miles away, yet clear and distinct as the notes of a flute close at hand; a sound that stirred the heart and sent cold thrills creeping over the skin, as does some sud-

den, exquisite change in music; awaking vague, melancholy longings for something lost or something unattainable—saying all this, I still have utterly failed to convey the impression made upon me by that mysterious cry.

Looking at Julian, I saw, by the glimmer of the candle from within, that there was a strange, rapt expression on his face.

"What can it be? What *can* it be?" he muttered, as if half to himself.

"I don't know," I replied, struggling to speak calmly, and to shake off the unholy spell upon me. "Some sort of night bird, I imagine."

"Bird!" he repeated irritably. "Such sounds as those never came from the throat of a fowl."

"This region is a kind of *terra incognita*," I responded. "How do we know what strange creatures, bird, beast, or reptile, inhabit these unexplored woods and jungles?"

"No," he said doggedly, "neither bird, beast, nor reptile. If the soul of a woman lost by some great sin of passion possessed a voice after death——"

I laughed. "'The woman wailing for her demon lover,' as Coleridge says? Well, my dear fellow, I'm afraid you'll have to accept the unromantic owl with his tenor note, or even the jovial jackal."

"Hush! listen!"

A third time came that weird cry, if possible yet more sad, more sweet, more yearning, more utterly heart entralling in its nameless, tempting tenderness. In spite of myself, I sprang to my feet with an impulse to go somewhere, do something, I knew not what.

Julian glanced at me somberly. "You feel it, too," he said quietly. "My better sense tells me that you must be right, and that it is, in fact, some kind of bird or animal. But why should it affect us as it does? It seems to be calling to me, beseeching me——" he put his hand to his head, and spoke in a slow, dreamy way. "It is like a voice out of the past, bringing back my early boyhood, and faces and emotions long since forgotten." He broke off and laughed harshly. "I never suspected myself of a poetic talent, yet here I am, in the heart of an Indian jungle, going into lyrics over an owl, or—what did you say?—a jackal."

He laughed again, and, leaning back against the wall, crossed his hands over his knees and drew upon his pipe till his face glowed ruddily in the light from the bowl.

For a considerable space neither of us spoke. I was in a most perplexing frame of mind. I was listening eagerly, hoping to hear the cry again, yet, at the same time, in some irritating fashion, dreading to hear it. However, it was not repeated; and presently, with a curt "Good night," Julian arose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and went into our sleeping chamber. For half an hour longer I remained upon the veranda, smoking, and reasoning myself out of the unnatural and absurd agitation which had fallen upon me. *Item*—a good story to tell on Julian when we rejoined our mess.

Pulling off my shoes, coat, and vest with as little noise as possible, I lay down upon my mattress and drew the blanket over my shoulders. For a long time I lay staring, wide awake. Julian was asleep, but was very restless; groaning and turning from side to side, as if disturbed by bad dreams. Finally I fell into a troubled slumber, starting awake again and again, with that wild, melancholy cry ringing in my ears, to hear only the deep breathing of my comrade and the low swish of the palms beside the bungalow.

The clatter of pots and pans and the smell of boiling coffee awoke me early on the following morning. Poor Julian called me to his bedside with a husky request for water, and I saw instantly by his leaden ringed eyes and purple features that he had a touch of jungle fever. There was no going on for that day, and after administering a stiff dose of quinine, I sat myself down with some old engineering reports we happened to have with us, and possessed my soul in patience. Towards evening the fit passed over and Julian was able to sit up and drink a cup of the decoction which the *khansaman* called tea.

After supper, leaving my companion dozing on his mattress, to escape the stifling atmosphere of the bungalow, I took my stool upon the veranda and lit a pipe. It was one of the dull, oppressive evenings, hot as an oven, yet with an unwholesome chill—a paradox only to be experienced in India. A pale, yellowish fog hung over the trees, trailing in wisps along the dank

turf, shutting out the stars, and penetrating the lungs with an acrid, suffocating sensation. The effect upon my spirits was intolerably depressing, and I was on the point of going inside again, when Julian appeared with stool and pipe. He looked sallow and weak, but declared himself better.

During the day, by mutual consent, as it seemed, we had both avoided reference to our experience of the previous evening. Yet neither of us had forgotten it; our very avoidance of the subject proved that. And now, as we sat smoking and talking, I knew that Julian, like myself, was nervously wondering if those mysterious sounds would be repeated. For my part, I was heartily ashamed of my own folly. To work one's self into such a state over the screech of a night bird! It was pitiable! It was preposterous! If a lunacy commission had haled me before it at that moment, I doubt if I should have found the courage to make a defense.

However, as eight o'clock passed, then nine, and it began to draw toward ten, without event, my common sense resumed the ascendant. I had knocked out my pipe, and was proposing that we should retire, when Julian suddenly put out his hand and checked me. His quicker ear had caught a sound which had escaped mine.

Ah! Low, tremulous, thrilling as the heart broken sigh of a mourning woman, it rose, wavered, sank, and died away in the depths of the forest. Hand clutching hand, and eye gazing into eye with wild questioning, we stood and listened. Again it came, louder, clearer, more beseeching, more tempting; falling softly into silence with a long, delicious moan that shook the soul and sent the blood burning along the veins and beating in the temples. The unholy sweetness of that cadence—for, even then, I felt that there was something wicked, diabolic, unnatural in it—I shall never forget. Julian trembled and panted.

"Take me in," he gasped, gripping me convulsively. "Take me where I can't hear that, or I shall yield to it—I shall rush out there where *it* is, and be lost!"

I did not fully comprehend the cause of his words, for I was too confused and excited myself; but I was filled with a sense of peril, peril to us both; from what, in

what way, I did not stop to think. I hurried him into the bungalow, shut the door and windows, lighted a candle with shaking fingers, and then sat down before him. Our eyes met, and we burst into a fit of laughter, loud, long and hysterical.

"Well, for a prize pair of fools!" I ejaculated, when I could speak.

He became suddenly grave, and looked at me haggardly. "What is it?" he said in a whisper. "Are we both mad?"

"Fever," I responded; "developed in you; incipient in me. That's what it is: fever."

He made no reply. Now that the excitement had worn off, he seemed very weak and scarcely able to stand. I helped him off with his shoes and outer clothing, and covered him up with his blanket. I sat beside him for a while in silence, until, by his regular breathing, I judged he was asleep; then I, too, retired to my mattress. I was still so confounded and distraught that I was unable to think connectedly, and it was this, doubtless, that enabled me to get asleep in a very few moments.

An hour later I started up, wide awake, with the idea that some one had called me in a loud voice. I was oppressed with an ugly sensation of being alone. I listened for Julian's breathing, but everything was deadly silent in the room. For a moment I lay quiet, with an icy chill running over me; then I arose and groped over to his mattress. I put out my hand and touched his pillow. His head was not there. He was not in bed.

Terrified as I should not have been under ordinary circumstances, I blundered about in the dark till I found and lighted the candle. Then I saw that the blanket had been cast off the mattress and that Julian's shoes, clothing, and cap were gone. Hurrying on my own garments, I went upon the veranda. Julian was nowhere in sight. I called to him, first in a low tone, then louder, until, in my fright, my voice rose to a shout that must have startled the inhabitants of the jungle half a mile around. It elicited no response from Julian, but brought the servants and the old *khansaman* upon the veranda, rubbing their eyes and inquiring what was the matter.

I was hurriedly explaining the cause of my alarm, when faintly and afar off, miles

away, it seemed, once again arose that weird cry. The effect upon the old *khansaman* was instantaneous. With a groan of abject fear he seized me by the arm and attempted to drag me into the bungalow.

"The Jheen! The Jheen!" he cried in alarm.

"What is the 'Jheen'?" I asked, resisting his frantic efforts. "Answer me, can't you?"

"The unholy one! The destroyer of men, body and soul! Oh, sahib, I beseech you! I implore you, come inside and shut your ears, or you are lost!"

"You old fool!" I shouted, shaking his withered frame to and fro in my alarm and impatience. "If you do not give me a rational answer I will throttle you."

But as he went on staring, moaning, and babbling, I followed him into his kitchen, where there was a light, and pushing him into a seat, said sternly, "Now tell me in a few words what you mean. Be quick about it, for my friend is out there somewhere."

"Then he is lost," replied the old man solemnly. "He has been tempted into the jungle by the Jheen, and will never be seen again."

"But what is the Jheen?" I cried, stamping in rage.

"The spirit of a woman," he said in a whisper; "a beautiful woman who has died in sin. They haunt old and solitary places, luring unwary travelers with their sweet voices, to devour them. You may always know them by their feet, which are turned backward."

I had heard something of the kind before, but no one in India pays attention to the thousand and one hobgoblin stories of the natives. Now I was simply irritated at having wasted time in listening to the old fool's twaddle. There was nothing in the shape of a lantern about the place, and I was compelled to do the best I could with a candle. Putting my revolver in my pocket, I ordered the servants to accompany me. This they flatly refused to do, and giving them a hearty kick apiece, I went out on my search for Julian alone.

I had not gone a dozen steps when my candle was extinguished by the wind. I thrust it aside and stumbled on, shouting and fixing my revolver as I went, and pausing every few yards to listen. There

was no reply, and no sign to guide me in my hunt. Finally, after shouting myself hoarse, firing off all my cartridges, and bruising myself with several heavy falls, I gave it up in despair and returned to the bungalow.

I shall never forget the four long, anxious hours I spent, trying to extract something sensible from the moaning, whimpering natives, starting at every sound, hoping it might be the footstep of my returning friend. But he came not, and with the first gleam of dawn I darted out to renew my search. The old *khansaman* now declared himself willing to accompany me. "Jheens," he said, confidently, "work their evil spells only in the darkness."

A short distance from the bungalow we came upon the print of an English shoe, which I knew to be Julian's, in the wet soil. The track led us directly into the jungle for a quarter of a mile, until we came to an old, disused well beneath a grove of bhopal trees. The *khansaman*, who was a little in advance, suddenly stopped short and uttered a terrified exclamation. He was gazing with starting eyes at something on the ground before him. I hurried to his side and saw that he was pointing to the print of a small naked foot—evidently a woman's—clearly outlined in the mud. Near it were the impressions of both of Julian's shoes, close together, as if he had come to a halt.

Following up the tracks, I saw that they led at right angles, deeper into the forest, the small naked feet beside the shoes.

"Why, he must have met some woman here," I exclaimed, looking at the old man in amazement. "Who could she have been?"

"The Jheen," he replied quaveringly. "Oh, poor young sahib! We shall never see him again."

"Nonsense!" I replied, angrily; though despite my better sense the *khansaman's* solemn manner sent a chill to my heart. "He has come across some pretty native girl——"

"Do living girls walk backward?" asked the old man, with still deeper solemnity.

I had not examined the female tracks closely hitherto, but now I stooped down and studied them. Certainly there was something strange about these footprints.

The toes seemed to have impressed themselves most deeply, while the heels dragged after in an unaccountable fashion. Moreover, the heels pointed away from each other at a wide angle, while the great toes nearly touched. No, certainly, I had never seen any woman walk as this woman must have walked.

"What in heaven's name does it mean?" I asked, still staring at the mysterious tracks.

"The footprints of a Jheen," replied the old man doggedly, "the unholy one whose voice we heard last night, the evil spirit in the guise of a beautiful woman whose feet are turned backward. Sahib, we may as well return. Your friend is lost;" and the old *khansaman* mournfully shook his grizzled locks.

I paid no heed to him, but with my head in a whirl, I continued to follow the tracks through the jungle till we came to an open space, in the center of which was a deep, black looking pool, perhaps ten yards in diameter. The footprints led straight toward this pool.

Arriving at the brink I paused aghast, for here were visible evidences of a desperate struggle; the ground was trodden, and the rank vegetation crushed and ground to a pulp. In the midst of the trodden space a white object caught my attention. It was a linen cuff torn out at the button holes and spotted with blood. It was Julian's; I knew the cuff button, which was still in place.

While, horror stricken, I was examining the cuff, the old man brought me

Julian's cloth traveling cap, which he had found among the reeds by the pool. Upon the crown was a dark splash which was not water. Besides the cuff and the cap, an hour's search revealed no other traces of my missing friend. No footprints led away from the pool. There was no further sign of his mysterious companion, nor of any other living creature.

In a state of mind which I cannot even now recall without a shudder, I returned to the bungalow, and, getting together a body of natives from a neighboring village, scoured the country for miles around. I also had the pool dragged. After three days' unavailing search, I was reluctantly compelled to give up my attempt, and to continue my sorrowful journey toward Kamus alone.

If you ask me to offer a solution of my poor friend's mysterious disappearance, I can say that he may have wandered away in a paroxysm of fever, and fallen into the pool; but remember that I had the pool carefully dragged. He may have been seized by some wild animal; though we found no trace of any such animal. Finally, he may have been lured away by a native woman, acting as decoy for assassins. How then account for the fact that there were no tracks leading away from the pool?

For myself, when I think of the woman's footprints, and the old *khansaman*'s tale of the Jheens whose feet are turned backward, and most of all, when I recall that weird cry we heard—well, I do not know what to say.



A FAMOUS ILLUSTRATOR OF DICKENS.

By George Holme.

THE illustration of the novel has gone through several phases. Perhaps there has been no better exemplification of these changes than can be found in the different attempts which have been made to embody the creations of Charles Dickens.

In all of the Dickens illustrations which merit notice, there must be that touch of the caricature, of the over development of the particular quality under study, which Dickens himself imprinted, and which was the stamp of his genius. His own mind eliminated the superfluous, forced all the energies of a character into one channel. The Dickens era in literature was more than chance; it was the outcome of a most natural growth. Dickens, the Dickens we know from his books, was in a great measure created by his audience. He was in actual touch, from day to day, with his reading public. He knew exactly what moved them, what pleased them. He developed to its highest extent that which they demanded.

England had just gone through the Jane Austen era in literature, and the monotony of that time had grown tiresome. The Dickens era was a revolt. With him came Cruikshank as an illustrator, and it would be curious to sift the debt which Dickens' fame owes to him. But Cruikshank was a caricaturist entirely, and could never dissociate himself from the trick of distortion. Dickens' own style changed later in life and demanded less of this forcing of the comic and more of the artistic.

Within the last twenty five years there has come an artist whose illustrations of Dickens are both original and highly characteristic. Frederick Barnard, who was born in 1846, and whose reputation as a genre painter was established by his exhibition of "The Crowd Before the Guards' Ball," in 1874, has found in the genius of Dickens the text for an expres-

sion of humor which is sometimes almost ferocious, and for a pathos broad as life itself. He has done with pencil what Dickens did with pen; he has even gone further, and has embodied in one person, one character, complexities Dickens did not know. The great novelist's characters



MR. WILKINS MICAWBER.
From the drawing by Frederick Barnard.

were on broad lines, and Barnard has known the form, the style and line, by which to make this visible.

Frederick Barnard is the nephew of George Barnard, who was for many years master of drawing at Rugby, and who did much to make the study a popular one in the English schools. It was one of George Barnard's ideas that drawing was the proper expression of an idea, and that it should be taught to every child; that one

stroke of the pencil could tell more than a page of description, and that the education which a training in this theory would give to eye and brain would revolutionize English art. Frederick Barnard was taught to observe for himself and to use



URIAH HEEP.

From the drawing by Frederick Barnard.

his pencil with originality, somewhat as Guy de Maupassant must have been taught by Flaubert to use his pen. There followed a style which can only be compared with Hogarth.

Barnard has not the smooth elegance of Marcus Stone, nor the vigorous realism of Luke Fildes, but neither were ever proper illustrators of the real Dickens. They never have felt him, as Barnard has; they never have actually known the spirit in which Dickens wrought, as Barnard has shown us that he knows it. His pictures take us into another world, just as Dickens' stories take us into a world that is not our own—a world with its own values. People speak of the "reality" of David Copperfield, and the appreciative reader must realize that into this book

went Dickens' very life blood; but it is not real in the ordinary sense. Dickens failed when he attempted to depict any phase of life which he had not himself seen; but the charm was in his seeing, and it is this following of his eyes, this same sort of original talent, which makes Barnard's pictures so remarkable.

The character of Micawber was taken from Dickens' own father, but it was a long time before the public discovered it, and even then that prying and ever curious body knew it before it was realized by those who lived by his side. It was the elder Dickens' fondness for letter writing that first betrayed it. His own family did not recognize the picture. A kindlier, merrier soul than the real Mr. Micawber never lived; but Dickens has made him the type of a race which can never vanish so long as hope springs eternal in the human breast, and so long as there is a possibility of transferring capital from one pocket to another without any corresponding equivalent. Look at Barnard's picture, which fairly and exactly represents the entire conception of the character that grew under the descriptive talk which Dickens put into Micawber's own mouth as well as David's.

"My address," said Mr. Micawber, "is Windsor Terrace, City Road. I—in short," said Mr. Micawber, with the same genteel air, and in another burst of confidence, "I live there."

If this had come before David's description of his new landlord, our eyes might almost have seen the "stoutish, middle aged person in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing shirt collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of stick, with a large pair of rusty tassels to it, and a quizzing glass hung outside his coat, for ornament, as I afterward found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did."

Barnard has given us the blithe Micawber starting gayly out with his stick under

his arm. It was his to add the detail which Dickens failed to give—the optimistic mouth with its turned up corner and prominent teeth, and the background of the house, which was shabby like Micawber himself, but, like him, was making all the show it could.

The pathetic and laughable plate with its

its redeeming feature, has found its sympathy in Barnard's satirical picture of the human vermin. Dickens' own description of him speaks of a cadaverous face with a tinge of red in the grain of it, such as is sometimes to be observed in the skins of red haired people.

"It belongs to a red haired personage—a



ALFRED JINGLE.
From the drawing by Frederick Barnard.

Mrs. "Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies," flanked by the squalid window and its disordered blind, almost seems of itself to tell the story of the poor, twin dragged woman inside, who was "exerting" herself to "never desert Mr. Micawber." The milk tin on the area railing, the outcast cat, they are all notes that complete the ridiculous harmony. What Dickens has told in pages, Barnard has put into a touch.

One of the most carefully worked out characters in all this book, which is Dickens' most careful work altogether, is the fawning, villainous, shambling hypocrite, Uriah Heep. The cruelty which Dickens put into this character, without

youth of fifteen, as I take it now, but looking much older, whose hair was cropped as close as the closest stubble; who had hardly any eyebrows, and no eyelashes, and eyes of a red brown; so unsheltered and unshaded, that I remember wondering how he went to sleep. He was high shouldered and bony; dressed in decent black, with a white wisp of a neck-cloth, buttoned up to the throat; and had a long, lank, skeleton hand, which particularly attracted my attention."

Looking at the long, lank, skeleton hands which Barnard has drawn, one can almost hear the shuddering sound of bones drawing over bones, and can easily appreciate the feeling of poor little David when he shook hands with his new office mate and then rubbed his own little palms to "rub it off."

The very prison which came at last seems to be foreshadowed in Barnard's picture of the mean, writhing wretch. "He had a way of writhing when he wanted to express enthusiasm; which was very ugly," poor little David says, "and which diverted my attention from the

detestable vice of hypocrisy meet with no palliation at his hands. Squeers and Uriah Heep he pictured as horrors, but his masterpiece, the creation where every touch showed the author's exquisite contempt, was that Dean of Hypocrites, Pecksniff.



MR. PECKSNIFF.
From the drawing by Frederick Barnard.

compliments he paid my relation, to the sneaky twistings of his throat and body."

Barnard takes us into the atmosphere of the old house of the Wickfields', into the little circular room where Uriah's eyes peered, two red suns. There is cunning, there is the promise of a story where underhand work shall come to honest people from this evil thing that sits here. It is like the den of a red spider, a spider that lurks behind its "umbleness" until its poison has become powerful enough to kill, and its web strong enough to drag its victim in.

Dickens was preëminently a painter of hypocrites. There was something in his own nature which made any taint of the

In the very turn of his too backward springing thumb; in the affected pose, the sanctified eye, Barnard has given him to us almost in the flesh—that soft, flabby, disagreeable flesh in which such meanness must be held. We can see the air of the smooth, whiskerless face, benign placidly smiling, bland, as it seems to say, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen; all is peace, a holy calm pervades me."

No one so thoroughly understood as did Dickens—and his understanding has been thoroughly appreciated by Barnard—that outward semblance was but the expression of an inward spirit. It was for this reason that he gave such careful descriptions of

his characters. In many cases these descriptions were but the clew to Barnard, the text upon which he has elaborated. It is he who puts before us Pecksniff's black suit, his widowerhood, his dangling eyeglass, showing all their meanings, interpreting as we could not have interpreted for ourselves. They all cry aloud, "Behold the moral Pecksniff!" The bust, the portrait, and the silhouette are all part

"The Pickwick Papers" has probably had more illustrators than any other one book. In the first place it was written to fit a set of plates which were owned by Chapman and Hall, and executed by Mr. R. Seymour. Up to this time Dickens had only written sketches, and it was hardly more than this that his publishers expected. They said vaguely, "Write something." It was Dickens' suggestion



SAM AND TONY WELLER.
From the drawing by Frederick Barnard.

of the story. The portrait behind is he who has the Fortunatus purse of good sentiments within him, and who drops the paste diamonds like the girl in the fairy tale. The bust is the direction post to which some wag has likened him, always telling the way to a place to which it never goes. The real Pecksniff, standing before us with his jutting heights of collar and his grizzled hair brushed off his forehead, seems to be mutely and morally calling attention to these noble virtues, which he so modestly keeps in the background. The very chairs and tables and mantel ornaments breathe respectability.

that he should recount the adventures of a club of unlucky sportsmen, sport being the subject of Mr. Seymour's plates. But it was not long before the story fairly ran away with itself, and far away from Mr. Seymour's plates. Among the young artists who came in and asked to be allowed to go on with the illustrations was William Makepeace Thackeray. He was rejected as incompetent.

Two of the characters in the jolly company Dickens marshaled out of his brain and brought together, remain insistently in the memory, and have been delightfully pictured by Barnard—Sam Weller and his

father. Sam set the fashion in a certain sort of philosophy, and the wit and humor which flowed so easily and spontaneously from his tongue would set up a dozen comic papers in jokes. Mr. Barnard has given to a nicety that costume of Sam's which Mr. Pickwick provided—the coat

might just have delivered his famous advice to Mr. Pickwick—"The gout, sir, the gout is a complaint which arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you are attacked by the gout, sir, just marry a widder as has got a good loud voice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll



DICK SWIVELLER AND THE MARCHIONESS.
From the drawing by Frederick Barnard.

with the P. C. buttons, the black hat with the cockade, the pink striped waistcoat, light breeches and gaiters; all of which left the acute young wearer wondering whether he was a footman or a groom, or a seedsman, or a gamekeeper. His face has the sharpness that came from the peculiar form of education for which his father took such credit to himself. Running in the streets and shifting for himself when very young had certainly had no dulling effect upon young Mr. Weller's wits or eyes.

The elder Weller bears the look of arrested jollity. He looks as though he

never have the gout ag'in. It's a capital prescription, sir. I takes it regular, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity."

Barnard so perfectly gives the character, the whole character of the person he is illustrating, that his pictures seem to tell the story themselves. If he had turned his attention to portrait painting one feels that he must have made a great success. He gives the salient points with a nicety of detail. In the down trodden Weller, Senior, making his lament over troublesome "widders," he created a personage from whose expression we can confidently

predict the final revolt against the "shepherd." He bears the countenance of the worm which turns. Barnard does not need to make his portraits pictures of action. Given the personality as he gives it, and imagination can do the rest. After looking at the portrait of Sam's father there is twice the vim in that "beautiful and exhilarating sight, to see the red nosed man (Stiggins) writhing in Mr. Weller's grasp, and his whole frame quivering with anguish as kick followed kick in rapid succession." The devil may care, philosophic Sam and his parent are two real people to Mr. Barnard.

Another success in the illustrating of the same book was Alfred Jingle. He is there—the old green dress coat which had evidently been made to fit another man; the thinnest of thin, spider legs covered with scanty black trousers adorned with shiny spots, and strapped very tightly down over the patched shoes, as if to hide the dirty white stockings; the thin wrists below the sleeves, the untrimmed hair, falling from under the pinched in hat, and yet in the thin and haggard face that indescribable look of jauntiness, of impudence, of knowledge of the world—just the man to sell, for a hundred pounds, the woman he was about to marry, and then offer to sell the license.

Those of Mr. Barnard's illustrations that are most sought for by collectors are nearly all portraits of characters. It is here, as has been said before, that his finest expression lies. His picture of Little Nell and her grandfather sitting by the roadside can scarcely be equaled for pathos. There is in this, more than in any of the others, the poetic quality, the ideal embodiment of one single idea. Dickens is above all idealistic and romantic. The possible falling off in his audience today comes from the materialism of the time, the everlasting search after something which will not be to amuse, but to teach. There has grown up a class which clamors for a text book of life in every novel. There is none of this in Dickens' stories. Little Nell and her grandfather sitting in their frame of leaves might have wandered from some fairy tale. There is a good deal more

seeming realism in the story of Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, but with all its pathos, all its power to make one laugh and cry in the same breath, it isn't real. In Barnard's picture of the gay, light hearted Dick quizzing the poor, half



BILL SYKES.

From the drawing by Frederick Barnard.

starved little maid about her habit of listening at key holes, we can see a whole world of sadness in the very lines of her unchildish, miserable little face, with its worldly sharpness. She has learned the world of necessity, heard plots in her efforts to find the key to the cupboard to keep herself from starving. The gay pretense and amusement of Dick, who has so little to be amused over, completes a picture whose character is of the finest.

In the heavy, burly housebreaker Bill Sykes, and his snarling, cringing dog, Barnard has made one error. There must have been in the face, the figure, of a man who could feel such ever present remorse as Dickens has drawn, some hint of a finer fiber. The man whose imagination could create a shape which followed, followed, its garments rustling in the leaves, which was like a corpse borne on a slow melancholy wind that never rose or fell,

which turned as he turned, and fell as he fell, stood at his head—a living grave-stone, with epitaph written in blood—must have had something beyond mere brutishness; and brutishness is all that Barnard has given him. It is a perfect picture of brutality at bay, but it contains not one element of imagination.

and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

This picture of Barnard's is one that is worthy of a heroic canvas, and of a place in any gallery of artistic types.

Most people see pathos and humor



SIDNEY CARTON.

From the drawing by Frederick Barnard.

But in the beautiful face of Sidney Carton going to martyrdom, Barnard has put the soul of a man. There is here the face of one who has sinned and has suffered and by one great act has had all washed away. Carton shows in his look, his attitude, that grace than which there can be no greater, to lay down his life for his friend. We can read in his countenance the prophetic vision:

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous, and happy in that England which I shall see no more. I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts,

with their minds, instead of with their eyes. Appreciation is a gift that is laid upon very few, and only comes with education and training; and in many cases after an explanation has been given. To men of such peculiar talent as Charles Dickens and Frederick Barnard, the world is seen with exaggeration. They not only see every point, but they see it with eyes that magnify and accentuate. The world comes to their vision through a medium not given to ordinary mortals. What we enjoy in their work is not so much the life they depict, as their translation of it.

THE HEROINES OF FRENCH HISTORY.

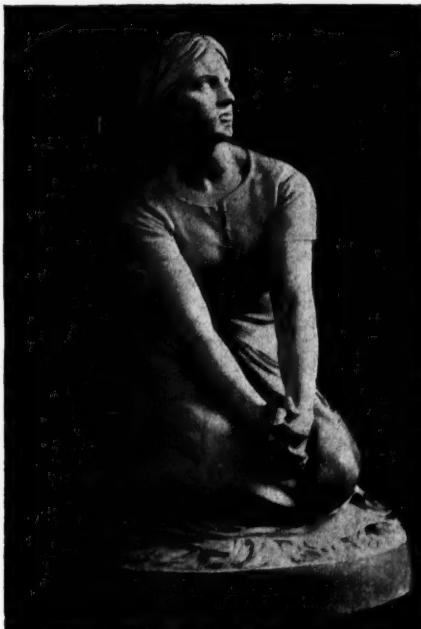
By Richard H. Titherington.

IN the most brilliant days of Versailles there once came humbly into the halls of Bourbon luxury an old man who had a petition to present at the seat of royal power. He approached the king, but not to place in his hand the treasured paper. "Sire," he said to the good natured young monarch, "will your majesty be so kind as to command me to Madame de Pompadour?" And every one, save the beautiful adventuress herself, smiled at the tribute to her supremacy.

What would the history of France be without its women? It is a deeply significant fact that in the land of the Salic law woman should have revenged herself for the loss of the highest political privileges by dominating the national life almost throughout its course. Long before Pompadour and the other "left handed queens" stood behind the throne of the Bourbons and made their lightest whisper a law to France, it was a woman—a girl—who ended a century of foreign spoliation and gave liberty and unity to her country.

Even when we make allowance for the exaggerations of a wondering mediæval chronicler, the story of Joan of Arc is one of the strangest in all history. This girl, the daughter of a Lorraine peasant, went from a cottage to command an army. She stemmed the tide of English conquest, made France once more a nation, and died a shameful death before she was twenty years old. Truly a problem for the psychologist! Her enemies, into whose hands she was betrayed, solved it by calling her a witch and burning her at the stake. Her countrymen accept her as a heroine, inexplicable, inspired, and inspiring—a theme for song, for brush, and for chisel. Every French artist, almost, has painted a "Jeanne d'Arc," and so have not a few who were not French—Gabriel Max, for instance. At the spot where she was burned, in Rouen, there is

a statue in her honor. Another, by Fremiet, stands in front of the Tuileries; a third, by Chapu, is in the galleries of the Luxembourg. A fourth was unveiled amid patriotic rejoicings only a few weeks ago at Chinon, where Jeanne first met the young prince whom her ghostly counse-



JOAN OF ARC.
From the statue by H. M. A. Chapu.

ors had sent her to crown King of France at Rheims. Admiral Rieunier, who made a speech at the unveiling, promised his audience that the next great battleship to be added to the French navy shall be called the Jeanne d'Arc, so as to perpetuate the warrior virgin's fame on sea as well as on land.

The passing of four and a half centuries has made Joan of Arc a shadowy figure



JOAN OF ARC AT THE STAKE.

From the painting by Gabriel Max.

of the past. She belongs to the bygone world of the mediæval—a realm utterly apart from ours of today. But the women who ruled France's Bourbon rulers stand out with almost the distinctness of contemporaries. Their historians have made us know them almost as if we could see them. Three faces look out at us from the annals of the fourteenth and greatest Louis. That of the Spanish princess who was his queen is not one of them. The first is Louise de la Vallière, the earliest passion of the *grand monarque*—a pale

face whose exquisite beauty is overshadowed by the remorse that sought to expiate ten years of guilty supremacy at court by forty years of penitence within convent walls. Next come the faultless features of the Montespan, whose reign was longer and more potent; and then, in strange contrast, the cold, demure, passionless countenance of the rival whose wit defeated and ousted her—the middle aged widow of Scarron the humorist, known to fame as Madame de Maintenon. Seldom has there been a more wonder-

ful career than the Maintenon's. It begins as Françoise d'Aubigné, the poor orphan, born in a prison, and brought up in Paris by a not too generous aunt. She goes one day to the *salon* of Scarron, who, poor and deformed, is yet admitted to the fashionable world for the sake of his genius. Her gown is too short, and with the *gaucherie* of a schoolgirl she bursts into tears. Scarron consoles her, and is so struck by the pretty face of this "beautiful Indian," as he calls her, that he proposes to her. She accepts this avenue of escape from her dependence, and becomes Madame Scarron, bringing to her husband a fortune which he set forth in their marriage contract as "four louis a year, two large, modest eyes, a very handsome figure, a pair of beautiful hands, and a great deal of wit."

In the same vein, a few years later, Scarron, on his death bed, writes his will, leaving to one of his friends five hundred pounds—of patience; to an enemy, the gangrene; to his young widow, permission to remarry—little dreaming who her second husband is to be. As a means of livelihood, the widow Scarron becomes *gouvernante* of the children of the king and Madame de Montespan. In the mansion where she is established with her wards the king sees her often. He



MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

notices that she gives them a care more maternal than their mother's. "She knows how to love, does madame!" he says one day. "There would be some pleasure in being loved by her!"

Then the queen dies, and Louis brings Mme. Scarron and her wards to court, where he openly recognizes them as a part of his family. The *gouvernante* becomes his friend and confidante. The Montespan envies and fears her, and there ensues a strife that Louis himself cannot appease. "It is easier," he declares, "to make peace throughout Europe than between two women!" The Montespan sees her power slipping away; she is jealous, petulant, bitter. Her rival—who has bought the Maintenon estate and title—is always calm and queenly, masking her sleepless scheming with a smile. Louis—the *grand monarque* who renewed the empire of Charlemagne, who pushed France's frontiers eastward, who meditated the conquest of Austria, whose reign shone with the military glories of Turenne and Vauban and the peaceful renown of Molière and Racine—this man who poses before Europe as a demigod is like a puppet in her hands.



MADAME DE MAINTENON.



MARIE ANTOINETTE GOING TO THE GUILLOTINE.
From the painting by F. Flameng.

Like a clever strategist, she fastens upon the weak point of this master of kingcraft—his superstition. She figures as triumphant virtue; her rival, as defeated vice, is finally driven from court, leaving the Maintenon to reign supreme—not as the king's mistress, but actually as his wedded wife; wedded in the Versailles oratory, secretly, but with the full sanction of the church.

Her sway ended only with the king's death, thirty years later. "Let us consult Madame Reason," Louis would say when a great question of state was to be settled. "What does Your Solidity think of it?" It was she who set the keynote of Louis' later policy, who urged him to the revocation of the tolerant edict of Nantes, and

to war with England on behalf of the exiled Stuarts.

When Louis lay dying, Madame de Maintenon—then almost eighty years old—withdrawn from the chamber, unable to witness his end. It was not long before a messenger followed her. "Madame," he said, fearing to tell his news bluntly, "everybody is at the church." Less than four years later she herself passed away. "Some short hours more," this strange woman said on her death bed, "and I shall learn the great mystery of things!"

Never again was such absolute power as the Maintenon's in the hands of any woman except the Pompadour. Of her and her royal lover Houssaye said that "Louis XV, the son of kings, was born a revenue collector—a man who loves good dinners, pleasure, and money. Pompadour, the daughter of a revenue collector, was born a queen—a lover of power, luxury, the fine arts, everything that belongs to the splendor of royalty." From the time

of her entrance into Parisian society it seems to have been the set purpose of Mlle. Jeanne Antoinette Poisson to make a conquest of the reigning Bourbon. "She confided to me," Voltaire records, "that she had a secret presentiment that the king would fall in love with her, and that she had a violent inclination for him." And when she married her cousin d'Etiolles, she publicly announced that she had sworn fidelity to her husband unless the king should make love to her. More daring yet, she made the first overtures herself. At a masked fête in the Hotel de Ville she asked Louis to interpret a dream she had had, that she had sat upon the throne of France for one day. "And for one night," added the king. "The inter-

pretation is quite easy;" and the next day he visited her hotel.

But the visit was not repeated, and Mme. d'Etiolles was in despair. At last she resolved upon a bold stroke in the shameful game she was playing. She went to the king at Versailles, and told him that her guilt was known, that she had fled from her husband's vengeance. Beauty in distress won the day and — Mme. d'Etiolles stayed at Versailles.

Such an event wears a different aspect from different view points. It was perhaps a significant sample of the morality of the period that the mother of the king's mistress exclaimed, when she heard of her daughter's establishment in the palace, "God be praised ! I die content. I have nothing more to ask of heaven!" But d'Etiolles wrote her a touching letter of protest from a manly heart. "It would be a misfortune," he said, "if I had to tell our children that their mother is dead; but what can I tell them now?" Her answer was a decree of banishment, that he might trouble her no more.

The Marquise de Pompadour, as she now styled herself, governed Louis XV with the same feminine strategy that the Maintenon had employed to rule his great grandfather. As Houssaye said, he was an unkingly king. The cares of state were his abhorrence; satiety of all worldly enjoyments was his besetting foe. "Your majesty, the people are suffering terribly," the Duc de Choiseul once said to him. "So am I," replied Louis, "with *ennui*." It was the Pompadour's study to devise some new pleasure for every day. One afternoon the king would see a fair peasant girl walking through the grounds of Versailles. Such a sight was one of the few that could arouse his blasé interest. On the next day a beautiful nun would cross his path, on the next a bare footed milkmaid. All of them were the marquise in various disguises. Then she would build a sumptuous grotto in some odd corner of the park, and surprise Louis by leading him into it.

Such arts as these made the king her slave. "Not only have I all the nobility at my feet," she wrote to one of her confidantes, "but even my little dog is wearied with homage." She dictated almost all Louis' public acts, from the rebuilding of the Madeleine and the foundation of the royal potteries of Sèvres to his dis-



CHARLOTTE CORDAY IN PRISON.
From the painting by C. L. Muller.

astrous wars with Prussia and England. A Jesuit priest refused to grant her absolution; she procured a decree banishing the Jesuits from France. M. d'Etiolles had been allowed to return to Paris, and she saw him—for the first time in fifteen years—one night at the theater. He was exiled again—the sight had caused the marquise unpleasant emotions.

But at forty she was an old woman. She vainly sought to veil her lost beauty in costumes that glittered with diamonds. Fears for her soul tormented her. The Jesuits whom she had banished wrote her disquieting letters. Her last years were years of misery and remorse, and at forty three she died. There was not one mourner at the bier of a woman to whom



MADAME DU BARRY.

every knee had cringed. Her body was taken from the palace on a rainy day. "Ah!" casually remarked the king, glancing out of the window, "the marquise will have bad weather for her journey."

"After me the deluge," was a prophetic saying of the Pompadour's. She died in time to escape the awful retribution that Bourbon royalty and its appanages had long been heaping up for themselves. Her successor in the favor of Louis XV—Jeanne Vaubernier, ennobled as Madame du Barry—lived to see the tempest burst, and to be one of its victims. Mme. Le Brun records that she was the only woman among the many women executed as members of the hated aristocracy, whose courage failed her upon the scaffold. Marie Antoinette, for instance, died in proud queenliness. To the priest Gerard, who rode to the guillotine with her, she spoke no word, nor to the throng that hurled insults at her as the tumbril slowly rolled through the streets. On the scaffold her only utterance was an apology to the executioner for treading upon his foot. But Marie Antoinette was a queen, the daughter of an imperial house. The du Barry was an offspring of the slums,

and in the face of death blood tells—sometimes, at least. She wept and screamed for mercy till even the hardened crowd about the guillotine was shocked.

Across the storm of the Reign of Terror Charlotte Corday flashes like a meteor. A country girl of Roncerac, in the department of the Orne, she had watched the stirring scenes of the Revolution with the deepest interest and sympathy. But when the struggle between the factions of Marat and the Girondists ended in the defeat and proscription of the latter, she mourned the former's triumph as the death of liberty. One day her aunt found her weeping. "I weep for my country," she said. "So long as Marat lives, no one's life is secure for a single day."

Gradually she forms the belief that she is appointed to rid France of this devouring monster. Her aunt, entering Charlotte's room, sees her Bible opened at the tenth chapter of the book of Judith, and marked at the prayer that God would prosper Judith's attempt to deliver Israel. She journeys to Paris, to carry out her resolve. She finds that she cannot see Marat; he is suspicious, and secludes himself. She resorts, much against her will, to a stratagem. She sends him a



MADAME DE STAEL.

message, saying that she has come from the West, where the Girondists are in revolt, with information of the rebels' plans. Marat is taking a bath, but he orders her to be admitted. Who would suspect this young and beautiful girl? But even as

dismissed from office, the indignant populace had risen in protest, had stormed the Bastile, had forced his recall, and had greeted him with enthusiastic jubilation. Now his daughter, though eminence was her only offense, was barely saved by her



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

the Jacobin leader is telling her how he has all his enemies in his power, she plucks a knife from her bosom and stabs him to the heart. Then she goes with firm tread to prison, and dies like the brave Yankee lad who "only regretted that he had but one life to lose for his country."

"There are deeds," says Lamartine, "so compounded of pure intentions and culpable means, that we know not whether to pronounce them criminal or virtuous. In beholding Charlotte Corday's act of assassination, history dares not applaud; nor yet, while contemplating her sublime self devotion, can it condemn."

A few months before the tragic end of Marat, Madame de Staël had fled from Paris. Only three years earlier, when her father, the famous financier Necker, was

husband's position as a delegate of the Swedish crown.

Madame de Staël is the foremost representative of a historical French type—the woman whose *salon* is the high court of Parisian society, and who can use her pen well enough to make it a scepter. When little Germaine Necker was ten, she told her mother that she intended to marry Gibbon, the great historian. In her teens she was a devoted admirer of Jean Jacques Rousseau. But her less romantic parents destined her to a marriage of convenience with a prosaic, middle aged gentleman named Eric Magnus, Baron de Staël-Holstein, and secretary of the Swedish embassy in Paris. The union was not one that required her aspirations, and she turned for solace to literature and society. She had wealth—her dowry was two mil-

lion francs—and real genius, and she became a power at the French capital. In the earlier days of the Revolution her influence was enough to save many of the proscribed—among them the Comte de Narbonne, of whom malicious gossip said

straw before flame. The era of Napoleon was a period of French history when for once at least no woman stood beside or behind the throne. The iron Corsican's estimate of the sex was a cynical one, though he did not disdain its aid when it



ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR.

that he was her lover. But as the tide of popular frenzy rose higher, she felt herself powerless and even unsafe. She resolved on flight, taking the Abbé de Montesquieu in her carriage as her servant. She was stopped in the street by a mob of women—such women as Dickens typified in *Madame Defarge*—recognized, and taken to the Hotel de Ville, narrowly escaping death on the way. The tribunal spared her, and she fled to join a colony of *émigrés* at Mickleham, near London.

After Robespierre's death, when the milder regime of the Directory was inaugurated, Madame de Staël returned to Paris, and again became an influence in politics. But there was rising a power against which her fair and feminine sentiments of constitutional liberty were as

could help his plans. He made overtures of political alliance to Madame de Staël, and sent his brother Joseph to ask diplomatically what price would win her favor. "The difficulty," she replied, "is not what I want, but what I think." She once asked General Bonaparte whom he thought the greatest woman. "Her who has borne the most children," he answered, in jest or earnest. "It is said," his questioner went on, "that you are not very friendly to the sex." "Madame," he returned, "I am passionately fond of my wife." And this was undoubtedly said in earnest, though later, when she became an obstacle in his path, Josephine was relentlessly sacrificed on the altar of ambition.

Unable to conciliate Madame de Staël,

the First Consul soon felt himself strong enough to crush her. She received an order to leave Paris. She disregarded it. Then Talleyrand called on her and politely wished her *bon voyage*. "I understand," he added significantly, "that you start tomorrow." She went. Still Napoleon's malice was not sated. He banished Madame Recamier and others of her friends; and when her "*Corinne*" appeared, pure jealousy of the book's success, apparently, prompted him to renewed persecutions of its author, who found refuge only beyond the distant frontiers of Russia. But time brought her revenge. The last two years of her life were spent in Paris, while Napoleon was a captive in narrow St. Helena.

What Madame de Staël was to the history of letters in France, Adrienne Lecouvreur was to the stage. Her brief career—perhaps the most remarkable an actress ever had—takes us back to the time of Louis XV. The daughter of a hat maker, at twenty five she first appeared at the Théâtre Francais. All Paris fell at her feet, notwithstanding that age's prejudice against the stage and its acolytes—a prejudice that had made Louis XIV's valets refuse to sit at table with Molière.

Voltaire was one of the first and most devoted worshipers at Adrienne's shrine. But the great passion of her life was the brilliant Maurice of Saxony, son of Augus-

tus II. "My world, my hope, my god," she called him on her dying bed, and after he had deserted her. It was a touching story. Maurice, a German by birth, but a soldier of France by choice—"the hero of France," Frederick the Great called him—met Adrienne in Paris at the height of her fame, and was willing to forget the world for her sake. But events opened out for him the chance of a great career. He was elected to the duchy of Courland, and the Duchess Anna Ivanovna, a niece of Peter the Great, proffered him her hand. Only one thing was needed to enable him to avail himself of the proffered honor, and that was money—for there were rival aspirants to his ducal throne, and without money he could not fight them. Then Adrienne, though she knew that if he succeeded she was delivering her "world, her hope, her god" into the arms of another, sent him every penny she possessed, every franc she could raise by pawning her jewels, to enable him to make his fight for fortune.

The sequel was no less sad. Maurice maintained his position in Courland for a year. Then he came back to Paris, and requited the Lecouvreur's devotion by intriguing with the Duchesse de Bouillon. Adrienne's death soon followed. Paris said that the duchess had sent poison to her rival, the actress; but perhaps it was only a case of a broken heart.

HER TRIUMPH.

SHE sat like a queen looking down at them all—
 While seven gallants bent before her—
 For she was a débutante at her first ball,
 And the seven were there to adore her.
 The tributes they whispered were long and sincere,
 She breathed the faint perfume of roses,
 And there floated those strains, softly sweet to her ear,
 That no one but Chopin composes.
 No wonder she blushed! 'Twas a triumph indeed!
 The seven gallants all proclaimed it;
 And even her rivals were bound to concede
 That the poor word "success" but misnamed it.
 No wonder she blushed! For a blush she had need;
 'Twas not pride in her triumph that drew it.
 She sat there a slave to ambition and greed—
 A chattel, *for sale*, and she knew it.

Thomas Winthrop Hall.

DAHLONEGA.

By Rhodes MacKnight.

MISS GALWAY entered the law offices of Ellison, Burt & Ellison, passed noiselessly to her place at the typewriter by a window, and disposed her hat and luncheon box in a receptacle of the cabinet upon which the typewriter stood. Smoothing her hair instinctively then, she seated herself, and was ready for the eight hours' grind of legal verbiage which was her portion. A senior clerk of great age and little blood looked up from his desk when it suited him, and bowed crustily; a junior clerk with a silk hat and colorful neckscarf threw his cigarette away in the corridor, came in, and saluted her with specific patronage. Then the door was closed by the shockheaded office boy, and the working machinery of the office awaited the firm's manipulation.

But not yet, it seemed. Presently another young man came in, spoke a few words to the senior clerk, and was shown to a vacant desk. Miss Galway had noticed him the day before, when he had called to see Mr. Ellison the younger. Without doubt he was to be the new junior in the place of Fairborn, who had left the firm to go on a newspaper. He looked to be not over twenty, certainly, but he may have been older; his blue eyes and curly hair, almost golden, gave Miss Galway her impression of his youth.

When Mr. Ellison the younger came in, she heard the youth called Cudworth, a name that somehow did not harmonize with the fair hair, the boyish whole. She would rather have had it—but what, was lost in the mazes of the pile of documents that was handed her for copying.

The click of the typewriter and its punctuating bell made music in the office. From now on the young woman had but little time for imaginings, yet all the while she was conscious of something new in her environment. Quite ridiculous as the

influence must seem, she rested her eyes by glancing every now and then at the light curly head; she liked to look at it.

Twelve o'clock came and the buzz of the typewriter was stopped. As Miss Galway unfolded the spotless damask that bound her luncheon, she saw Thompson, the other junior, go up to Cudworth, and speak a word; evidently an invitation, for presently each got his hat and they went out together. A little wrinkle came in her brow when she saw that, for she was not fond of the ways of Mr. Thompson.

The wrinkle was repeated on a good many following days, for Thompson and young Cudworth almost always went to luncheon together; they seemed to have struck up a very sudden intimacy. Miss Galway thought very seriously over it, and she could arrive but at the one conclusion, that Cudworth was jeopardizing a good deal by the association. And from this feeling there grew up in her mind an interest in Cudworth even deeper than that she had conceived at first.

One morning he cemented this interest by bringing with him to the office a small sprig of lilac, a mere nosegay. He had laid it on his desk when he came in, but there seemed to be a bother, for he kept moving it about. Finally, with a look that was between bashfulness and downright timidity, he came suddenly forward and laid it before her.

"I thought maybe you'd like this," he murmured, and instantly got back to his desk.

Miss Galway's usually pale face showed a very little pink. It was almost the first time in her twenty three years that anybody had given her flowers. She got a tumbler of water and placed the little spray in it, and when Cudworth came back to her presently with some briefs for copying, she said:

"I'm very much obliged, I'm sure. It

smells so sweet! Especially down town here."

This was the opening wedge for better acquaintance; but the breach it opened did not widen. He said good morning very pleasantly always when he came in, and good evening when he went home; there it ended.

As the days went by she indirectly got to know more about Cudworth. She learned, for instance, that he was a relative, or a connection, of the Ellisons. How close, she did not know, because she had to guess at it all from chance remarks let drop in the office; but she decided that it must be rather close, because Thompson now wore a habitual expression of exceeding gloom, as if he foresaw that his own chances of promotion were being usurped by the younger youth.

As to Cudworth's intimacy with that young man it daily caused her more uneasiness. The junior was corrupting the boy to prevent his advance, she felt certain. Before long the fresh rosy face began to grow pale and careworn—by degrees, certainly, but none the less notably—and the fresh blue eyes became troubled and avertive. It was not illness, but worry. She could hardly check herself from speaking to him. But it was with Thompson she wished most to speak.

One evening the first junior and she happened to leave the office together. They went down in the elevator, and it was in the corridor below that Thompson first seemed to notice that he was beside her. He asked her which way she went.

"I take the elevated at City Hall," she answered.

"I'll walk that far with you. I'm going to Brooklyn." They turned into the stream bound up Broadway. "Cudworth went home early today," the young man went on, strangely pitching upon the youth as a topic. "That is, he got off early," he added suggestively.

The girl glanced at him quickly. "You mean he didn't go home?" she asked.

"I don't know where he went. Look out for this truck. But, to be perfectly candid—and, in being so, I know it'll go no further—?"

She met the pause by nodding slightly.

"To be perfectly candid, then, I think that at this moment he's about on his way back from Sheepshead."

She vaguely understood that this was some place he ought not to be coming back from.

"And now that we're speaking of it, Miss Galway, I've a favor to ask of you."

Again she looked at him and nodded slightly.

"I want to ask if you won't say a word to Cudworth about—about what he's doing."

"What *is* he doing?"

"Well, to put it mildly, he's going to the dickens."

"What—how do you mean?"

Thompson looked straight before him. A little red was in the cheek nearer her, and he spoke rapidly.

"Well, it's this way," he said. "I don't pretend to be *overly* good myself, and I don't want to exculpate myself. Therefore I acknowledge at once that it's largely my fault. But please don't look at me that way till I've had a chance to explain. Once I took Cudworth into a place where they bet on horse races—"

He stopped, and for half a block they walked along in silence. Miss Galway's eyes, terrified, were downcast. Presently she asked finally, "Is—is that all?"

Thompson opened his lips to reply, but thought better of it. He was calculating. "You mustn't make too much of it," he went on presently. "But I'd like to have you speak to him. Will you?"

Again there was silence. Then the young man said contritely:

"Of course I haven't spared myself blame in the matter."

"No, I shouldn't think you would," she answered primly, looking straight ahead.

He reddened, and kept back the retort that was on his lip by biting it. To end the subject with dignity he said again indifferently, "Will you speak of it to him?"

They were nearing the entrance to the bridge. He was waiting for her answer; but she seemed absorbed, and walked on with eyes low. He stopped at the steps.

"Will you speak of it?" he inquired again, determined to show her that he was not annoyed. "I have told you of this because I know of no one else who would have influence over him."

It was Miss Galway's turn to redden now. "What makes you think *I* have?" she asked; and was in a flood of shame the moment the words were out.

The young man smiled. But before he had time to reply she had turned.

"I'll speak to him," she murmured briefly, and with a curt little nod, she started up the steps. What she wanted now was to get out of his sight with the shameful blush she knew was flaming a beacon in her face.

The next day was a Saturday, and the office was to close at three o'clock. Miss Galway had made up her mind to speak, and waited for the opportunity; but hour succeeded hour and none came. Promptly at three Cudworth walked out with a step that told to an attentive ear that he had been eagerly awaiting the release. Half a minute later Miss Galway was after him.

When he reached the street the youth walked quickly, and with a directness that left no room for doubt that his destination was predetermined. He had not gone far when he dived into a narrow entry, unconscious that twenty paces behind was a breathless young woman who would have given much to have a single word with him. He was conscious of but one thing, a purpose blind as it was insane.

He went back until he came to a descending stairway, dark and noisome. Two continuous streams of men, of every age and of every condition, thronged it—one going down, one coming up. He joined the queue, and was presently in a long, low basement, one half of which was partitioned off by desks and a screen of thick wire. The crowd was so dense that it was difficult to move; the smoky air, although kept in motion by a huge electric fan set under the sidewalk gratings, was foul and overpowering.

There were men of age and dignity and seeming respectability in the throng; there were men whose dress and general style proclaimed them professional gamblers; there were men whose dilapidated garments and wan, anxious, hungry faces told of a trust in luck unfulfilled; there were puny youths, clerks and salesmen and messengers; there were black and white, prosperous and indigent, respecting and shameless, in this subterranean hell—all desperately engaged in the battle of Chance with the chances overwhelmingly against them.

Cudworth pushed his way through the crowd, hot with suffocation, cold with a

nervous sweat. His eyes fastened upon a blackboard chalked over with names and figures. Then, one hand clasping tightly a roll of money in his pocket, he started toward a window in the partition. On the way he straightened out his roll of bills, then, with a hand that was clammy and shaking uncontrollably, he passed them over.

"Two hundred on Dahlonega to win," he murmured.

The man at the window looked at him a moment fiercely, then glanced up at the posted odds. "Dahlonega—five hundred to two hundred," he muttered to his assistant. Throwing out the ticket, he called to the marker at the blackboard, "Make Dahlonega two to one, Mike."

Young Cudworth walked to the water cooler near the door and drew a glass of water. He smiled at himself when he spilt half in getting it to his lips. He drew another, then let some of the cold water run on his wrist. He felt as if he were burning up.

The place suddenly became intolerable to him. He mounted the thronged stairs and walked up and down the entry. He looked feverishly at his watch and saw that it was 3.27—in three minutes his race would begin. But before the three minutes had elapsed something irresistible drew him down stairs and into the jostling crowd once more. And at the very instant he heard the telegraph clicking, then the marker's cry:

"They're off! Early Bird in the lead!"

Faint, yet with heart throbbing doubly, he leaned against the wall. He must be calm, he told himself with ludicrous seriousness. The great mass of humanity about him had become still and rigid too, every ear straining to catch the news that followed the telegraph's ticking.

Click—click—click——click——click——click——

"At the quarter: Little Mickey first! By a length. Bonnie Bell second! Teeter-mouse third! The others in a bunch, close up."

No Dahlonega! Well, the race was young yet. He didn't want to hear from him too soon.

The telegraph ticked slowly.

"Same at the half!"

Still no Dahlonega! Could the horse have been left at the post? But instantly

he dismissed the torturing thought. He listened for the next cry, his heart pounding.

Click—click—click — click—click—click—

"At the three quarters: Little Mickey first! By a length. Teetermouse second! Dahlonega third—coming up very fast!"

Ah, there he was! He rubbed his hands softly, and was conscious of a few cheers from among the crowd. He glanced about with a peculiar curiosity, and found himself studying the faces. Was his own so drawn in anxiety, so inhuman, so ghastly?—had his eyes that devouring greed? It was horrible, it was—

Click — click—click—click—click—click—click—

"At the mile: Little Mickey first! By a length. Dahlonega second! Teetermouse third!"

In the crowd there was a buzz of chatter, and men shook hands with one another, their hard faces relaxed with smiles. Well, it *was* a relief. He took out his ticket and eyed it pensively.

"In the stretch: Little Mickey and Dahlonega neck and neck! Wissahickon third—three lengths away!"

The race was as good as won now. He took a great breath of joy, and clutched his ticket tighter.

Click — click—click—click—click—click—click—

Not a sound could be heard when the ticking stopped. Men held their breaths. "Wissahickon wins!"

There was an instant of the absolute silence of dismay; a few hilarious shrieks, the shrieks of a madman, from some individual who had bet on the winning horse; a multitude of oaths and groans. Young Cudworth leaned against the wall, motionless, his face coming red and white by turns. In a second his future had become black. Then, dazed and limp, he pushed his way through the motley crowd, up the stairs, and into the street. It was air he wanted.

He turned mechanically toward Broadway, and walked southward. Following him was a trim little figure in pink percale. The girl had waited, awkward and disagreeable as the waiting in the street was. She did not know the nature of the place in which he had been, but she guessed. Now the shock his appearance

caused her made her even less certain what to do. It was as much horror as it was delicacy that held her back. And still she kept him in sight, her heart in her throat.

On and on he went, block after block, until he was at the Battery. He had walked fast, but Miss Galway was just in time to see him disappear into the Staten Island ferry house. There was a boat in the slip about to depart; she heard the whistle, broke to a run, and had just sufficient time to pay her fare and get aboard. Breathless and flushed then, she looked about her; but it was not until she had reached the upper deck that she was rewarded.

Cudworth was at the side, leaning over the rail and gazing into the polluted water churning to foam. When she touched him gently on the arm he turned, looked at her blankly, and not a muscle of his face moved. She was frightened for an instant at the deathly apathy of his glance; but she had made up her mind to speak to him.

"Mr. Cudworth," she began gently, "would you think it very impertinent of me if—"

He made a gesture. "Please don't talk to me," he said. The tone was not querulous, but pleading.

There was an interval, and then he spoke again. She could see that tears were in his eyes.

"I've been rude," he said; "but you know I didn't mean it, Miss Galway. Were you ever crushed by self loathing? —no, of course not; you can't understand. I used to think that a man killed himself from disgust at the world. But now I know it's disgust at himself. I—"

He stopped suddenly and looked away; his lips were twitching. Presently he went on:

"You see how weak I am when you see me blubber. I—I wanted some money—for a particular purpose—but instead I lost all I had in the world. Yet I'd hardly cry about *that*."

She looked at him apprehensively. "It was—your own?" she faltered; and then, shrinking before the quick glance he gave her, she added, "Forgive me; I didn't mean that."

"It was my own," he replied. "But that doesn't make it any better. I wanted

it for a purpose, and now—that's all over."

The girl was thinking deeply, and after a while she said timidly:

"About the money. If you need money I could—I have a friend—"

"Oh, I don't need it," he said hastily. "It's a—a disappointment, that's all. I couldn't think of borrowing; but you're very kind."

"My friend wouldn't be inconvenienced in the least, I'm sure. But if you don't borrow, will you promise that you won't ever do again what—what you've been doing this afternoon?"

"Yes; I'll promise you that."

He did not seem surprised that she should know; and it is quite certain that if there was emphasis upon any word it was upon the last, not upon the last but one. Yet she glowed rosy. For a few minutes there was silence again; then he got up with a little embarrassment and held out his hand.

"If you'll excuse me," he said bashfully, "I think I'll leave you now. I'm hardly fit for talking, and—and I feel so ashamed of myself. I shall never forget your kindness, though. Tomorrow I'm going to begin on a clean, new leaf. Good by. I'm going to get off when the boat lands and take a walk along the shore. You'll go back by the boat?"

"Do you feel—quite strong now?" she asked, doubting a little.

"Quite strong, thank you," he answered quietly. "Good by."

She watched him as he disappeared through the cabin door, and she felt that he meant it.

She returned by that boat. The sun was setting, and she sat gazing into the golden west, into a vast resplendent space that seemed a new world just unfolded to the eye; and the visions it called up were not less radiant.

When Cudworth came into the office the next morning the change in him was to be noted by the most superficial observer. His ordeal had made him more earnest, and he carried himself as if he were loaded down with grave responsibility. Thompson noted the change, and glanced at Miss Galway significantly. The girl, although her face was beaming, did not return the look. The senior clerk noticed it, and grunted approvingly; but, and what

was more to the purpose, Mr. Ellison the younger noticed it too.

From that day, it seemed, Thompson's jealous forebodings had a reason for being. The law is slow, but set upon with the proper spirit, great strides may be made in it at the first. Cudworth was studious, painstaking, and tireless. He attacked his oyster not with tentative insinuations, but with a bold stab.

No one was, and no one could have been, more gratified than the girl who, without flattering herself in the least, might have said that she was the influence at the turning point. She began to feel now something of proprietorship in him; and consequently she was the prouder.

The summer went by, and the first few weeks of autumn, and still Cudworth progressed. His energy¹ was spurred by a definite understanding that it would be recognized in due time, for Mr. Ellison the younger had dropped hints now and again to that effect. And at last, one morning, the junior partner sent word to Cudworth that he would like to see him in his private room.

As he started Cudworth cast a glance at Miss Galway, for he felt that something was coming. She sent him along with an encouraging smile, and still smiled after he was gone.

The youth was with Mr. Ellison for half an hour, and when he came back his face told her everything. But he did not go near her. He was quiet and self-contained for the rest of the day, and she felt a little hurt. When she got up at five o'clock and put on her hat to go home, however, he went over to her and said in a low voice:

"Would you mind waiting for me a moment? I'll ride up with you. I have something to tell you."

The girl was scarcely less exulting; but in the bounding of her heart there was a little fright, too. She thought she guessed—indeed his manner plainly suggested it—that he had more to tell her than just about himself. She colored slightly.

They went out together and walked up crowded Park Row; yet they talked upon the most every day topics. It was not until they got in the elevated train that the young man saw fit to break his news. They were side by side in the farthest corner of the car.

'Mr. Ellison called me in today to tell me that the first of the month I shall have my salary doubled.' He smiled into her admiring eyes. 'But that's not all,' he pursued, unable to wait for an answer. 'He told me—and of course this is absolutely between us two—he told me that in three years' time his father would retire from the firm, and that—and that—well, in short, if I keep on as well as I'm doing now, I'll have a very good chance of being taken in.'

The girl managed to get out some words of congratulation. The young man was so engrossed with the fortunes that loomed for him that he did not notice her embarrassment. With the vista opened to him he went on talking, hardly aware how self filled it. They were nearly at Miss Galway's station when he checked himself.

"But there is something more," he added, suddenly dropping his voice, and with one of his old blushes coming into his cheeks—"there is something I've long wanted to tell you."

Miss Galway's face was pink, too, and she demurely studied the network of the rug on the floor. She held her breath.

"Do you remember," he said, laughing nervously, "last summer when I—I lost the money? I told you then I wanted it for a particular purpose. Can--can you guess what it was?"

She could not, she answered just above a whisper.

"Well, I wanted the money for something, you know, and I had to put it off. And I've been waiting all this time. I'm—I'm going to be married."

Little by little the color went from her cheeks and left them white.

"Do you know," he went on, "I wanted to confide in you long ago, but I hardly

liked to—well as we've always got along together. But now I'm so glad to tell you, because you'll be pleased, I'm sure. And my fiancée—Marjorie her name is—oh, she's the dearest thing in the world! I know you'll like her."

Perhaps it was because his eyes were abashedly before him that he did not notice the twitching of her lips and the quickness of her breath; but doubtless, even if he had, he would have inferred nothing from them.

"And you *are* glad?" he said. "Our wedding will be very small, but you must come. And—I declare! Here's your station!"

Miss Galway walked slowly down the darkening street to her dingy boarding house, and let herself in. When she had mounted to her little room on the top floor she took off her jacket and hat and lighted her blinking lamp. Then from a locked drawer in the dressing stand she took a little packet wrapped in tissue paper and untied it. It was a brown, withered spray of lilac. She bowed her head for a while; and when she straightened up the dead spray was wet.

She went to the table and got an envelope. In the drawer she had a little box of varicolored sealingwax, and a taper.

When there were four buttons of the wax firmly closing the envelope forever, she arose, went to her trunk, and buried it in the deepest corner, beneath the summer clothes just packed away.

Then she crossed over to the window. In the small square of sky visible above the high walls of a furniture factory hard by, she saw the livid lights of the city reflected on low lying clouds. She gazed long and wistfully.

"Gracious!" she said slowly at last, "I'm afraid it's going to rain!"



JEWISH CHARITIES IN NEW YORK.

By Dr. Gustav Gottheil.

"MERCIFUL children of merciful fathers" is one of the titles which the Pharisees enjoined upon their followers to merit. They emphasized their instruction by the bold assertion that "one whose heart is not compassionate is not of the line of Abraham."

That this side of the pharisaic ideal of piety was never lost sight of amongst the Jews, even their enemies allow. They exemplify the classical word of the Apostle to the Gentiles—"Now abideth charity forever"—the more impressively as the conditions of their lives were by no means favorable to the preservation of the quality of mercy. Hard as their fate has been, it did not harden their hearts. Although at times it must have appeared to them as if pity had died out amongst men, since none was found for them in all the earth, they still abounded in mercy—to their companions in misery, at all events.

If it be true that "misery does bravest mind abate," and this be admitted as a defense of selfishness, there must surely have been in the Jews an influence that saved them from the corroding effects of a long and ruthless persecution. What that force is—of this we must not speak in this place. Only a brief enumeration of the greater and more permanent works of charity, founded, maintained, and managed by the Israelites of the chief American city, shall be given. Let the candid reader judge for himself whether, and to what degree, they fulfill the ideal set before them by their ancient masters; and also, how they have succeeded in conforming their own works to the spirit and the needs of American life.

The general relief of the poor is intrusted to the United Hebrew Charities, a combination of several older societies. By it grants are made in money, food, clothing, shelter, fuel; to the very helpless regular monthly allowances are given, chiefly for the payment of rents, so as to

keep families together. Immigrants are looked after, directed, advised, and, in case of need, assisted with small loans to engage in some business, while craftsmen are furnished with tools, and often sent to other cities where there is a better chance for them to find employment. A barge office is kept, to save immigrants from falling into the hands of unscrupulous persons or from being initiated into the art of obtaining support under false pretenses. There is also an employment bureau at the office of the Charities (at 127 Second Avenue), an industrial school for girls, and other similar agencies.

More than a hundred thousand dollars, derived mostly from voluntary contributions, is expended in the society's work. Thoroughly organized, and served by earnest and devoted honorary officers and well trained employees, the United Charities have succeeded in practically clearing the city of Jewish mendicancy. Of late, they have been materially assisted by the Sisterhoods of Personal Service, to each of which a certain district of the city has been assigned for their management of all cases needing temporary relief. A closer inspection of these cases, and a more effective and more economical way of assistance, have thereby been secured, because the sisterhoods bring their other agencies, besides direct relief in money or kind, to bear upon each individual case.

There are, of course, numerous smaller benevolent and friendly societies through the length and breadth of the metropolis, either connected with the various congregations or entirely independent, such as sewing societies, flower missions, Pass-over societies, and so forth; but we leave them to turn to the second branch of the older Benevolent Organization—the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, whose building is situated on the high ground over which the cable car runs on Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Thirty Fifth

Street. The structure is imposing, yet simple and pleasing in its outlines; it commands a view over wide stretches of land on all sides, and is undoubtedly one of the best constructed and best appointed houses of its kind. Everything that experience and money could procure for the safety, comfort, and education of the orphans, is found here. The large and beautiful synagogue in the center of the building is well adapted to cultivate a love of divine worship in the hearts of the children.

About six hundred are sheltered under the asylum's roof; they are kept there till they begin the practical work of their lives, many remaining in relation with their foster parents for some years after. For their secular education the children are sent to the public schools, whilst religion and Hebrew are taught in the asylum by competent teachers under the direction of the superintendent, Dr. Baar. Those who show talent for art or aptitude for a profession are sent to the proper schools or colleges.

Physical development is regulated by gymnastics for both sexes, and by military training for the boys, with what success is shown by a number of trophies which the young warriors have earned at children's processions through the city.

On parade and inspection days crowds of visitors come to feast their eyes on the precision with which the boy regiment executes its evolutions, headed by a brass band in glittering uniform. The asylum is "our pet institution," and well does it deserve that name, for a healthier looking and better behaved assembly of children could not be mustered anywhere.

Yet the least contented are the directors. They want more room for more orphans that need their fostering care. They do not like the housing of boys and girls together, even in separate wings of the building. They must have an additional house, they say, and are now seriously thinking of building it. Although last year's expenditure ran up to \$140,000, of which sum \$75,000 was raised by voluntary contributions, the directors doubt not that they will be able to raise not only the cost of the new building, but the additional annual outlay which the increased number of wards will demand.

About the same number of children, deprived for one reason or other of parental care, are in the keeping of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, whose local habitation is on Eleventh Avenue and One Hundred and Fifty First Street. It receives Jewish infants, orphans, and deserted children who are not ad-

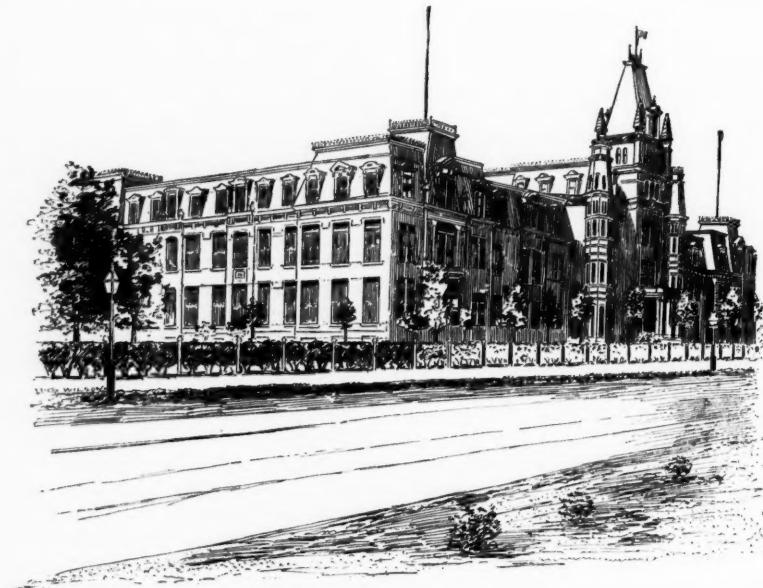


DR. GOTTHEIL is the spiritual head of one of the foremost Hebrew congregations in America—that of the Temple Emanu-El, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty Third Street, New York. He was born in 1827 at Pinne, in Prussian Poland, studied at Posen and Berlin, and entered the ministry of his church in the latter city. In 1860 he became rabbi of the Jewish synagogue in Manchester, England, removing thence to New York in 1873 as the associate of Dr. Samuel Adler at the Temple Emanu-El, and assuming sole charge two years later.

Dr. Gottheil and his congregation are widely known for their remarkably liberal spirit. They have joined with their Christian neighbors in various good works. On one occasion they gave the use of their handsome temple to an Episcopal congregation—that of Dr. Arthur Brooks, the late Bishop Phillips Brooks' brother—when the latter's church was destroyed by fire; and the unusual spectacle was presented of an Episcopal celebration of Easter Sunday in a Hebrew synagogue. Five years ago they took the notable departure of holding services in the Temple Emanu-El on Sunday morning as well as on Saturday.

mitted to any other Jewish institution and are intrusted to its care by parents or relatives or committed by any magistrate. It gives temporary employment, food, and shelter to former inmates, and furnishes meals to poor persons and children not committed to the institution.

The Hebrew Free School Association of New York, incorporated in 1864, instructs nearly three thousand children in the Hebrew language, in Biblical history, and in the tenets of Judaism. The society maintains, besides, kindergartens, girls' industrial and boys' technical de-



THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM.

There is also the Ladies' Deborah Nursery and Child's Protectory, the male portion down town and the female high up town. In connection with this, quite recently a movement has been begun to found an asylum for orphans and sickly children under three years of age—a kind of permanent nursery for infants.

There exist among us several organizations which may be characterized as auxiliaries to the common schools. Their object is to provide for the religious and manual training of the children of our working classes. They must not be confounded with parochial schools, for they in no wise interfere with the ward schools, much less antagonize them. Quite the reverse; attendance at one of the public schools is an absolute requirement for every child to be admitted at the Hebrew free schools. No instruction whatever is given during the teaching hours of the public schools.

partments. The poorest amongst the scholars are also fed and clothed. Parents need not be urged to send their children to these classes; more come than can possibly be admitted, and many have to be turned away on admission days. It is a touching sight, to see the poor mothers beg for a place for their little ones, praising their brightness and gentleness, and assuring the officers that they could never be satisfied in their consciences, until they had their children "taught their prayers."

The main work of the society is carried on in the beautiful and commodious building, erected some years ago at the corner of Jefferson Street and East Broadway, and known as the Hebrew Educational Institute. It has another schoolhouse on East Fifth Street. The institute building is used for a variety of purposes in the line of instruction of young men and women. There is hardly an evening in the week

but lectures are given here or adult classes held. There is also a branch of the Aguilar Free Library, the main office of which is at the Young Men's Hebrew Association, Lexington Avenue and Fifty Eighth Street. There are other Hebrew

his pride in being one of God's ancient people, is yet a modern man in full touch with the new life around him.

The Hebrew Technical Institute, at 36 Stuyvesant Street, was founded in 1884. Its name describes its purpose, although



THE HEBREW EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.

free schools under various names in the down town districts where the Jews most abound, some aiming much higher than elementary instruction. In these schools the Hebrew Bible in its entirety, the Mishnah, the Talmud, and the later Rabbinical writings are taught to large numbers of young, sometimes very young Hebrews. It might surprise a Christian theologian to see with what proficiency and accurateness those young scholars "read, learn, and inwardly digest" the Scriptures as well as the Traditions of the Fathers. It might also set them thinking as to the right method of dealing with people of that sort in matters of religious belief. It is unfortunate that too often our good neighbors confound "ancient" with "ignorant," and "Jewish" with "obstinate," and are, therefore, puzzled not a little when they discover their mistake. We should gladly convince them that the strictest old fashioned Jew, for all

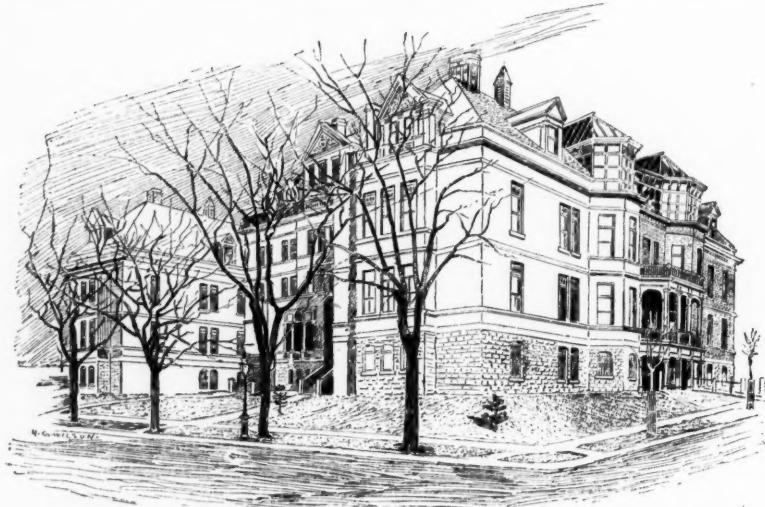
instruction in religion and ethics is by no means excluded. It counts one hundred students. The plan of the Institute covers three years, and comprises various kinds of preparation for the higher industries. It enjoys an excellent reputation, and its graduates have no difficulty in finding remunerative engagements. A fine exhibit at the World's Fair at Chicago testifies to the efficiency of the methods adopted at the Institute. A Ladies' Society, formed for the purpose, provides a warm midday meal for pupils, and assists the indigent amongst them in other ways.

Heinrich Heine said of his wealthy uncle in Hamburg that he built a house for people who were "*dreimal unglücklich*" (threefold unfortunate) in that they were poor, they were sick, and—they were Jews. The last he considered their worst misfortune. It has, however, ceased to be so in our day. It certainly is no disadvantage to a sick poor man to be an Israelite. His

brethren have done and are doing all in their power to procure relief for him. But although the three Jewish hospitals in this city (Mount Sinai, Beth Israel, and Lebanon) are primarily intended for Jews, their doors are open to indigent persons

directors have already completed plans for the addition of a new wing, which will enable them to care for seventy five more inmates.

And now, at the close of our survey, we may fitly mention the Home for Aged



THE MONTEFIORE HOME FOR CHRONIC INVALIDS.

of all creeds and nations, and, in cases of accident, at all hours, day and night.

"The memory of the righteous is a continual blessing." The truth of this Biblical saying stands visibly before us in the beautiful Home for Chronic Invalids, situated on the Boulevard and One Hundred and Thirty Sixth Street, and founded to honor the memory of Sir Moses Montefiore. Its scope is "to afford permanent shelter in sickness and to relieve invalids, residents of the City of New York, who, by reason of incurable disease, are unable to procure medical treatment in any of the hospitals or homes." Patients of both sexes, without distinction of faith, are received, the destitute free of charge; their families are relieved from the Julius Hallgarten Fund. There is besides a Discharged Patients' and Climatic Cure Fund for sending patients to Vineland, New Jersey, or to Colorado.

The "Montefiore" is entirely supported by voluntary contributions and members' fees, which aggregate \$70,000 annually. Although only eight years old, and sheltering a hundred and fifty patients, the

and Infirm Hebrews, on West One Hundred and Fifth Street, where those who, at the evening of their lives, find themselves without a proper home, are gathered in and kept until the night cometh that calls them to their last rest. About a hundred and eighty aged men and women are sheltered there. Everything that can ease the burden of their years, relieve their infirmities, and cheer their last days on earth, is provided and tendered by the women managers, to not a few of whom the house has become a second home by their long and faithful services. About \$45,000 is raised annually for this charity by voluntary contributions.

When to the institutions thus briefly described we add—we have space here for mention only—the Baron Hirsch Fund, the Sisterhoods of Personal Service, the volunteer corps of visitors to the homes of the poor in the Tenth Ward, the sanitarium for convalescent children, and the free summer excursions, it will be seen that the list of Hebrew charities in New York is a noble one.

IN THE NAME OF THE CZAR.

By William Murray Graydon,

Author of "Vera Shamarin," "The House of Orfanoff," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

ALEXIS NORDHOFF, a young Russian count, is engaged to be married to Helen Armfeldt, sister to Captain Armfeldt, of the Imperial Guards. Shortly before their wedding day she is lured from home by a false report of an injury sustained by her lover, taken to a house frequented by Nihilists, which is then raided, resulting in the implication of Helen as a member of a conspiracy against the Czar. She is arrested and sent as a convict to the Yeniseisk prison. Meantime Count Nordhoff is summoned by special messenger to an interview with Inspector Sumaroff, chief of police. He goes and finds the inspector dead, slain by an assassin's hand, and before he can make his escape he is apprehended for the murder and sent to Siberia. Two of his friends, Ralph Cranbrook, an American, and Piers Vivian, an Englishman, with the aid of Maxime Valadon, a French detective, discover that Sebranji, a young clubman whom they have all known, is identical with Paul Daresoff, a noted Terrorist, who has escaped from Siberia. They suspect Daresoff to be at the bottom of the persecution of the count, and one night go to Sebranji's apartments, accompanied by Captain Baranoff of the police, and confront him with the revelation of the fact that his double identity is known to them.

XI.

SEBRANJI reeled against the desk, his face livid. But in another moment he straightened up and with assumed calmness opened the upper drawer of an oak cabinet. His hand swept quickly through its contents; then in a flash he turned and made for the window that looked out on the street.

"Stop!" Captain Baranoff's voice rang sharply through the room.

Sebranji turned and found himself staring into the muzzle of a revolver at a distance of ten feet. The others had also drawn their weapons, and Cranbrook was alongside of the police captain.

"At the first move I will send a bullet through you," declared Baranoff. "The game is up, Daresoff, and you may as well submit."

Sebranji realized that all hope was gone. The terrible ferocity of his nature came to the front in that moment of despair, and the cast of his features remained indelibly stamped on the memory of his captors. But for the influence of the loaded weapons that were focused upon him, he would

have fought like a tiger. As it was he wisely remained passive.

"You are sensible, Sebranji," said Valadon. "Baranoff tells the truth. We have you so tightly in the toils that there is no escape."

"You want something?" returned Sebranji quietly. "What is it?"

Cranbrook stepped impulsively forward, but was motioned back by Valadon, who took the answer upon himself.

"You are as shrewd as ever, Sebranji," he replied. "Yes; we want something, but first you will permit me to trace a few steps of your career since you returned from Siberia. On the night of the third of last February you stopped at the Samarkand Inn before entering the city. You there murdered a police spy named Bulgarin, whom you doubtless suspected of penetrating your disguise. You were pursued and overtaken by Count Nordhoff. You might have shot him on the spot, but you hated him so bitterly that you reserved him for a worse fate. A week later you dealt the first blow by leading Helen Armfeldt, his plighted wife, into a fatal trap. Then you and your confederates murdered Inspector Sumaroff, and cunningly contrived to have Count Nordhoff convicted of the crime and sent to Siberia. That is why you stand here a prisoner tonight—unmasked by superior shrewdness and cunning."

Sebranji listened to the arraignment with arrogant calmness. He was apparently the most self possessed person in the room. "You rehearse it well," he replied disdainfully. "Now it is my turn to question, Maxime Valadon. Will you submit to me one single proof of my complicity in the crimes you have mentioned; one jot of evidence that will prove me an enemy of Count Nordhoff? When you do so, I shall be prepared to consider any request that you wish to make. Until then my lips are sealed and I defy you to do your worst. Take an empty revenge—if you wish it. Send me back to Siberia."

Sebranji's retort fell with crushing effect.

He had spoken at a hazard, basing his confidence on the intricate precautions taken to cover his tracks; but he knew instantly, by the palpable discomfiture on Maxime Valadon's face, that the blow had struck. Cranbrook groaned aloud and Vivian dropped despondently into a chair. Captain Baranoff's countenance did not change, but he knew at heart that the case was hopeless. His trained intelligence had fathomed the prisoner's drift.

Valadon made a futile attempt to recover the lost ground. "You are playing a bold game, Sebranji," he said, "but we hold all the cards. We have already given you ample proof. At the proper time the links will be fitted together, and the chain will convict you."

Sebranji smiled contemptuously. He took a cigarette from his pocket and ignited it over the globe of the lamp.

"This interview is a needless waste of time," he said. "It wearies me. Captain Baranoff, I am ready to accompany you to the Fortress."

The officer produced a pair of handcuffs and stepped forward, but Valadon interposed between the two.

"One moment, Sebranji," he exclaimed. "You know that there can be no doubt in our minds as to your guilt on all the charges I have mentioned. Suppose I admit that I am unable to produce legal proof of the crimes that sent Count Nordhoff and Helen Armfeldt to Siberia—of the assassination of Bulgarin and Inspector Sumaroff. In that event would you be willing to purchase escape from the certain fate that awaits you as the recaptured convict, Paul Daresoff?"

"That depends on the price," replied Sebranji, as he puffed coolly at his cigarette.

Valadon drew a chair in front of the desk and pointed to ink and paper.

"The price is this," he answered decisively. "Sit down there and write a full confession of the conspiracy against Count Nordhoff and Helen Armfeldt. Describe the murder of Inspector Sumaroff. In short, write such a document as will bring back the innocent victims from Siberia and clear them of every shadow and suspicion. We are prepared to witness your signature."

"If I consent?" curtly inquired Sebranji.

"Then you are a free man," replied Valadon. "Captain Baranoff will invent some plausible story of your escape to satisfy the authorities. You will have ample

time to assume a disguise—to find a temporary hiding place. Later on you can cross the frontier. I promise you, on my honor, that you shall have twelve hours' start from the time you sign the confession. We will make no use of the document until the expiration of the limit."

"Bah! What are twelve hours?" sneered Sebranji. "You know very well that I shall be captured sooner or latter. And besides, I am almost penniless. I have money in bank—but that is not here."

"I will supply you with funds," interrupted Cranbrook eagerly. "How much do you wish?"

Sebranji turned to the young American with a mocking smile. "I was jesting," he replied. "I want no money. I refuse your offer of escape. Listen; all of you." He took a step forward and dashed his fist so forcibly on the desk that the pens and ink rattled. "I am not going to betray myself," he cried, in sharp, hissing tones. "I will outwit you to the end. I hate Count Nordhoff. I would yield my life to see him torn limb from limb before my eyes. And sooner than lift one little finger to procure his release, and that of the woman he loves, I will go back to Siberia—I will suffer the tortures of the damned. As long as I know that his heart and body are racked with anguish I shall bear my fate contentedly. Now you have my answer. Weeks of pleading and promises will not change it. But bear one other thing in mind—Siberia will not hold me forever. Some day I shall return, and when that time comes I shall have my revenge on all who helped to track me down. It will be something to live for. Now do your worst!"

He folded his arms and smiled mockingly at his enemies. He was the victor; they the vanquished. All knew that hope was gone—that more words would be futile. Valadon glanced meaningfully at the officer. Vivian strode forward and confronted Sebranji.

"You inhuman fiend!" he cried. "Have you no pity in your heart—no mercy for the innocent whom you have sent to a living death?"

Sebranji made a gesture of disdain and turned to the officer. "I tell you again that I am ready. Do your duty."

Captain Baranoff advanced, but before he could adjust the irons upon his prisoner Alphonse dashed into the room. His hair was disheveled, his hands stained with ink; a pen was perched behind his ear. He caught the whole scene at a glance—

Baranoff's police uniform, the glittering handcuffs, the openly displayed revolvers.

"Monsieur Valadon, is this how you trample upon my friendship?" he cried in a tone of bitter resentment. "You shall repent it. Leave the house at once! Ah, what a fool I have been. Why did I answer your questions?"

Valadon grasped the excited young man by the arm. "Listen, Alphonse," he exclaimed. "I was justified in all I did. There stands an assassin and an enemy of the Czar. His hands are stained many times over with human blood."

"It is false, false," shrieked Alphonse. "Have I not known him for years?" Then he tore loose from the detective and knelt at Sebranji's feet. "Forgive me, Stepan," he cried imploringly. "If I have helped to betray you, it was through ignorance. I would have cut off my right hand sooner than bring harm to you—"

"Traitor!" hissed Sebranji. "You are playing a part. It is clever acting, but it does not deceive me. You purposely brought me here tonight in order that I should fall into the trap that you helped to set. You deserve a traitor's death; aye, and you shall have it!"

Before any one could lift a hand to interfere he stooped and caught the slender young Frenchman around the body, pinning his arms helplessly against his sides. A quick stride brought him to the window, and with all his might he dashed his victim forward. There was a smashing of glass, and a rending of woodwork. Then, with a fearful cry on his lips, Alphonse shot through space to the hard pavement below.

Sebranji turned and made a tigerish dash for the door. But he was instantly overpowered, and the handcuffs were locked upon his wrists.

Shouts and hurrying footsteps already echoed from the street. The door was locked and a seal put upon it. Then the prisoner was led quickly down stairs.

"You deserve the gallows for this," said Valadon. "It was a fiendish crime and entirely unprovoked. I swear to you that Alphonse was innocent. He did all in his power to save you, and he has paid for his devotion with his life."

Sebranji said nothing, but a look of unfeigned remorse came into his eyes, and he staggered blindly down the last few steps.

Out in the street a little crowd had collected. Two men were carrying a body across the pavement. A jagged rent in

the jeweler's awning showed where Alphonse had fallen. Sebranji paused voluntarily by the side of his victim. He was trying to speak, but words had failed him, when Alphonse opened his eyes and looked up. The glare of an adjacent lamp showed him the face of his murderer. He smiled and said weakly, "I—I forgive you, Stepan. It was all a mistake—I was true to you. My great work was nearly done, but now—now I shall never finish it." His eyes closed and his head fell to one side.

Sebranji groaned aloud. "Take me away," he cried hoarsely, and as his captors marched him up the street they were amazed to see tears rolling down his cheeks.

XII.

ON an afternoon in late October the hazy sun was shining on the valley of Algfatal, not many miles from Irkutsk, the Siberian metropolis. A traveler coming suddenly over the crest of the hill, and knowing not the darker significance of the place, would have thought it a pretty picture—the grassy slopes falling to the tiny stream fringed with frost bitten poplars and birches; the stockaded log buildings grouped under the fluttering folds of the Russian flag, the villa-like cottages that straggled along the trough of the valley, and the tiny, golden domed church about which the village clustered.

But the ugly blot was there. Farther up the valley, and just beyond the curve, the precipitous hillside was seared and scarred with pits and excavations. In one of the underground passages of these, the dreaded silver mines of Nertschinks, the scene on that October afternoon offered an appalling contrast to the brightness of the outer landscape.

By the dull light of smoky lanterns scores of men in gray convict garb toiled with pick and shovel, or trundled barrows of heavy ore along the gloomy avenues. Sulken faced Cossacks stood about in groups, leaning on their rifles. Cruel overseers, armed with whips and clubs, were constantly on the alert to prevent the wretched toilers from snatching a moment's rest. The sound of blows and curses rose frequently above the creaking of barrows and the clatter of pick and shovel.

In a lateral shaft, which branched off some thirty feet from the main passage, labored a dozen convicts, each chained to a barrow. At the extreme end were Carl Pushkin and Alexis Nordhoff, looking more haggard and thin than when we last saw

them on the wintry post road. The lantern's dull glow showed their hopeless and stolid expressions as they went mechanically on with their work, picking out the clods of lead colored ore and shoveling them into the barrows. They had become accustomed to it by this time. It was nearly the end of July when the remnant of the convict band to which they belonged reached the valley of Algaftal; and since then each day's monotonous passage had been the same—so many hours of toil with pick and shovel; so many hours of rest in damp, underground cells. Food was scarce and poor; blows and curses were plentiful.

And what of the intended escape so hopefully discussed as they plodded eastward through winter snows and spring freshets? They had felt hope fade slowly from their hearts during the past three months of suffering and hardship. When they reached the mines they found that many changes had been made since Pushkin's last term of imprisonment. The wooden doors of the underground cells had been replaced by iron ones; sentries patrolled the outer passage at night, and all the outlets of the mine were constantly guarded by armed Cossacks. August and September went slowly by and gave place to October; and now, when the scene opens on the threshold of winter, Alexis and Pushkin were broken hearted and well nigh hopeless.

There was one crumb of comfort in their despair. By mere chance they had not been separated. They shared a cell with another prisoner named Trolov—a degraded murderer from the Crimea.

Trolov was near his cell mates at the end of the shaft that afternoon. Side by side with Pushkin he drove his pick into the hard wall. Alexis was working a few feet to their left. His thoughts were in the far distant Yeneseisk prison, and he wondered if Helen still lived in hope of his promised coming. Perhaps she was dead. He clutched at his heart as though to stifle the keen anguish that thrilled him as he saw, in imagination, a rough and lonely grave unmarked by turf or stone.

Trolov heaped his barrow with ore and trundled it slowly away. Pushkin glanced after him for an instant, and then resumed work with the pick. The rock seemed to have suddenly grown soft and crumbly. At every blow he brought down clattering heaps of loose earth.

"Strange," he muttered; "it looks as though this shaft once ran farther in, and had since been filled up."

At the next stroke his pick penetrated deeply, and the point caught on some hard, immovable obstruction. He turned the handle to right and left, and pulled with all his strength. Something suddenly gave way, and he slipped back a few inches. A current of damp air surged into his face, and when he reached out his hand, it touched the upper edge of a great slab of stone. Above it was a narrow cavity, and behind it, where the pick was caught, he found only empty space as far as his arm could reach.

For a moment Pushkin stared at the wall in front of him. Then, as coolly and deliberately as though he were engaged on his ordinary work, he pushed the slab back into place, thrust a handful of clods into the cavity, and heaped a dozen shovels of rubbish against the spot. This accomplished, he glanced warily around him. The other convicts were not even looking that way. Trolov had disappeared with his barrow, and the overseer at the mouth of the shaft was holding a surly conversation with two Cossacks.

"Comrade."

Alexis detected the eager accent of his companion's voice. "What is it?" he asked, turning his head.

Pushkin took a step nearer. "I have made a discovery," he whispered. "I have opened a passageway that leads to some abandoned shaft. Don't look now. I have closed it and covered it up again."

"Perhaps it connects with some present working," replied Alexis.

"Not likely. No mining is being done in that direction. There are shafts there, but they were abandoned years ago."

"And suppose you are right, what good will the discovery do us? Can it unchain our barrows and unlock our cell doors?" Alexis spoke bitterly, for it was not the first time that false hopes had been roused in his heart.

"Wait until tonight," replied Pushkin. "I need time to reflect. Who knows what may happen? Meanwhile be careful that you excite no suspicion. The overseer is looking. To work, quick!"

They sprang apart as a volley of curses and threats was hurled at them from the mouth of the shaft. The overseer, accustomed to such incidents, did not come any nearer, and the next instant his attention was called to a convict who had overturned a barrow of ore.

Alexis kept on digging at his former place, and when Trolov returned a few moments later he succeeded in whispering:

a few words of warning that kept him away from the spot where the great discovery had been made.

The hours wore on by lantern light, and the overseer happily failed to observe that the three convicts at the end of the shaft were digging at the side walls instead of the end of the gallery. Alternately they wheeled their loads of ore to the place of deposit and returned with empty barrows.

Finally came the welcome signal to stop work, and now something happened that had a special and significant meaning to Pushkin, at least—if not to his comrades. As the convicts assembled at the mouth of the side shaft, one of the Cossacks turned to the overseer and said, pointing toward the shaft: "Is this the last day's work in yonder hole, Ivan Petrovitch?"

"Yes," replied the other, "that is the order. The ore is of poor quality and does not pay for the working. Tomorrow morning a new shaft will be opened across the passage. That reminds me," he added. "Bring the tools out, you fellows, and be quick."

There was a strange gleam on Pushkin's face as he helped to carry the picks and shovels from the shaft and pile them on the floor of the main avenue. The task was soon completed, and the weary toilers trudged down the passage by twos, guarded in front and rear by Cossacks. At every turn and side shaft they were joined by other detachments. Finally they reached a broad avenue, at the farther end of which was visible a narrow strip of the open valley, now shrouded in twilight. The sight was just enough to tantalize the poor wretches who lived underground.

The procession was quickly broken up into squads, and a few moments later Alexis and his companions were locked in their cell, which was distant about fifty feet from the mouth of the mine. They threw themselves upon the damp ground and lay there in darkness and silence for some time. This was their usual habit. Their daily glimpse of the outer air filled their hearts with bitter reflections and choked their voices.

At last muffled footsteps came near, and the cell door was thrown open. Two Cossacks appeared, one with a lantern, the other with a tray. The latter handed in three plates of soup and three pieces of hard, moldy bread. Then the iron door was closed and locked, and the prisoners were left to eat their meager supper in darkness. They were as hungry when they finished as when they began.

Trolov pushed the dishes away with a clatter. "Well, comrades, how about this great discovery?" he demanded. "Is there any chance of escape? That's the question."

"Hush! Even walls have ears," whispered Pushkin. "Do you want to spoil everything at the start?"

He refused to say more until the passing and repassing of the Cossacks outside had ceased entirely, when all the prisoners had been served with supper. Even then he seemed reluctant to speak. In truth, he was pondering some means of utilizing his discovery without including Trolov, whose nature was such as would probably make him a troublesome helpmate. But he concluded, after careful reflection, that this would be impracticable.

"I am going to speak briefly," he began at length, "so listen sharply to what I say. In the first place, if we intend to escape at all, there is no reason why we should not make the attempt tonight."

"Tonight?" exclaimed Trolov and Alexis, in surprise.

"Assuredly. We can accomplish nothing by waiting. Each day brings winter so much the nearer. Moreover, we have a grand opportunity, and one that may be lost by delay. The opening I found this afternoon undoubtedly leads to the old mine that was abandoned years ago. Its main entrance is probably covered up, but I have heard that it has an outlet on the opposite side of the mountain. You remember what the overseer said tonight. Work on the side shaft is to be abandoned, and after we have crawled through into the old mine and carefully filled up the hole behind us the break will never be discovered. While we are miles away on our journey to freedom the Cossacks will be searching every nook and corner of the present workings. Not finding us, they will conclude that we caught some of the outer sentries asleep and slipped past them. But by that time we shall have a splendid start."

"You are beginning at the wrong end, Pushkin," interrupted Alexis. "We are not yet out of our cells."

"Yes; that is true, comrade," added Trolov.

"The first part of my plan being the most difficult I left it for the last," calmly replied Pushkin. "We must find a way out of our cell; we must remove these clumsy barrows from our apkes; we must have arms and a light."

"How do you expect to break chains

and locks, or cut a way through iron doors and stone walls?" exclaimed Alexis in a tone of despair. "It will take a magician to do such things."

"Or a regiment of Cossacks," muttered Trolov.

"It is not so difficult as that," replied Pushkin, "provided you obey my instructions carefully. All depends on the success of the first step. We can begin very soon, for all our fellow prisoners are asleep by this time. When the sentry comes by on his rounds you two must pretend to be fighting. You will groan aloud and call for help. The sentry will think that Trolov is murdering one of his companions. He will open the door to interfere, and the instant his head appears I will seize him by the throat and drag him to the ground. You will assist me to bind and gag him. If we succeed in doing this without attracting the attention of the Cossacks on duty at the entrance of the mine our escape will be assured."

"It is a clever plan," exclaimed Alexis in tones that were tremulous with joy and excitement.

"But what if the sentry summons assistance before opening the cell door?" asked Trolov.

"We must take our chances on it," answered Pushkin. "It is not likely that he will delay for that, since he knows that we are unarmed."

"And how about the barrows?" asked Alexis. "The sentry does not carry the keys."

"True," answered Pushkin, "but he has a bayonet upon his rifle, and with that we ought to be able to force a link in our chains. Remember, Trolov," he added, "you are to obey me in all things, and there is to be no bloodshed. Moreover, when we gain the open air we must separate."

"Yes, that is understood," muttered Trolov sulkily. "I prefer to travel alone. I shall strike south, toward the Mongolian frontier, before I turn toward Russia."

"Alexis and I shall follow a different course," said Pushkin. "For the present we need discuss nothing more. Let us wait in silence."

XIII.

NEARLY half an hour dragged by, and the suspense grew intolerable. It was a mad and reckless venture, and the more the three convicts pondered over it the more impracticable it seemed. They were

in a wavering state of indecision when the low tread of the sentry was heard in the passage. The footsteps passed on and faded away in the deep recesses of the mine.

Pushkin sprang to his feet.

"Be ready, comrades," he whispered. "Begin the scuffle the instant that I give the signal. But don't overdo it and make too much noise."

Carefully lifting the barrow he crept to the door. He sprawled flat on the ground and placed his eyes and one ear to the bottom crevice, which was nearly an inch wide. He remained in this attitude for perhaps ten minutes.

"The sentry is on his way back now," he whispered finally. "I see a glimmer of light flashing on the passage. Ah! I hear footsteps; they are coming nearer. Begin, comrades."

Trolov and Alexis instantly caught hold of each other. They rattled their chains and moved their feet about on the floor. With groans and low cries they admirably counterfeited a desperate struggle.

A moment later a sharp rap was heard on the door, and a harsh voice demanded, "What's wrong in there? Stop quarreling, you dogs, or I'll see that you get a taste of the lash in the morning."

"It is this bloodthirsty Trolov," replied Pushkin, who had risen to his feet and was standing directly before the door; "he is choking my comrade, and I can't pull him away. Help us, quick, or murder will be done!"

There was a moment of terrible suspense. Trolov uttered a ferocious snarl and Alexis rattled his chains again. Then the key was heard to turn in the lock and the door opened half a foot, letting a yellow glare of light into the cell. Half a rifle appeared, and a Cossack's bearded face was poked through the gap.

The guard stared around the cell. The first glimpse probably excited his suspicions, but before he could advance or retreat Pushkin had him by the throat with both hands. They came to the ground together, and a single gurgling cry escaped the sentry as his forehead struck the edge of Trolov's barrow. He lay white and motionless, with the blood trickling slowly from the wound.

"That saves us a struggle," murmured Pushkin. "The fellow is merely stunned, and will soon be active again. So far we have succeeded well. The next step depends more on chance than skill. Trolov, those arms of yours are strong. Lift your

barrow in one of them, and in the other hand take the sentry's lantern. There it stands, just outside the door. Pace up and down the passage, going about a dozen feet in each direction. The light can be seen from outside, and the guards will not suspect that anything is wrong."

Trolov obeyed without a word. With apparent ease he lifted the heavy barrow under one arm. He was soon pacing the corridor, taking careful steps to prevent his chains from rattling.

Pushkin peeped out of the doorway. He could see the red glow of the campfire at the mouth of the mine, but not a person was in sight. The night guard was always stationed on a platform half a dozen feet below the entrance, and it was impossible to see into the mine without ascending the slope.

Pushkin listened a moment, and, hearing nothing alarming, turned back into the cell. He hastily went through the sentry's pocket and found, first of all, a tin box of matches. He handed this to Alexis. "Light one at a time," he said, "and make each last as long as possible."

Then, by the tiny blaze, he hurriedly removed the prisoner's uniform, substituting an old blouse and pair of trousers that had been lying for weeks in a corner of the cell. "There's no telling how long the fellow may lie here," he explained. "I don't want him to freeze before morning. As for this Cossack rig, it may prove of use in the future. We'll take it along."

The sentry now showed signs of returning animation, and Pushkin lost no time in stuffing a wad of cloth into his mouth and binding his arms and legs with strips torn from an old blanket.

"Make haste," remonstrated Alexis, who was trembling with impatience. "It will take time to remove these barrows."

"I fear so," replied Pushkin. "Don't lose courage, comrade. Coolness and nerve are needed to carry us safely through. Keep the matches burning."

As he spoke, he twisted the bayonet from the sentry's rifle and set to work on his own chains. "I can release you and Trolov the better for being free myself," he explained. "Besides, I have a link here that can be easily forced."

But it was not so easy, after all, and Pushkin strained and tugged for nearly five minutes, while Trolov paced to and fro past the cell door. Finally Pushkin uttered a sigh of relief. The chain had parted, leaving half a dozen links dangling from his ankle fetter.

"Your turn, comrade," he muttered, as he approached Alexis with the bayonet in his hand. "It is more difficult than I expected. But perhaps there is a weak spot in your chain too."

"No; I have looked," replied Alexis. "But be quick!"

Pushkin chose the third link from the ankle iron, and wedged the bayonet deeply in. He had hardly begun to press sideways when a loud snap was heard. The bayonet had broken in two just above the link.

Alexis uttered a groan of despair. "There goes our last hope," he exclaimed. "We are lost, Pushkin. But I forget that you are free. Save yourself while you can."

"No," replied Pushkin. "I refuse liberty on such terms. We will escape together, or not at all. This is a serious thing, though. The bayonet is useless, and even were it whole I don't believe I could break your chains and Trolov's."

At that moment Trolov paused by the door, and noted the despondent attitude of his companions. "What is wrong?" he demanded. "Do you know that you are losing precious time?"

Pushkin briefly explained.

"Well, it is serious enough," admitted Trolov, "but it might be worse. What is to hinder us from escaping with our barrows?"

"Impossible," replied Pushkin. "In the first place we should be compelled to dig a great hole through to the other mine—so large that we could not fill it in skillfully enough to prevent it from being discovered. In the second place the barrows would prevent us from getting far away. We should be captured as soon as we escaped from the mine."

"Yes; you are right," muttered Trolov. "Still, something must be done. I am desperate, comrades. I will die before I submit to be captured." His nostrils swelled and an ugly gleam came into his eyes.

"There is one chance left," declared Pushkin, after a moment's thought. "It is a precarious one, but I am willing to try it. I mean the keys that will unlock our barrows. We must get possession of them."

Alexis stared incredulously.

"You are jesting, comrade!" exclaimed Trolov, with a harsh laugh.

"No; I mean it," replied Pushkin. "The officer of the guard has the keys in his possession. At least, that was always the custom, and doubtless it is so yet. You

IN THE NAME OF THE CZAR.

see it sometimes happens that a convict's ankle is so swollen and sore that the iron is taken off until morning. That is why the keys are kept within reach. But every moment is precious. Is all quiet at the end of the passage, Trolov?"

"Yes; not a Cossack in sight."

"Then go on marching up and down with your lantern. That is your duty for the present. Be ready when I need you."

Trolov would have liked to know more, but he stifled his curiosity, and returned obediently to his vigil. Pushkin hastily stripped off his clothes. His beard had grown in the last few months, and he did not look unlike the captured sentry, who was a man of about the same size.

"Ah, I see through your purpose now," exclaimed Alexis. "Partly, at least. You have about one chance in twenty. Still, if you are careful—"

"If I fail," interrupted Pushkin, "it will not be through stupidity."

He was now dressed in the Cossack's uniform, from the Astrakhan cap to the high boots. He hastily ran his hands through the pockets and produced a piece of tobacco and a few coins—rubles and kopecks.

"The money will be of service," he muttered, "but where are his cell keys?"

"There they are, sticking in the door," replied Alexis, who had been steadily burning matches.

"Yes; I see them. Now tell me if that fellow has come to his senses yet."

"His eyes are open," answered Alexis, holding a match in that direction.

Pushkin walked over and knelt beside the sentry. "I am going to give you your tongue for a moment," he said harshly. "If you answer my questions you will not be harmed. If you utter a single cry I shall kill you on the spot."

The fellow was evidently a coward. He looked undeniably terrified as the gag was taken from his lips.

"Has the officer of the guard the keys to the barrows?" demanded Pushkin.

"Yes," came almost inaudibly from the lips of the sentry.

"What is his name and rank, quick?"

"Corporal Petosky," instantly replied the prisoner.

"You are telling the truth?" persisted Pushkin. "Remember, there will be plenty of time to kill you if we find that you are lying."

"It is the truth, I swear it," whispered the sentry, in a convincing tone.

Pushkin stuffed the gag back in the fel-

low's mouth, and rose. Shouldering the rifle he marched to the door with a stiff, military stride.

Trolov happened to pass the cell at that moment and catching a glimpse of the tall Cossack he gave a start of terror and very nearly dropped his barrow.

Pushkin smiled grimly, and beckoned him in. "I will change places with you now," he said. "Give me the lantern. Don't make a sound during my absence, and burn no matches. Tear some more strips off that blanket, and be ready to help me the moment I place the lantern on the ground. That will be the signal. Watch for it."

With these brief instructions he strode out of the cell, leaving the door half open. He took the bunch of keys from the lock and fastened them to a hook on his belt. Then, lantern in one hand and rifle butt in the other, he walked quickly down the broad passage. He paused within three or four feet of the entrance, and held the lantern in such a way that his face was in shadow. Not a nerve trembled as he glanced down the slight declivity to the campfire of the night guard. Five Cossacks and an officer sat on logs around the flames, for the air was cold and biting. They were divided into two groups, and each was playing a game of cards.

The officer caught a gleam of the lantern and glanced carelessly up at the partly shaded figure.

"So," he cried, "you are there at last, Nicolas? I thought you had gone to sleep."

"I was detained," replied Pushkin gruffly. "I must trouble you to leave your cards for a moment, Corporal Petosky. The convicts in cell fifteen have been fighting, and their barrows and chains are badly tangled up. That fellow Trolov's ankle is hurt, and his iron must be taken off."

"Bah! I am in the middle of a game," replied the officer. "A curse on those unruly dogs. Let them suffer. In the morning they shall taste the lash."

"But they will only fight the worse until they are untangled," persisted Pushkin, who was by this time trembling inwardly. "It may end in murder before morning."

Corporal Petosky swore roundly as he detached a bunch of keys from his belt. "Here, catch them, Nicolas," he shouted. "Return them quickly. No, wait," he added in the same breath. "I'll have to go with you. That Pushkin is a ferocious fellow, and he may try to make trouble."

Bidding his companions go on with the game, the officer rose and climbed the slope. He was a medium sized man and rather slightly built. When he came within three feet of Pushkin the latter wheeled around and marched briskly into the shaft. The distance between them remained the same during the short tramp. Pushkin held the lantern a little behind his back, but did not once turn his head. His ears were on the alert, however, and he was ready for instant action in case of necessity. The officer followed carelessly, relieving his mind by frequent outbursts of profanity. His sword clanked at every step.

Now the cell was reached, and Pushkin knew by the sound that his companion was close behind him. He took one step across the threshold, and stooping over, placed the lantern on the ground. He was up again instantly. He wheeled around like a flash, and as quickly his brawny hands closed about Corporal Petosky's throat.

Though taken by surprise, the officer fought like a tiger, but he was no match for Pushkin. He was dragged into the cell, where Alexis and Trolov laid hold of him, and in less time than it takes to tell it he was stretched flat on the ground with a gag of cloth in his mouth. He was quickly relieved of a pair of revolvers, a lot of cartridges, a box of matches, and a handful of rubles. Pushkin took the money and the matches, and gave the revolvers and ammunition to his companions.

"We must have the uniform," he muttered. "Don't stir, you rascal, if you care to live!"

The officer obeyed the command, but his eyes gleamed with passion as his outer garments were roughly torn off, and he was bound hand and foot. Then Pushkin took the keys and unlocked his companion's irons, as well as the one that was on his own ankle. He hurriedly exchanged the Cossack garb for his old clothes, meanwhile sending Trolov into the passage to keep watch. He kept the Cossack boots, and told Alexis to wear the officer's boots and sword. He strapped the sentry's cartridge belt around his waist, and finished his preparations by rolling the uniforms into two neat bundles, carrying one himself and giving the other to Alexis.

"We may as well leave these behind," he muttered, tossing the officer's bunch of keys to the ground. "We are ready to start now."

He called Trolov in and relieved him of the lantern. "Go up the passage half a

dozen yards, comrades, and wait there for me," he commanded. As they vanished in the darkness he threw a careless glance around the cell and then backed out, drawing the iron door shut after him. He locked it, and put the bunch of keys in his pocket. The mouth of the mine was empty, and no doubt the Cossacks were still absorbed in their game of cards.

Pushkin picked up the rifle, which he had dropped when he attacked the officer, and joined his companions. He led the way, flashing the lantern from side to side. Not a sound was heard. The shackled inmates of the surrounding cells were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion.

The fugitives pushed rapidly on, trembling with excitement. Passage after passage was left behind, and before long the mouth of the lateral shaft was reached. Here each man burdened himself—by Pushkin's command—with a pick and shovel. The tools were destined more for future than present use. It was Pushkin himself who tore away the loose rubbish with his hands, and pushed sturdily against the slab until it toppled inward with a dull crash, leaving a gap that was nearly two feet square.

"I will go first with the lantern," he said, "and you can pass me the things."

But as he bent over, peering into the hole, a dull, crashing noise came echoing faintly down the shaft.

XIV.

In distant St. Petersburg the days went by more quickly than at the mines of Nertschinks. August was a memorable month, one topic of general conversation during its sultry weather being the arrest and exposure of Paul Daresoff, the fugitive Terrorist, better known as Stepan Sebranji, the social favorite and frequenter of aristocratic clubs. His case was summarily disposed of, and before the month had run its course he was on his way back to the mines of Kara, heavily ironed and closely guarded. He was charged merely with being an escaped convict. Not the slightest rumor connected him with the assassination of Bulgarin and Inspector Sumaroff. The credit of his capture was given to Captain Baranoff and the cashier of the Imperial Bank, who, in due time, shared the reward of ten thousand rubles.

Maxime Valadon and his employers succeeded in keeping their names entirely out of the affair. Secrecy was now of more importance than ever. They had lost the

first move in the game, but they were determined to push to the full extent of their power the investigations that had previously failed. The detective professed to be still sanguine of success, but Cranbrook and Vivian knew that their chances were meager. They decided that unless proof should be speedily found that would vindicate Sebranji's victims they would resort to a plan which had been gradually taking root in their minds—a plan of far greater daring and risk.

Meanwhile Alphonse Dupont was slowly coming back from the gates of death, though his terrible injuries would leave him a cripple for life. He knew the whole story of Sebranji's crimes now, and yet his devoted heart still cherished a feeling of attachment for his would-be murderer. He had no hard feelings toward Valadon, however, and he was deeply grateful to Cranbrook and Vivian, who came frequently to see him and spent hours by his bedside. He was under the care of a good nurse and a skilled surgeon, and moreover his future was comfortably assured by the possession of ten thousand rubles—the proceeds of the check drawn by Sebranji on the morning of his arrest. This matter had been arranged by the consent of Captain Baranoff and of the cashier of the Imperial Bank. The balance of Sebranji's funds had been attached by the crown, and his personal effects were removed from the house by the police, after Baranoff and Valadon had searched vainly for anything of importance.

But Alphonse cared little about the money. His unfinished literary work preyed on his mind, and he looked anxiously forward to the time when he could sit up in bed and hold a pen.

September and October passed away, and the close of the latter month found Maxime Valadon exactly where he had begun. In spite of the expenditure of large sums of money, and the labors of trained and keen assistants, he was still without a clew. He placed a great deal of faith in advertisements, and had, in consequence, a tremendous correspondence; but out of hundreds of letters not one afforded anything tangible. To all appearance Paul Daresoff was as utterly without a past as though he had dropped into St. Petersburg from the skies in the month of February, 1884.

Cranbrook and Vivian grew heartsick and despondent. At times they were utterly without hope. Their new plan could not be carried into effect until the opening of the spring, and to wait in suspense

through the long winter was a dreary prospect.

And meanwhile Michael Korff had been no more successful than Maxime Valadon and his companions. The best detective talent had failed him, and he daily drew nearer to the verge of ruin and dishonor. Yet he still hoped to avert the crash in time—to unravel the threads of his secret quest. With skill and prudence he could control his affairs for six months to come—certainly no longer than the ensuing spring. But he was a man of iron will, and with outward calmness he attended to his legal duties by day. At night the mask was off, and in the privacy of his office he pored over masses of correspondence from all parts of the Russian empire. The individual whom he desired to find seemed to have vanished from the world as mysteriously as Paul Daresoff had come into it.

Concerning the fate of Count Nordhoff and Helen Armfeldt the lawyer knew no more than the general public. He supposed that both were guilty of the crimes with which they had been charged. Through certain influences that he possessed at court, the Nordhoff estate was still nominally in his hands, though the entire property had long since been attached by the crown. He was confident of retaining its control, and of thus having funds at his command to stave off the inevitable ruin—inevitable, unless his quest succeeded.

We last saw Vassily Armfeldt starting on his long sea journey by the command of the Czar. During the sad days that followed he became in a measure resigned to his fate. He determined to perform faithfully whatever duties might be assigned to him, in the hope that he would speedily regain the Czar's favor and be sent back to Petersburg. Then his life was to be devoted to proving the innocence of his sister and his friend—to unearthing the fiendish plot which he knew existed. He reached Vladivostok in May and at once reported to Colonel Bord, the commander of the East Siberian troops, who placed him on his personal staff with the rank of lieutenant. The colonel had previously received full instructions concerning the young officer, for whom he probably felt some secret sympathy. He did not inform Vassily of his mother's death, though he was aware of the fact, but he told him that his sister and Count Nordhoff were serving terms of exile in Siberia, without stating in what part.

"I can tell you nothing further," he said. "Indeed, the subject must not be referred to again, and it is my duty to warn you that you will be severely punished if you attempt to gain information from any source whatever. Remember that your future depends entirely on your own actions. For the present you are in disgrace."

Vassily received the orders in the spirit in which they were given. He did not dream of disobedience. With an outward cheerfulness that concealed an aching heart he performed his duties. Through June, July, and August he remained in the vicinity of Vladivostok, assisting in the plans for the construction of the great Trans-Siberian railway.

In September came an unexpected mark of favor. He was ordered to proceed to Irkutsk with important dispatches. He naturally believed that this would be the first step to his recall, for Irkutsk was nearly half way between Vladivostok and St. Petersburg. Without delay he set off on the two thousand mile journey, traveling by post horses, and attended by an escort of twelve Cossacks.

It was the afternoon of the 4th of November when he reached his destination, and rode through the main street of the town to the residence of the governor general, to whom he was under orders to report. That official received the dispatches, and after briefly complimenting Vassily on his rapid journey he ordered him to report, with his troop of Cossacks, to Colonel Suchoff, the commandant of the Irkutsk forwarding prison. In the prison building Vassily was assigned to the officers' quarters, and for three days he remained in ignorance what his next duties were to be. Then he was summoned to the commandant's office.

"I have orders for you, Lieutenant Armfeldt," said Colonel Suchoff. "Tomorrow morning you will start for Yeniseisk in command of fifty convicts."

"For Yeniseisk?" muttered Vassily hoarsely. He hardly heard the instructions that followed. He saluted and turned away. He was dazed and saddened by the blow. Yeniseisk was hundreds of miles to the north. It would require months to make the journey.

Colonel Suchoff, in turn, was surprised by the young officer's evident confusion. Though he was Vassily's superior officer, he knew nothing of the lieutenant personally; nor did he know—any more than did Vassily himself—that Helen Armfeldt was

at Yeniseisk. There was a blunder somewhere, but Colonel Suchoff was not to blame.

At this juncture a commotion was heard outside.

"I know what that means," exclaimed the colonel. "Daresoff has arrived. He will probably stop here over night."

The name struck a familiar chord in Vassily's mind, and as he followed the colonel into the street he remembered who Daresoff was.

A covered *tarantas*, drawn by two horses and attended by mounted Cossacks, had just passed in front of the prison. A heavily ironed convict was taken out of the vehicle and led across the pavement. Quite a crowd had already gathered, and directly in front of Vassily and Colonel Suchoff stood a tall, gray bearded man who looked like a prosperous merchant. As Daresoff passed, this stranger leaned forward and stared him intently in the face.

"Paul Karayeff!" he cried, in a loud, excited voice.

The convict turned his head and scowled ferociously. The next instant he vanished through the prison doors.

"Have you lost your wits, Sergius Steinberg?" exclaimed Colonel Suchoff, tapping the stranger on the shoulder. "Surely Paul Daresoff is not the lad Karayeff whom you adopted and educated after his mother's death, and who repaid your kindness by basely running away?"

"The very same, Colonel Suchoff," declared Steinberg, who was almost speechless with astonishment. "I will swear to it. I would know him in a thousand."

He started briskly away and vanished in the crowd.

"This is a most amazing affair," the colonel remarked to Vassily. "I can scarcely believe it true. Yet it is possible that Daresoff is really Paul Karayeff. He was adopted by Steinberg when a lad of sixteen, and ten years afterward he mysteriously disappeared. Since then strenuous efforts have been made to find him by some party in Petersburg—for what purpose I cannot imagine. Our Irkutsk papers have repeatedly published advertisements about it. Well, it is no affair of mine."

He entered the building, and Vassily followed slowly, thinking more of the orders he had lately received than of the curious incident that had just transpired before his eyes. He was not interested in Paul Daresoff. He remembered him only as a famous criminal who had escaped and made his way back to Russia.

Before the day was over Sergius Steinberg, the wealthy merchant of Irkutsk, had sent the following message over the wires to Michael Korff in St. Petersburg:

Have found your man at last. Will send particulars by letter.

At daybreak on the following morning Paul Daresoff began another stage of his dreary journey to the mines of Kara. An hour later Lieutenant Vassily Armfeldt was on his way to distant Yeniseisk at the head of a convict party.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRST FAMILIES.

By Richard Mace.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

RICHARD BAYLOR and his wife Mary, who live in a New York apartment house, have fallen heir to an old house in Virginia and three thousand dollars a year. They are Bohemians—wanderers, gay, jolly, happy people, who have no social position to maintain. They have one child, Dolly, aged three. Richard Baylor belongs to an old Virginian family, with branches all over the South. His wife has no antecedents, and was educated for the stage. But she is young and good and pretty, light hearted and very much in love with her husband. It is she who for her child's sake wants to go down to Ellenbro', her husband's boyhood home, to take possession of their inheritance. Her husband likes better the freedom of Bohemia.

Monsieur Poncelet is an old friend who lives near the Baylors in New York, and who has known Mary since her childhood. He brings her a letter which disturbs her very much, and which she tears into bits that her husband may not see it.

On their way to Ellenbro' the Baylors stop in Atlantic City. Staying there at the time are the Courtneys from Ellenbro'—General Courtney, Mrs. Courtney, Reginald, their son, and Edyth Smith, an heiress, who is General Courtney's ward and engaged to Reginald. Also in Atlantic City is a clever society woman, Mrs. Stanley, who is a distant relation of the Courtneys. Mrs. Courtney is most anxious to make her acquaintance. They see Mary Baylor and mistake her for Mrs. Stanley. Reginald saves little Dolly's life, and Mrs. Courtney and Edyth are more than civil until they discover that instead of being Mrs. Stanley, the new acquaintance is the actress, Mrs. Baylor, of whom Ellenbro' has heard. The chill of this altered treatment has the effect of making Reginald her champion, to the disgust of his mother and the misery of his sweetheart. Mrs. Stanley hears of Mary's beauty and talent, and having a cabinet secretary with charitable tendencies to conciliate upon her husband's account, uses the material at hand, which happens to be Mrs. Baylor and Reginald. This cements their friendship. The Baylors go down to their Virginia home, which Mary finds very dreary, and she begins her life among the "First Families" with all of them prejudiced against her. Her husband's sister and cousin have come to make their first call, and find her unpacking in *dishabille*.

XIII.

YOUNG Mr. Courtney has grown to know the meaning of the word impatience. It is an entirely new phase of feeling to him. His pulse has gone along with clock-like regularity all

his life. That nervous strain which begins in restlessness, and goes through all the phases of hot and cold sensations about the face and the hands and the heart, and culminates in an aimless activity, was unknown to him until now. He wondered what was the matter. He concluded that he ought to be at work, and went out to the coal country, where he lived in a long plank cabin by the side of the branch railway that carried the coal down into the ways of trade.

But Reg found himself no happier here than he had been in Ellenbro'. Ellenbro' seemed to be the place where he ought to be. Now and then he caught himself counting days on the big advertisement calendar hung up in the coal office. Then he gave his business over to his flannel shirted young clerk and went back home.

It was a curious coincidence that the very morning after the arrival of the Baylors should find him walking through the old place that he had not crossed in years. Half a mile from the house he saw Richard Baylor himself, walking leisurely along, his hands in his pockets.

When Reg came along the other stopped and laughed, and it was a thoroughly amused laugh. No one had ever denied Dick Baylor a sense of humor.

"Hello, Courtney, I am enjoying my inheritance. I am thinking how cheerful all this will be on damp, chilly winter nights; with no theater, no morning paper, and tough beef for dinner. It's no end kind of you to come over so soon. I am going over to the town upon some business, but Mrs. Baylor is up at the house and will be delighted to see you."

And so it comes to pass that as Reg passes by the window Dolly sees him and screams out her delight, and runs to the

window and bids him in, holding out her plump white arms from her soft, long cambric slip, her yellow hair all about her earnest, eager little face. The invitation is seconded by Mary coming in behind the baby, red kimono and all, her own hair in soft "widow locks" about the nape of her white neck, and evidences of the heat and the toil of unpacking in her pretty face.

"Come in! Come in!" she cries gayly, and in he comes, lifting his long legs up through the broad, low, open window. His face has the eagerness of little Dolly's. He has seemingly realized for the first time that these people who are so entertaining are going to be here altogether. It is not only a chance encounter of the summer, but a year in and year out arrangement.

"You are just in time to help us," Mary says, slapping her possessions about with renewed interest now that there is some one here with whom she can talk. It is one of Mary's peculiarities that she always wants the human element in her pictures—that sense of companionship, of an audience. Half a loaf in company is worth, to Mary, two loaves, or half a dozen, spread with jam, and set before her alone. She had grown to know and like Reg in the days when they acted their little parts together. He had been like a background to her. He had been there, big and calm and cheerful and earnest, and had never bothered. In the strangeness of this new life he came like an old friend. She had almost no realization of her poverty in the matter of old friends. It had always been so easy for her to make friends in her short life where she had had so little occasion to test their worth.

So Reg takes Dolly up in his arms, and sits down upon the ancient horsehair sofa with the hard pillows at the end of it, hidden under the great mahogany arms as though resentful of the possibility of somebody taking them out to make himself comfortable, while Mary bends again to her unpacking. She has come to a big, long paper box which she cannot get out.

"Put Dolly down, and come and make yourself useful," she says to the young man. "This is my very, *very* best gown—my one real splendor. I must not run any risks of crushing it or pulling it about."

So Reg comes to assist her, and between them they lift the box and set it on the table. It is of white pasteboard, with a modest label like an island in the shining expanse of the lid, telling the name of a famous costumer.

"Is it one I have seen?" Reg asks. He has never taken the very slightest interest in any of his mother's or Edyth's gowns. He never has seemed to know that there was such a thing as a gown, except as a topic upon which endless masses of detail could be wearisomely spun out—detail as to cost and "style," which had seemed to him petty and below masculine consideration. But this—this was different. Mrs. Baylor's gowns were events.

"Not this," says Mary. "This gown was manufactured to astonish the natives. I just *knew* I couldn't get an evening gown such as I would want down here, and then—" She laughs a little. "I simply couldn't resist the temptation to buy it, it was so enormously pretty. Would you?"

She laughs a trifle at her own childishness. Mary has no grand airs of her own. She is accustomed to treating men very much as though they were women; and this boy seems so very young—and she has no woman soul but little Dolly to show her finery to. "Would you," she says, "like to see it?"

"Indeed I should," he says warmly, and between them the lid of the box is reverently lifted. Underneath is layer after layer of soft white paper, and under all the gown. It is of a sort of iridescent rose color, full of silvery lights, with hints of its delicious pink silk lining showing here and there. The sleeves are huge puffs of the diaphanous stuff. She plucks at them, pulling out the folds lovingly. Her arms are bare where the kimono sleeve falls away, and she picks up the waist and runs her arm down the place made for it. Reginald is holding the flounced skirt away from the floor. The gown is a "princess," so that he is holding one end while Mary tries the effect of the other. Little Dolly is sitting on the table, an awe struck beholder, touching the folds with her tiny hands, smoothing the fascinating fabric. All about lies the litter—the yellow covered books, the French papers. It is at this unpropitious moment that Cynthia throws open the door for the entrance of Miss Baylor and Mrs. Ellery.

Truly Mary's guardian angel set little value upon her proper introduction into Ellenbro', or he had gone on a visit. A high and beautiful crimson dyes Reg's cheeks as he sees the visitors. There is first the shyness of a young man caught with a woman's gown in his hands, and then anger at himself for being a party to what he sees is Mary's social undoing.

Miss Eliza Baylor's face is set like a mask—not by any means an improvement upon her natural countenance. Mrs. Ellery, who has come—dear soul!—with every hope of being able to break down all the prejudice against Richard Baylor's wife, is confused and most unhappy.

Mary is vexed. This is not the way she has intended to meet the Ellenbro' people, but the sight of Miss Baylor's face does not cause her contrition. I am afraid there goes over her Bohemian little heart a quick thrill of enjoyment of the situation. Her education has made her enjoy a "situation," and her mind unconsciously flies to words in which she can hear herself describing all this to Pocet or some one else with an appreciative soul. It is high comedy, and Mary's forte is high comedy. She slips her arm out of the pink gauze sleeve in all its round, white bareness. The daylight seems to make it look like another thing from her evening arm; but it is not she who notices this. Mary takes little heed to herself except when she is making herself pretty. She lets the precious gown fall, a glistening heap, against Reg's arms, and he helplessly lays it on the table; and then she advances, the red silk gown of heathendom, with its sprawling reeds and swallow flight, wrapped about her and crossed over at her round white neck.

There is a faint tinge of amusement in her eyes, and some inquiry. These old ladies have evidently come to call, and their reception is comical. It all goes no further in Mary's mind. There is no possible clew in Eliza Baylor's face to tell her that this is her husband's sister.

Miss Baylor is outraged. Were not the substantial form of Mrs. Ellery behind her, and were she not almost fastened by her anger and astonishment, she would turn and go, and leave this creature (I am afraid there is a stronger and less polite term in Miss Eliza's mind) to languish unrecognized.

Poor Mrs. Ellery is sadly thinking that nothing can be done here. One must have a trifle of assistance from the object who is to be patronized into good society.

Richard Baylor has grown tired of roaming about in the hot sun. He remembered, almost as soon as Reg passed him, that it would be much more cheerful at home, and if he got in in time he might give a direction or two to the independent Cynthia about supper, which was going to be dinner tonight; and so he had come back.

He strolls in behind his sister just as

Mary advances to meet her new relatives. The aspect of the room and its occupants is not lost upon him, nor is the comedy. But he—although he knows the temper and manner of Ellenbro'—sees nothing sinister in Reginald's presence. Reg is, to him, only a rather stupid cub of a boy, no more to be considered than little Dolly. He does not see him with Ellenbro' eyes, as an eligible and elegant young man—nor has he heard the reports of his wife which Mrs. Courtney has brought back. The picture of Mary, his Mary, spending her time concocting arts by which she might entice young men, is one that it would be hard for her husband to recognize.

He recognizes the hard rolls of gray hair with which his sister adorns the back of her head, and walks into the joy of this family reunion.

"Ah, Eliza," he says with his usual cheerful drawl, "how do you do? It is ever so good of you to come in all at once. We hardly thought that the news of our arrival had spread so rapidly. How do you do, Mrs. Ellery?" and there is real cordiality in the clasp he gives the plump hand.

There is a stony silence all around. Now that her husband has come every bit of responsibility has been shifted from Mary's light shoulders, and she can enjoy her own amusement.

"This is my wife."

Mary puts out her hand with a smiling face, but it is met by a frigid touch from reluctant fingers incased in black silk gloves. Mrs. Ellery, too, is stiff. It is frightful to think of this dreadful woman having it in her power to lead astray the youth of the neighborhood.

"Hello, Courtney, did Polly unpack you from the trunks?" Richard goes on. He has forgotten sending Reginald in.

"No, he has been helping me to unpack. We had just gotten as far as my best gown. I was exhibiting its beauties, and hoping that there would soon be something to which I might wear it."

Miss Baylor looks gingerly at it, and then her indignation gets the better of her determination to go at once, and say nothing to this brazen creature.

"There is not likely to be anything very soon, to which a ball dress may be worn by a member of the Baylor family, in Ellenbro'. The late owner of this house has only been dead five weeks."

There is consternation in Mary's heart at this. She had forgotten all about the late owner of the property. Why didn't Richard remind her?

"Well," Mr. Baylor says cheerfully, "Polly was not exactly blood kin to the old gentleman, and never had the pleasure of his acquaintance, so you can hardly expect her to celebrate his decease with much pomp. Now we who knew him—"

"Richard—" Miss Baylor begins. She wants to say a thousand things. She wants to say first and foremost that no one would suspect Mrs. Richard Baylor of belonging to the blood, but she contents herself by looking about at the disorderly room. "As you seem to be so much occupied, we will not come in this afternoon."

"Oh, don't go. You must see my baby. Come down here, Dolly, and kiss your aunts."

"Me won't!" says Miss Dolly, looking bitterest defiance into her aunts' very eyes, and pouting out her lips in perfect babyish disdain.

"It isn't necessary—no," says Miss Baylor, furious altogether now, forgiving Mrs. Courtney for all she had said, and wondering why she had been so mild. They turn to go; and then Dolly, with the caprice of childhood, runs after them, gets in front of Mrs. Ellery, and puts up her baby mouth to be kissed.

The old lady's face goes into the most fascinatingly kind wrinkles, under the shabby black bonnet.

"Bless the child!" she says, and kisses her again and again, while Dolly repays her with interest and with shouts of glee.

"Come and see me, my dear," she says, turning back to Mary, "and bring the baby."

"I will, indeed," Mary says. "That's a nice woman," she adds, turning to her husband. "How Dolly loves her! I never saw her take to any one like that before."

XIV.

In Ellenbro' everybody knows everybody else. In the summer evenings young girls in pretty, light dresses, whose outline holds some suggestion of the mode prevailing in the centers of civilization, but whose detail is painfully lacking, walk from lawn to lawn and talk of the two new topics of interest. Edyth Smith is engaged to Reginald Courtney, and the Richard Baylors have come to the old Baylor place.

"They say—" (how many times "they say" does drop from the lips! It makes one think of the endless sequences that may be made out of a cribbage hand, by different combinations of the same cards)

—"that Mrs. Baylor is awfully pretty, and—" And then eyebrows are lifted. "Cynthia"—everybody knows Cynthia—"says that you could tell that she wasn't 'quality' by her airs." And then the further tale of Cynthia was told; how Miss Baylor had come to call and found Reginald Courtney there helping Mrs. Baylor unpack her dresses. There was a little grain of pleasure to these young girls—sweet, gentle, young girls who were not engaged—in the picture of Edyth Smith's lover being fastened at Mrs. Baylor's chariot wheels. They couldn't imagine what any man could see in Edyth Smith, except, of course, her money. His mother had made the match, no doubt; everybody had always known that she would do it if she could. Edyth was a sweet girl, of course, and a good girl, but she certainly was stupid.

As for Mrs. Baylor, everybody was anxious and waiting to see her. Nobody felt like going to call, just at first. They would all wait and see what would happen. Ladies looked at each other a little significantly, and said they would wait until Mrs. Baylor had finished her unpacking.

None of this unpacking episode comes to Edyth's ears just now. Mrs. Courtney has heard it, but she is beginning to have a rather uneasy feeling about this engagement. She thinks it would not be well to harrow Edyth's feelings. Young men will be young men, and when Reg is safely married he will be like all the rest. The thing to do now is to announce the engagement far and wide, to bring in all the kin to congratulate, to tie Reg by a thousand ties of obligation, and to marry him and Edyth at the earliest possible moment. It behooves her in the mean time to keep Mrs. Baylor from entering any place where it would be likely that Reg would meet her. With the usual short vision that belongs to womankind, she does not see that by this means she gives him more opportunity to see Mrs. Baylor in her own home.

Before any real hostility has time to show itself, Ellenbro' is the center of a small excitement. Ellenbro' is the county seat, and this is the year of a presidential election. The prospective Governor of the State is a relative of many of the Ellenbro' people, a distant cousin to the Courtneys. He is coming to speak, and with him are to be a number of politicians from the Eastern cities—among them a man of "magnetism," who has barely escaped the great nomination himself. The town is full—full with everybody, from the countryman

in his big wagon, filled with straw, bed quilts, and children, to the "cousins" from the great places up the river. Everybody has come to hear the speeches, with the Southern love for oratory, and the town is lively and gay.

It is at this time that some enterprising citizen sees a grand opportunity of "booming" the hospital. Now there never are in Ellenbro' any sick people who have not relatives and friends enough to take care of them, and carry them food which the family and servants eat, and stand on the outside of the door and ask in penetrating whispers "how they are today." But Ellenbro' is beginning to look about and notice the tricks and manners of other towns, and a hospital seems to be a fashionable adornment for a place of its size. Edyth Smith has given three hundred dollars toward it, and is an authority to consult. She gives her voice in favor of a garden party to be held on the day of the speeches. People would come there for supper—dinner is served at half past one in Ellenbro'—and then again at night for ice cream.

The lawn of one of the prominent citizens, a first cousin of the Governor elect, was chosen for its size and central location. Tables and booths were put up all over it, and pretty girls in capes and aprons were set behind them. Edyth took charge of a candy table. It had been her own choice, although half a dozen prettier girls had wondered at her audacity in getting in among all those ribbons and boxes of many colors. They had said so to each other, but it had struck none of them to mention it to Edyth herself.

"You should not take anything confining—indeed I do not think you had better say you will do anything at all," Mrs. Courtney had begun. "You will, of course, go about with Reginald; and then Cousin James MacIntyre will want you."

But Edyth listened to none of this. She had gone to entertainments before, where there had been nothing for her to do, and she had had a very forlorn time. Reg is by no means fond of this sort of festivity, and she is not sure enough of him to command his attention.

There are very few people there for supper; only business men whose wives are interested in the hospital, and who know that there is no prospect of food at home; and the rector of the parish, and a few old ladies. The young girls behind the tables stand nervously—waiting. They have all taken Edyth's hand and congratulated her

in set terms upon her engagement. There has been none of the girl talk which would have flowed apace had one of themselves become engaged. Edyth's money, and her constant overlooking by Mrs. Courtney, have in a measure set her apart from the other girls. There is a lack which she feels, but she knows no way to overcome it.

But later, after the speeches are over in the evening, the place begins to fill up. It looks very bright with the Japanese lanterns among the trees, and people in gay gowns walking about and sitting at little tables on the green lawn. The moon that had lightened up everything at Atlantic City was an old moon now, waxing thin, and taking its time about coming up, but the headlights of locomotives and many candles and lamps had taken its place, though they left plenty of dark, sequestered nooks.

Mrs. Courtney had gone to supper, and then to hear the speeches, expecting to find Reginald and bring him with her. She comes back a little put out, with only the general—bland and good natured, with his perpetual air of thinking about something else, principally his ancestors—as her companion. Edyth stands half proud and half ready to cry, her disappointment is so keen. Poor girl! This is no sort of an engagement at all, when she has to stand and wonder what her sweetheart is going to do next. She knows enough about the conventional engaged girl to know that she is usually for that time, if never again in her life, the center of her little world, the queen from whose throne commands may flow. To know that you are not getting your due is a thing that may be borne if you can convince yourself that you ought to bear it. You may persuade yourself that you are mistaken in thinking yourself ill used; that there is some unaccountable reason for your humiliation which would be perfectly clear if you only understood it. One may have all this faith if one has only one's own mind to settle with. But when there are the inquiries of a hundred wondering eyes to answer it becomes a different thing altogether.

Edyth is becoming more and more uncomfortable, and Mrs. Courtney is growing decidedly angry. The band has come up from the big wooden "wigwam" where the speeches have been made, escorting the carriages which hold the heroes of the hour. "See the Conquering Hero Comes" has been exhausted long ago, and the strains of "After the Ball"—considered

modish in Ellenbro'—are wafted over the lawn. Edyth leaves her booth at Mrs. Courtney's command and begins a slow promenade about the paths, on General Courtney's other arm. They are just turning the corner where the table has been spread for the refreshment of the distinguished guests, when—there before them, laughing and talking, having the very best imaginable time—caring not in the least for the Courtneys, Ellenbro', or its world, is Mrs. Richard Baylor.

On one side of her is a young man, and on the other an old one, both equally solicitous, and equally ready to look when she looks and see as she sees. One is the cabinet officer of the day, and the other is Reginald Courtney.

There is a whole artillery of anger going off in Edyth's heart. She feels the blood fairly tearing through her veins, but she says never a word. She has a feeling toward Mrs. Baylor that is almost pitiful. She hates her, and she dreads her, and she does not think she is a good woman, but she feels ready enough to let her alone, if only she may be left to enjoy her little world. "With so many," Edyth thinks, "she might let Reg alone." To chide Reg, to send him away, is beyond her power.

"Why!" the general begins, but he gets no farther than his exclamation. There is a pressure upon his arm which seems to draw his eyes. There has been telegraphed to his inner consciousness the information that he is not to look in Mrs. Baylor's direction. All three of them stalk solemnly by.

They are past before Reg realizes who it is; and then he starts—he half starts, or he half begins to start—after them. But they have seemed so utterly unconscious of any one's presence that his thick masculine sense believes they did not see him. Mrs. Baylor is just telling such a clever story—or is it just one of her crisp sentences? He hardly knows. He only knows that she is looking up at the distinguished visitor in such a way that he cannot bear to leave him to take it in all alone. His people have gone on. He will join them presently, and he lingers, listening and looking.

It never occurs to the distinguished visitor that he is not talking to the most popular woman on the ground, and it is not occurring to Reg that he is not by any means assisting Mrs. Baylor's popularity. The distinguished visitor knows a pretty woman when he sees one. He has heard that this one is a Baylor, and has immediately asked for an introduction to her. Reg has been

standing there, and as he knows her, and no one else does, it has been for him to offer to present the guest. Ten minutes later, Mary is walking about the lawn on the arm of the guest of the city, with all Ellenbro' looking on.

XV.

MR. BAYLOR had stood looking about him after the distinguished visitor had been introduced to his wife and had shaken his own hand with the firm and cordial clasp of the politician. The whole thing rather bored him. He had only come because he had within him the determination to show people that they had arrived, and that his wife had no shrinking in regard to her new position; that he was proud of her and meant to sustain the place to which she was entitled.

Then, too, the sight of Ellenbro' society was a comedy to him. He thought several times, as he had often thought in the theaters he frequented, that it was a comedy whose coloring and setting could be changed to advantage. Baylor had ideas of playwriting himself. It was in the vague and desultory studies that he was making for that play which never was and never would be written, that he first met Mary.

"The material is here, I suppose. Now there is a figure—" Baylor put on his eyeglasses and looked again. Then he took them off, and stood fumbling with them while his wife talked, with a queer, abstracted smile on his impassive face. Then he put them up and went slowly across the lawn.

Standing by a tree and talking to two or three old ladies, with a look of interest upon her blonde face, was a woman past her first youth, but with a certain daintiness that would always be charming. She was very simply gowned, in the usual Ellenbro' cut of garments, but while there was none of that elusive quality called style, of which Mary Baylor owned such an abundance, there was a sweetness of demeanor that seemed to make up for any lack of purely material things. Her hair was too light to show any hint of gray, and there was almost a virginal look in her eyes. Richard Baylor stopped before her. She gave a little start, the color flashing up in her smooth cheeks, and impulsively her hand went out to meet his.

"How do you do"—there was the most trifling pause—"Mr. Baylor? It is a pleasure to see an old friend after all these

years." The voice was as silky as the hair.

The smile was still on Baylor's face. "It seems like yesterday," he said. The heads of the two old ladies were almost together, and their black gloved fingers touched each other under the lace of their capes. They remembered when Dick Baylor and Nannie Vance were boy and girl sweethearts. It only seemed like yesterday; and here was she, a widow these half dozen years, and Dick Baylor just home with his young wife.

It was of this young wife that Mrs. Rogers spoke at once. She was not the woman to ignore any of the minor conventionalities. "I hope you will introduce me to Mrs. Baylor. I see she is making quite an impression upon our great man. She is very pretty, I believe"—she looked up and laughed with an infantile glance and a glimpse of little, white teeth—"you always liked pretty women."

"Yes," Richard Baylor said, still with that smile.

"And clever? You always liked clever women, too."

He had never given much thought to the question whether Mary was clever or not. He never cared. In his heart he rather thought she was, but in his mind he rather thought she wasn't. Clever—yes, for her world, but hardly for this one.

But Mrs. Rogers was clever. One was never allowed to forget that fact. She had been clever in her soft, purring way when she had said good by to Dick Baylor, the rather erratic boy, and married Mr. Rogers, who owned the large factory across the river. Dick had carried off his disappointment—if he felt any—so easily that in Ellenbro', where women make public opinion, and where they are loath to let another woman have one sweetheart of her own, much less two, he was never looked upon as a jilted man. It would have made little difference to him, as the verdict of Ellenbro' was of small consequence one way or another.

Now, when he saw Mrs. Rogers looking at him with Nannie Vance's old manner, there was no wounded vanity to stand in the way of his greeting. He was honestly glad to look over this almost unchanged page out of his old life. To be sure, he had forgotten it—almost entirely. Nannie Vance had been no factor in his home coming, but he accepted, in his usual lazy fashion, the goods that the gods sent.

"I never liked a stupid woman, surely. I never knew many." He looked about

the grounds. Many of the faces were those he had seen from infancy, and there was little change to his eyes. There was some dust in them, perhaps, from years and indifference, and he hardly saw things as clearly as he once had seen them. Age is after all a mere matter of comparison.

"No, you never knew Ellenbro' very well," Mrs. Rogers said sedately. "You never would. And have you come back to the old place to live?"

It was all the quietest of talk.

Mary, meanwhile, walked about the lawn with Reginald and the guest. The guest of the hour, walking with as pretty and charming a woman as Mrs. Baylor, naturally formed a sort of nucleus. Gentlemen came up to speak to the honorable, and stayed to talk to the newcomer. It was all so gay and pleasant. She looked around at the others who walked and sat about, and she saw the glances that came her way. She also saw that she wore the only gown there whose outline was modish. In Mary there were, and would always be, the instincts of the actress. An audience keyed her up. She played to it as unconsciously as a flower opens to the sunlight. She felt the glances and the comments that were all about her, and her face took on its merriest lines and her voice its gayest notes.

It has not escaped her keen vision that Mrs. Courtney and Edyth have gone by with unseeing eyes. There has been a little color that has grown warm in her cheeks as she sees it. She wants to turn to Reg and tell him to go back to his own people; and then she blames herself for uncharitableness. How can the boy help that his people are illbred and stiff? She knows that it must mortify him, and she gives him an extra kind look to make up for it.

There is nothing about Mary to indicate her theatrical origin. Her thin, crisp gown, with its little bows and rosettes of ribbon, has no theatrical cut, with all its look of vogue. Her dark, smooth hair has no eccentric quirks of dressing, and her smooth, almost childlike skin is innocent of any aids to freshness. Ellenbro' takes refuge in remembering Mrs. Courtney's report from Atlantic City and the story of Miss Baylor's morning call. And then—well, there must be a *something* that men recognize.

"How did he know that she was that sort of person?" one matron asks another, indicating Mary and the distinguished visitor. "He wanted to be introduced to

her at once. He recognized the *difference*."

"He probably knew her in New York," the other said cynically. "And any way, he has seen enough of the world to classify."

In one of her turns Mary catches a glimpse of the face she is always looking for. She isn't a jealous woman. She never has been a jealous woman. She has always seen her husband turn wearily away from women's society. She has seen him put on his stillest face of weariness when sometimes one came their way, and she has taken no thought that her peace of mind depended in a great measure upon this.

There is a generous, lavish heart in Mary, but that very lavishness is an outcome of the rapid pulse that makes her claim her own. It had been long since she had seen on Richard Baylor's face just that look of interest. In an instant everything is forgotten except the little gnawing pain that springs out and startles her. With a natural impulse she starts toward her husband, and then, for the first time since she has been his wife, she draws back.

Cousin James MacIntyre had spoken kindly to Edyth, with his eyes everywhere and his palm ready to clasp every other, and then had forgotten all about her.

"I think," Edyth suggested, "that we had better go home."

"No," Mrs. Courtney said firmly. "We are not going home yet." There was a firm set about her mouth. She had in view the social demolition of this troublesome young woman. "Excessively bad taste to come and force herself where she was not invited," she added.

"But nobody was invited, were they, my dear?" It was seldom the general went beyond boundaries well known to him.

"That is exactly the bad taste. They should have waited to make their appearance at something to which invitations were issued."

"And to which they would not have been asked."

"*Certainly not.*"

The general hadn't much sense of humor, or he would never, even in callowest youth, have married Mrs. Courtney; but there is a little line of smile under his mustache—a line that fades out in loneliness, having no companion gleam.

The great guest is reminded that there is a supper to be eaten and that people are waiting for him, and he goes off reluctantly,

ly, hoping to see Mrs. Baylor very soon again. Reg and Mary are left alone, she a trifle out of time.

"It is a lovely night," Reg says, with startling originality.

"No. Is it? I hadn't thought so. I believe it is going to rain. It is surely time to go home."

Everything has grown stale and stupid in these last minutes. Mary looks about again, and sees nothing of her husband. There are so many dark little nooks about the grounds. She has not sufficient knowledge of the real social world to know that her husband and Mrs. Rogers would be as little likely to seek one of those secluded spots, as to dance a fandango on the green.

They walk on and on. Reginald feels the chill that has come into the atmosphere, and instead of finding Mrs. Baylor stupid, as he would be likely to find any other woman under the circumstances, he chides himself for his inability to entertain her. The band plays gay music, and she stops and listens, a soft little look in her face. There is one old tune, the "My Queen" waltz, that has seemed to pulse and throb through so much of her life. The orchestra outside was playing it the night she met Richard, and the band is playing it now. She stops Reg where they can hear it, perfectly oblivious of the fact that around and about her is a critical throng, and that the Courtneys are looking her over. Reg has grown reckless. He doesn't care the very least in the world. With all the doggedness that is in him he has enrolled himself in the ranks of Mrs. Baylor's friends, and he means to stand by her. It looks such a manly and sweet and simple thing to do. The duty that he owes to Edyth is entirely lost sight of.

It is a curious phenomenon in the brain of man, that when he is in love—(oh, Reg, you have not named it, but the rest of us have!)—he has a single vision. He can see nothing whatever that does not concern the object of his affections. She is the one center toward which all his actions radiate. It seems to him perfectly right and just that he should take up Mrs. Baylor's cause and fight it out to the end.

After all, instinct is the very strongest force that is in us. Every action that is of consequence is bred by it. We may civilize our emotions, but they arise up and break their bonds and laugh at us, in any crisis. Nature is the great guide who whips us all into line, and who scorns the puny laws of men.

"But," Mrs. Rogers is saying over on

the other side, where she and Baylor still stand idly talking, "there is your wife. I want to meet her." She says it with an air of condescension which rather amuses Baylor than otherwise.

"Certainly, Mrs. Baylor will be delighted," and he offers his arm.

They are all drifting down in front of Mrs. Courtney, where she sits in august majesty and a stiff and provincial black silk, Edyth and the general keeping her company. It is at this especially and particularly inopportune moment that Cousin James MacIntyre leaves his supper and has a flash of memory. He has heard of Reg's engagement, and he has not congratulated him. Of course this pretty woman must be the betrothed. With the utmost desire to make himself agreeable he walks over to Reg and Mrs. Baylor, declines to be introduced to his "almost cousin," and hilariously congratulates Reg upon his approaching marriage with Mary Baylor. And Edyth sits and hears it all!

The offense is by no means palliated by the fact that Mrs. Rogers and Richard Baylor also hear it, and seem to consider it most amusing. Mary's face is her own sweet one again at the approach of her husband, and while her pretty cheeks flush a little, she too enjoys the joke. Reginald's emotion goes deeper than any one dreams. Until now his feeling for Mrs. Baylor has been vague. Suddenly the wild thought of the "might have been" flashes through his mind, leaving him pale, with a flutter about his heart.

Mrs. Rogers stopped and said her pleasant words to the wife of her old sweetheart, and invited her to drive home in her carriage. Reg put Mrs. Baylor in and then went back to his legitimate affections.

"As Mary and her husband let themselves in at their own door, so different from the little entrance to their flat in New York, and groped their way about through the shadows which the kerosene lamp threw into the gloomy corners of the dark hall, she suddenly stopped and put her hand upon the lapel of his coat. He turned about, and she looked so eager, so pretty, so anxious, out of all those black shadows that he promptly kissed her.

"Dick," she said, "who is Mrs. Rogers?"

"Mrs. Rogers? Oh, she was a girl I used to know, long, long ago. Her name was Nannie Vance. She married a man about here, old enough to be her father, and he died a few years ago."

"She is in love with you."

"Polly, my dear, if I listened to you, I

should be the most conceited man on this earth."

"You are—almost," Polly said, laughing against his shoulder.

Baylor picked up a package which was lying on the spindle legged card table in the hall. "Here is our mail. One from Poncet, and—hello! Here's a letter for you that looks as though some of your charity people had written it."

XVI.

THERE was little sleep for Edyth that night. She turned her pillow again and again. She felt years older than she had felt a month ago. She almost wished—with tears falling down her cheeks and dropping, as is the way with easily shed tears, in round splashes upon the white pillow case—that she had never become engaged to Reg. She made up her mind that she would break with him at once, and let him go and flirt with his horrid married woman.

And then she realized that that wouldn't mend the business at all. Reginald, by asking her to marry him, had put into form a something that she could not analyze. It was the sense of possession. She felt that all her pride, all the woman in her, grew up to prevent this other woman from taking from her what was hers. She had hardly spoken to Reg all the way home, and had gone up to her room before he said good night, slipping away from formalities in the way that is so easy in a great, many windowed house.

What had promised to be her triumph had been her humiliation, but she was gaining in pride. The idea that Reg could ask her to marry him when he did not love her, she could not understand. He must love her. A man always, in her world, asked a woman to marry him because he cared more for her than for anything else on earth. The idea of Reg thinking of her money never had the slightest entrance into her mind. Her money had done too little for her, that she could see, for her to realize its value in the eyes of other people.

Edyth was young and healthy. Before she had become so miserable she had eaten a hearty supper, so she finally went to sleep; but in the morning she awoke with that sense of heaviness, of disaster, of unnamed sorrow, which follows a waking when sleep has come to a heavy heart.

The heavy boughs of the maples were

dew laden against her casement, and all the air was full of the busy stir of birds. She could not lie still, and she could not think of getting up to face them all at breakfast. She opened the casement and looked out. The river lay clear and cool in the distance, and along its rather rugged banks, along the bluff above, ran a road fringed by alders, goldenrod, and ironweed. She could see the river mists hanging ragged on the branches.

There came around the corner of the house the shrill whistle of Yellow Bob on his way to the stables. Edyth put her head out of the window.

"Bob!" she cried.

"Yessum!"

"Saddle Gladys." (Poor Edyth! Even in naming her pretty brown mare she had had no imagination, but had called it by the name she would have given a baby.) "I am going to ride."

"Fo'h sun up?"

"Now."

"All right'm."

There was a strangeness in the world; it was as though it were new. Edyth had never done such a thing as this before. The mare seemed to feel her mood and adapt herself to it. They went springing over the turf of the field that led through to the river road, and then the horse's feet were brisk on the road's hard whiteness.

Edyth hardly knew how long she had ridden. She did not come back to the river road, but turned off into another, which ran through a little glen. The sun had grown hot, and she needed food. It looked very cool and inviting down in there, and she rode her horse over the almost spongy turf that led down the hill-side into the glen. She dismounted, careful of her dress and her gloves, and, taking off her hat, sat down by the side of a fern shaded little spring.

There was a stillness all about her and a shadow. The spring was wide again on the other side of the bunch of willows, and there was another hollow. Edyth had not been here since the year before, and she was wondering how it looked on the other side. There used to be some raspberry canes over in there. She wondered if there was any late fruit on them, and half started up to see, but was arrested by a voice—a voice whose every tone she had grown to dread and hate—Mary Baylor's.

Then she remembered that she was on the Baylor place. Of course Mary's com-

panion was Reg. Edyth felt that it must be so. She sat still as though she had not the volition to move. She did not want to hear what they were saying, but she had not the courage to get up and let them see her there. And so she sat still.

"Please go away," Mrs. Baylor's voice was saying plaintively. There were almost tears in it. "Please, oh *please*, go away! I can do nothing more for you, and if Mr. Baylor were to know about you—"

"I don't know what he could say to me, that hasn't been said already," said a bitter voice that was a man's, but yet not Reg's. "I have had the whole catalogue of vituperation flung at me from one quarter or another, and—" there was a throaty laugh which sounded as though the vocal chords had been through very rough usage—"I think I can claim the credit of having deserved it all. But you, Polly, you never were like that."

"Can't you understand," Edyth hears her say, "that everything is different now? I am married. I have a little girl. I do not want my husband—my child—"

"To know, eh? Well, it isn't exactly kind. But I am a very sick man. You are the only friend I have in the world. I wanted to come down here and see it all before I died."

"Don't! Oh, *don't!*!"

A touch of red came into Edyth's cheeks. "Oh, mine enemy!" her heart seemed to say, "so you have a secret to hide!"

Edyth was frightened at the intensity of her own feeling. She had never expected to be a listener. Yesterday she would have scorned doing anything so dishonorable, but today—she opened wide her ears.

"Does it bother you so much, Polly?" There was almost gentleness in the voice. "Well, I will go away again. I am glad to have seen you, though. I rather thought I might see you now and then—and I should like to see your baby. I am—" he laughed again—"absolutely disreputable, I know, but nobody could hurt you or yours, Polly."

"Ponset is coming down. I have a letter from him. He would know you. It would be a secret between us. You must—oh, won't you?—go away."

"Yes, if I—can."

"Please, oh please, *promise* me!"

Gladys made a noise with her foot. Edyth could fairly hear the silence that followed; and then there was the sound of people moving away.

(To be continued.)

DERRINGFORTH.

By Frank A. Munsey,

Author of "A Tragedy of Errors," "On the Field of Honor," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

PHIL DERRINGFORTH and Marion Kingsley have been playmates as children and lovers as they grow older. They are equal in youth, wealth, and family. After Marion, a beautiful, sweet young girl, leaves school, Phil expects that she will marry him; but her mother has the modern desire that her daughter shall have everything the world can give, and refuses to permit an engagement; naming the end of a year as the earliest moment when the question can be again considered. Both look forward to the end of the year with impatience. Marion enters into society and Phil joins his father in business.

Marion goes to California, where she meets Burton Edwards, a typical young Westerner, who falls in love with her. She is just beginning to have the fascinating realization that she has the power to sway other men beside Phil, and she hesitates before giving Edwards a final answer.

Derringforth has found that in going into business he is entering upon a troubled sea. His father has heavy obligations, and during a stringency in the money market he falls into the hands of Van Stump, a money lender who masks his operations through agents. When the year has rolled around, its anniversary finds Derringforth in such financial straits that he cannot afford Marion to marry him then. He does not appeal to her sympathies by telling her of his troubles, but hopes to retrieve his fortunes by gambling in Wall Street, following the advice of an old schoolmate named Burrock. Marion is not so ready to marry him now as she was a year ago. She has had a taste of the world, and her freedom is sweet. Her mother begs her to wait another year before her a year abroad, and she is delighted with the idea, even while she cannot bear to disappoint Derringforth. In the midst of these contending forces Burton Edwards comes to New York, with his live and vivid interests. Derringforth is hoping that his Wall Street ventures may put him upon his feet again, so when Marion writes asking him to delay his decisive interview with her until she is free from visitors, he welcomes the respite. Edwards is called home before he can bring out from Marion an answer to his suit. Then Marion sends for Derringforth. Her message finds him impatient, anxious over a "deal," and he puts her off.

Van Stump, too, has long admired Marion. When she refuses to allow him to monopolize her time he goes off determined to humiliate Derringforth and make Marion suffer. He puts every energy to work to ruin the house. Derringforth goes to Marion with a heavy heart. She sees that he is concealing something from her, and is cool. She tells him of her proposed trip abroad. He has intended to tell her of his troubles, and she is ready to hear. But neither can speak, and the opportunity passes. Each thinks the other grown cold. They part formally, each turning to look after the other, but both silent.

Derringforth goes back weary with the fight he and his father have been making to keep up their credit. He writes a defying letter to reach Van Stump and then starts West to look after some of their interests there.

Marion now accepts her mother's proposition to go abroad. She sails with an Englishman, her

latest acquisition, as a member of the party. Derringforth is called home to see his father die, without having received her letter of good by.

Derringforth puts all his brain and muscle into an effort to free his firm from obligations. With the desperation and recklessness of youth he goes into Wall Street, and speedily there grows up under his hand a mushroom fortune. He hears of Marion as an American belle in London, and there creeps into his heart a cynical feeling toward women. Marion had cared more for a butterfly pleasure than for his love, and he went deeper into business, hoping to forget her.

Two years later Marion returns, to be met by the staring headlines of the latest nine days' wonder. Phil Derringforth, the bold young financier, has "gone under." As the great steamer comes in, it swings by a ferry boat where Derringforth stands, on his way to Virginia. His friend Colonel Rayburn is taking him to his Southern home.

Marion, with her appetite for admiration made infinitely greater by her conquests abroad, comes back to the gayety of the city, with Edwards there to meet her. Derringforth falls into a home where the guiding spirit is a most beautiful young girl, Dorothy Rayburn. She and her cousin, Nellie Bradwin, make the Virginia house gay. Stanley Vedder, a young Southerner, is a suitor for Dorothy's hand. In riding a race with Dorothy, Derringforth's saddle girth breaks, and he is thrown, fracturing his leg. This fastens him in the Rayburn house for weeks with Dorothy to nurse him. Their friendship is ripening into something warmer, when Vedder, who is jealous of Derringforth, brings a letter from New York defaming Derringforth's character.

XLVI.

THE evening passed by, and Derringforth did not see Dorothy. The morning came and went. The day dragged on and still she did not come to him. He had thought until his brain reeled, trying to discover some cause for her absence other than that he had offended her. But this was the only explanation that suggested itself.

"What shall I do?" he groaned. "What can I do? If I were anywhere else it would not be so bad, but to be in her very home, and under such obligations as I am to her family, makes it a thousand times worse. If I could only get away—indeed I can't stay here. How shall I explain? There is no explanation—none except one. But that would not help me, for I have no right to love her, situated as I am. She will hate me for what I have done—and Mrs. Rayburn and the colonel!"

Derringforth covered his eyes with his hands and shuddered. He tried to stop thinking, as each thought added to his torture. He might as well have willed himself to be in the furthermost parts of the earth, and opening his eyes have expected to find himself there.

"I wonder what they will do with me?" he went on, moving about restlessly. "I shall be sent away, of course. Colonel Rayburn is doubtless on his way here already. He will be very angry. Oh, I am so sorry! I wish I had never—no, no, a thousand times no, I would rather suffer any torture than never to have known Dorothy. Wherever I am, and whatever my condition, I can still think of her as I have seen her here—can still love her as I have loved her here."

It so happened that Mrs. Rayburn went away early that morning to spend the day. Derringforth knew nothing of this. Her absence gave intensity to his morbid fancies. He had not seen any one but servants since Dorothy fled from him with the impress of his lips upon her hand. Not even Nellie had come to him. Derringforth stood it as long as he could. He rang for a servant and sent him off with a note to the doctor, asking him to come at once and "fix him up" in some way so that he could take the night train for New York.

The old surgeon smiled cynically when he had finished reading this urgent appeal, and after indulging himself in the utterance of a few choice nuggets of profanity prepared to go to Derringforth to see if he had gone stark mad. He met Mrs. Rayburn on the veranda. She had just returned home. "What does this mean?" he asked, handing her Derringforth's note.

Mrs. Rayburn read it hurriedly. "I am sure I don't know," she answered, becoming suddenly anxious. The doctor started to say something in keeping with his feelings, but wisely checked himself.

"Something has happened in New York," ventured Mrs. Rayburn. "Perhaps he has told Dorothy. I will call her."

"Nothing could have happened that would warrant him in making such a fool of himself," returned the gruff old doctor as he disappeared through the door. A minute later he burst in upon Derringforth, and in a vernacular rather more fierce than elegant said: "What in the devil is the matter with you, young man—have you gone mad?"

"You must judge of that yourself," answered Derringforth. "Call it anything you like if you will only fix me up so that I can take the train tonight."

"Come, come, no more of this raving. Damn it, man, do you want to be a cripple all your life?"

"All my life!" repeated Derringforth, as though the future had little interest for him. "Let us deal with the present," he added. "I have a reasonably clear idea of what I wish. Can you do for me what I have asked of you?"

"I will give you a dose that will make you sleep for a week instead, sir," growled the old doctor with a fierceness that was not intentional. "And, sir," he continued, "if I hear any more of this ranting about New York I will keep you here on your back all winter—I will, upon my head, I will."

"I simply must get away tonight, and that is all there is of it. If you can do for me what I asked of you, all right, otherwise I shall endeavor to get away without your assistance."

"Stuff, stuff," retorted the crusty old surgeon, feeling Derringforth's pulse. "You have worked yourself up into a fine nervous condition," he went on. "Damn it, man, what does this mean?"

Derringforth hesitated for a minute and then said in reply: "I suppose I might say that it is due to my anxiety to get away."

"You might say that you are an ass," stormed the old doctor.

"Yes, I might well say it," returned Derringforth, feeling that the words were especially applicable to him just then.

"Good," said the old man, rubbing his bony, thin hands together in grim delight. "This is the first rational thing I have heard you say. You are not so mad as I thought."

"I am glad your eyes are beginning to open, and now I hope that you will grant my request."

Mrs. Rayburn rapped on the door. "Shall I come in, doctor?" she said, advancing with an inquiring look.

Derringforth shrank from meeting her eyes.

"I hope you have had no bad news, Mr. Derringforth," she said softly.

The sweet tones of her voice, so anxious—so full of sympathy for him, made him look up quickly.

"She doesn't know," flashed across his mind as he answered her question in the negative. "Dorothy hasn't told her," he said to himself with fast beating heart.

A firm footstep caught the ear of Mrs. Rayburn. She turned towards the door. Colonel Rayburn clasped her in his arms. Derringforth felt that his time had come.

It was as he had feared. The colonel had been sent for, and here he was. Derringforth could not repress a shudder as he steeled himself for the worst. He was in for it, and he would be a man, he said to himself. There was nothing to be ashamed of in loving so sweet a girl. He resolved to defend his position in a dignified way. A rush of thoughts passed through his mind in that one second of silence, and then—

"Phil, my boy, how are you?" came from Colonel Rayburn's lips. "And you, doctor—how are you—and how is your patient coming on?—well, I am sure, since he is in your hands."

"No, no, not at all well," protested the old surgeon.

"What, not doing well—Phil, is this so? Tell me yourself," said the colonel, taking Derringforth's hand in warm greeting.

"I am sorry to contradict so able an authority," replied Derringforth, "but the facts compel me to do so. I am so well that I have been talking to the doctor about going to New York."

"What have you to say for yourself, doctor?" demanded Colonel Rayburn.

"This letter will explain," replied the old surgeon, extending the note from Derringforth. "If it does not convince you of his madness then I will retire from the case."

"There is no doubt of it," returned the colonel, when he had glanced at the note. "What does this mean, Phil? What has happened?"

Derringforth's face showed his embarrassment. There were three pairs of keen eyes upon it, and he could feel that it was ablaze with color. Still he maintained a wonderful coolness, and asked if it wasn't natural that he should be anxious to get back to New York and begin straightening out his business. This did very well as a bluff, but it did not mislead Colonel Rayburn. He said nothing more, however, just then, preferring to look about a little, thinking he might discover the cause for himself.

Dorothy was in her room. She had scarcely left it since reading the letter that Nellie had brought her from Vedder. The disclosure was a rude shock to her young nerves. The reflections on Derringforth's character and habits as a business man, had that been all, would have made her his champion. But the thought that he had loved another was a cruel wound, just then when her whole soul throbbed with the first awakening of passionate love.

A few hours before she would have seen nothing very black against Derringforth in the letter; now she saw enough to break her heart. She threw herself upon her couch, buried her head in the soft silken pillows, and sobbed bitter tears. Everything had become suddenly black and drear. The night wind whistled shrill through the trees. All that was bright and sweet and dear in life had vanished. There was no hope, no warmth anywhere.

Nellie tried in vain to comfort her. As well might she have sought to quiet the fury of a tempest by gentle words. Strong feeling, stirred to its depths, must, like the tempest, spend itself.

The morning came, and the sun burst upon the world and flooded it with light and warmth, but these did not reach Dorothy. With her the fierceness of the storm had passed, but the day was as somber and chilly as the night. That fresh young love that had come into her heart a few hours before was bruised and bleeding.

Up to this time she had been swayed by impulse alone. Her powers of reasoning had been paralyzed by a tremendous shock, but now she began to think rationally. This was natural. It evidenced a healthy mind, and a healthy mind, if it be at all analytical, is pretty sure to go to the bottom of things—to reason out the why and wherefore.

Thought filters the dark waters and brings within range of the eye things that were hid. Gradually Dorothy's vision penetrated deeper and deeper. The day had not advanced very far when she began to discover the outlines of Vedder's motive, and a little later on his purpose became perfectly clear. It was almost too much to believe—almost more than she could realize, that Stanley Vedder would lend himself to such perfidy. This revelation aroused in her the strongest feeling of contempt for him, and at once made her Derringforth's champion. Her sense of justice alone would have inspired this feeling, had there been no other incentive within her heart. Not long after arriving at this stage Dorothy was very busy making excuses with herself for Derringforth's shortcomings.

There is nothing so keen sighted as love; there is nothing so blind. It can discover virtues and merits and shadings of merit that the most powerful microscope would not reveal to the normal eye. It can penetrate beyond the ugly, angular lines and see beauty and gentleness and sweetness. It can find ample and palliating cause for

vicious tendencies and vicious acts; and yet this same power of penetration—these same love inspired eyes, are dull to defects—dull to absolute blindness.

The letter that Vedder had inspired was carefully phrased, so that it would not betray his hand. There was nothing on the surface that would in any way criminate him. It was beneath the surface that Dorothy saw his shadow stealthily approaching Derringforth, stiletto in hand. The truth can be so told that it becomes the most damaging of lies. It was the way this letter said it that damned Derringforth. The same facts grouped together with kindly shading would not have appeared derogatory to him.

The little Dorothy knew of Derringforth's history agreed perfectly with Varnum's account. The fact that he had told the truth, so far as she could verify his statements, made it evident that the whole letter was truthful. She was forced to regard it as such. With feminine ingenuity, warmed and quickened by love, she conjured up an array of excuses as delicate and sweet as her own nature, that more than overbalanced all but one of Derringforth's shortcomings. That one was an offense that broke her heart. She could not excuse him for having loved another girl—for loving her even yet, it might be.

Up to this point her justification of him had been complete, but here her reason faltered and she turned away with bitter feelings surging through her soul. Again she was swayed by passion alone, and Derringforth began to look very black. This mood, like the others, ran its course, and as it neared its flood, that love that brought new beauty into the world became deep tinged with hatred for him who inspired it.

The scenes between Derringforth and herself came back to her with realistic vividness. His attitude from the very first had been one calculated to win her love.

"His looks, his words, his soft tones all show his cruel purpose to amuse himself at my expense, during his enforced imprisonment," she reflected bitterly. She forgot to make allowance for the devotion she had shown him—for the thousand and one little feminine touches—for the smiles and sunshine and merry laughter that would have won the heart of a cynic.

In comparison with Derringforth, Vedder even became the embodiment of virtue. What he had done had been inspired by love.

"There should be some excuse for that," she said. "I am sorry I condemned him so hastily. He was right. It was his duty to let me know—to shield me from such a monster. I should have tried to save him if he had been the one in danger. I never can thank him enough. Why did papa ever bring such a man into his very home? How could he have been so blind? But I was blind un'il Stanley opened my eyes. I cannot stay in this house with him. He must go. I will never allow myself to see him again. He shall n-e-v-e-r see me again. Oh, it is cruel, cruel!" she moaned, burying her eyes in her hands. "Mama will send him away, and he may be a cripple all his life. I wonder if he didn't really care for me a little! It couldn't have been all pretense—no, no, it could not. I won't believe it of him, I won't think him so wicked, poor fellow. He isn't capable of such cruelty, I know he isn't."

The reaction had come. Love began its sway again. Dorothy's eyes were fixed on Derringforth. The harsh lines of his face became soft, the cruel mockery vanished, the black shadows faded and disappeared, and in their place came an expression of truth—of deep, pure love—the love of a strong, sincere man.

It was when Dorothy had reached this point in her mental tangle that her mother came to her to ask what had happened to Derringforth.

"Oh, Dorothy, my child, you are ill!" exclaimed Mrs. Rayburn in anxious tones, and she ran to her and took her tenderly in her motherly arms.

"My head has ached badly," answered Dorothy, with downcast eyes, "but it is beginning to feel better now. I think it will be all right in a little while," and then she added, with precipitate haste, to change the subject, "Why didn't you tell me last night that you were going away for the day?"

"I didn't decide to go until this morning," explained Mrs. Rayburn.

Dorothy drew a long breath of relief, which was suddenly checked when her mother added, "But it seems that I would better have stayed at home, as I come back to find you in your room ill, and Mr. Derringforth gone mad."

"Gone mad!" repeated Dorothy, springing up with blanched face.

"That is what the doctor says. He is here now. Mr. Derringforth sent for him. I saw the note. Mr. Derringforth wants to go to New York tonight. The doctor says he is crazy."

"Oh, this is dreadful, mama!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Dreadful!" she repeated.

"What could have happened to him? I thought perhaps you knew. I wonder if I ought not to go down—something has gone wrong—maybe he has had bad news from New York."

"Oh, please go, mama, and see what has happened," pleaded Dorothy with an eloquence that she little realized.

Mrs. Rayburn cast one quick look of inquiry at her daughter. Their eyes met. Dorothy's dropped, and the flush of color that suffused her face revealed the secret of her heart.

Mrs. Rayburn hurried from the room, her brain awhirl. This was the first intimation she had had that the relations between Derringforth and Dorothy were anything more than friendly. The discovery almost overwhelmed her. She could not realize it—could not trust herself to speak of it to Dorothy. She must be alone; must think. What should she do; what ought she to do? She was hurrying towards her own room when she heard, spoken in rasping tones, these words: "You might say that you are an ass," and these from Derringforth's lips in reply: "Yes, I might well say it."

She stopped, and with sudden impulse flew to Derringforth's rescue. She had barely entered his presence when she was startled by the apparition of her husband. A minute later, when she found herself in his strong arms, she was convinced that it was no apparition at all.

Colonel Rayburn had come on unannounced on purpose to surprise her. His coming was never more opportune.

"Heaven has sent him," whispered Mrs. Rayburn to herself. "I never needed him so much as now."

Mrs. Rayburn was a good deal exercised when she discovered the secret between Derringforth and Dorothy. She did not quite know whether to be glad or to be angry. She had started for her room to work out the problem—to take soundings and see just where she was and what was to be done. It was evident that something had gone wrong with these young people.

"Now that Mr. Rayburn is here I think we can manage to keep Mr. Derringforth," she said to the doctor. When the latter was gone she drew her husband aside and told him of her discovery.

"H'm, h'm," said the colonel, undisturbed by the revelation, "that explains Phil's anxiety to get away. But I can't understand how it has come about. What has become of Stanley?"

"You take it very coolly, dear," protested Mrs. Rayburn, made doubly nervous by her husband's philosophic manner.

"Yes, why not? It will work out all right. Don't say a word to either of them—don't let them know that we know. They are in love; they have had a misunderstanding. It's a bad combination to mix up in, my dear—we will keep out."

And they kept out, but their eyes were very wide open. It was an interesting problem—in some respects a painful one. Derringforth had a firm champion in the colonel. Mrs. Rayburn liked him. She was becoming very fond of him before she discovered his purpose to take her daughter from her. She was not one of those foolish mothers who think their daughters should not marry until their youth and sweetness have vanished. The thought of losing Dorothy, nevertheless, was a bitter one to her.

It was an awkward meeting between Derringforth and Dorothy. When she learned his desire to leave the house, of his own free will, without being invited to go—forced to go, if you please—it lent a different complexion to the matter. It began to look as if he were anticipating the Rayburn move, and was ready to "go them one better." This took away all the glory of sending him off. It began to dawn on her that it did not show good judgment to act too hastily. There was a possibility of making a mistake, and Derringforth was one with whom she wished to avoid anything of this sort. The result of all this deliberation was that she felt she must be diplomatic.

She looked in the mirror. Horrors! How her eyes were swollen, how worn she looked! No, no, she could not see him then—she would not have him see her for the world. She rang for a servant.

"Tell Mr. Derringforth," she said, "that my head is bothering me a good deal today, and that I may not get in to see him before morning."

"That ought to bridge matters a little," she told herself when the servant had gone. "It will give me time to think, and time to make myself look a little more like myself. If not, I hope he will never see me—he would be horrified—ooh!"

Dorothy's message had pacified Derringforth slightly, but it looked like a compromise measure, he reasoned with himself—looked as if it were the result of urging on the part of some one—most likely Colonel Rayburn—in the interest of harmony. He was accordingly on the ice.

bound shores of dignity when Dorothy called in the morning. She didn't quite know whether to open her heart and forgive him for all the offenses he might have been guilty of, or to be diplomatically courteous, freezing reserved. She knew one thing, and that was that she loved him—loved him enough to fall down on her knees and worship him, but there was that other girl, and there was a proper regard for self respect to be kept in mind.

At best, then, she must act a part, and she acted it very crudely. Derringforth felt his heart freeze, and the atmosphere from that region chilled his expression, so that Dorothy shuddered as if pierced by a northeast blast in mid winter. She hurried from the room, making a palpably awkward excuse to get away. Then a little crying and a little hating in turn, and she was generally wretched. These moods were overcome by the tender passion now and again, and so the day went by with her and she did not see Derringforth again until evening. She had vowed that she would not see him then; that she did not know when she would see him—perhaps not for several days. But her vows melted as such vows do when they come into touch with love ablaze.

Derringforth felt more like getting away now than ever, but Colonel Rayburn's presence kept him quiet so far as outward evidences of his desire went. Dorothy's face was warmer when she came in in the evening to bring him the mail. If his had been equally warm, the ice between them would have melted like magic, and there would have been a rejoicing of two hearts that would have reached to heaven and made the immortals smile with gladness. But Derringforth was not in the mood to enliven the heavenly abode with anything that would speed a wave of approval through that region.

Dorothy was more patient than in the morning, and less susceptible to the reflection of his discomfiture. But he could not throw off the depression speedily enough to save her from taking on something of his mood, and then all progress towards a better understanding was checked in each.

It was a chilling atmosphere for Dorothy's young love. Derringforth thought till his brain whirled, trying to diagnose the situation. It appeared to him somewhat cloudy in spots. He could not quite make Dorothy out.

"If I offended her, and I must have done so," he argued, "why does she come in to

see me at all? I shouldn't think she would. On the other hand, if she was not offended at what I did, what has happened? She is changed. There is a continent between us, and there is a cold winter settling down over that continent. I wish I were somewhere else, but I'm here—very much here, and—I might as well say it, it's no use to try to humbug myself—I'm here and in love with the girl that freezes me into an ice cake—freezes me so solid that I can't think straight, can't wink straight, can't do anything but lie here and wait for the crash. Something has got to happen; the tension is too great."

But nothing did happen. It would have been better if there had. An explosion is sometimes a good thing. It does away with a world of anxiety, clears the atmosphere, and lets in the sunlight. This is what an explanation does, but an explanation in such cases is hard to get at without the explosion, and too many times there is no flash to set off the upheaval.

So it went on, and Derringforth and Dorothy got no nearer to each other than the lines of studied politeness. But the fires of love so recently kindled in their hearts still burned dimly in the heavy atmosphere, in which flame flickered feebly and blue.

At last Derringforth was able to leave his bed. He made preparations for an early start for New York. When the time came to say good by, then it was that the hearts of these two threw off the disguise. It was a tender parting, but withal discreet. Derringforth went away very happy, his soul buoyant with hope, while Dorothy began to realize the depth of her love for him. How empty and lonely the house without him!

But between him and herself there was still the image of her of whom Varnum wrote. Who was she? Dorothy had asked herself this question vaguely one or two thousand times, but now she asked it earnestly—asked it as one who intends to hunt down the information she seeks, be it near or far, be it on the highway of easy access, or in the jungle where danger threatens with menacing finger.

XLVII.

IT was mid winter. The night air was crisp and sharp. A million pairs of metropolitan eyes were already closed in slumber. The toilers of the big city were being refreshed for the coming day. The side streets, except for the occasional appear-

ance of a night owl straggling homeward, were deserted. Stretching away from a Fifth Avenue palace was a long line of carriages. As fast as the occupants of one of these alighted, and disappeared under the awning leading to the entrance, another carriage took its place, and the line in the rear was constantly reënforced by fresh rivals.

Marion Kingsley, accompanied by her father and mother, tripped lightly up the carpeted steps to the brilliantly lighted mansion.

The Kingsleys were followed by a little old man, very thin and very feeble. Leaning on his arm was his young wife, a girl in the bloom of health, and beaming with love for her antique partner whose purse was big with yellow coin.

The next was a well mated couple—a man and wife with refined, happy faces. A glance was enough to convince one that the world had gone well with them—that each had been to the other an inspiration, a joy, a happiness that is God's best gift to the earthly life.

A solitary figure followed them up the steps—an old man with sloping shoulders, slightly bent. He was tall and angular, with very long nose, somewhat thin and inclined towards the Roman type. His eyes were small and rather close together. There was no warmth in them, but they were wonderfully keen, though they had seen many winters. His step had lost its elasticity, and yet it by no means lacked decision. His face showed the wear of time. It showed more than this; it told the story of a selfish life. He had lived only for himself, and now he was old and alone, with no one to care for him; with no faculty to care for another. His name was Van Stump. He vanished within the door.

A man, the counterpart of a rich bank president, if not himself such, sprang from his carriage with youthful step, and with the grace of good breeding helped his wife to alight, and then his two daughters. They were sweet, pretty girls and the soft, warm wraps they wore became them well. It was evident that the father was very proud of them. Happiness beamed from his face as, beside his wife, he led the way up the steps. He had something to show for his life—something to keep it fragrant and in tune with the world. Van Stump had nothing. The contrast between his own and a well ordered life—a well lived life—was conspicuous, sandwiched in as he was between two so happy families.

The occupants of a dozen carriages had vanished within the great doors when two young men passed under the awning and walked gayly up the steps. One of them belonged to the smart set. He was Minton Varnum, and he had brought with him his friend Vedder.

Not long after their arrival a man of fine military presence, accompanied by his wife and daughter, entered the mansion with proud step. A description of him would reveal his identity, but by telling his name the description can be avoided. He was Colonel Rayburn. The faces of Mrs. Rayburn and Dorothy were bright with expectancy. The Rayburns were a strikingly handsome family.

The next to arrive, of those who have figured in this story, was a young man of wonderfully fine presence. He had almost decided to send his regrets tonight. "It will be a great crush," he told himself. "And I am utterly worn out from dissipation already," he went on with indecision. "There is only one thing makes me think of going," he continued, yielding. "If she were not to be there no one could tempt me, but—" Here he stopped suddenly and began to dress for the ball.

This was not Derringforth; it was Burton Edwards. Marion still possessed the magic influence that made him her slave, though it should be said to her credit that she never willfully misled him—never took advantage of the power she had over him. Her feeling for him was one of pure, simple friendship. She had undertaken what millions of girls have attempted before her, only to fail flatly—a little drama in which a young woman and a young man are to act the part of friends—to be friends, jolly good friends; such friends as boys are to each other, as girls are to each other—chums, to use an expressive term. The success of her venture was as yet undetermined. Viewed as she viewed it it was full of promise. Viewed by the eyes of the student of human nature, it would have called forth an ominous shake of the head.

Edwards hurriedly left his coat and hat, and went directly to the ball room to find Marion. He found her in animated conversation with Richard Devonshire. The sight stunned him. He would have turned back and escaped from the house, but Marion saw him—saw that he was coming to her. There was then but one thing for him to do. He must join her and Devonshire, and look pleased—must take the hand of the latter and express delight at seeing him again.

This was no easy thing to do. His nature rebelled against it, but he was well versed in the conventionalities of polite society, and knew that its canons must not be outraged. His words of greeting to Devonshire were rather warm than otherwise. In acting a part it is difficult to command the proper tones and expressions. Beyond an unnatural paleness there was nothing in his looks to reveal his true feelings.

"Isn't this the most delightful surprise, Burton?" said Marion, her eyes dancing with gladness, and then looking into Devonshire's face she added, "Why didn't you let us know of the pleasure in store for us?"

"So that you could have enjoyed it in anticipation, eh?" returned Devonshire.

"Yes, certainly, I think you were very selfish."

"I'm afraid I was. You see I wished you to be glad to see me, and feared that if you had had a week's association with me in anticipation you would already have become weary of me."

"Isn't that mean, Burton? Did you ever hear anything like it?" protested Marion.

Edwards was again called upon to smile and confirm Marion's views, though he would have liked to say, as he expressed it in his own mind, that Devonshire was dead right in his conclusions. It required no little restraint to keep from putting this thought into words.

As soon as he could do so without too great abruptness, he made an excuse to get away. The strain on him was too much. He wanted to be alone—to be anywhere but in Devonshire's presence. So he felt then, but he had no sooner got away than he wished he had remained where he was. He began to realize that he had yielded the field to Devonshire without a struggle.

He passed from the ball room out into the main parlor. The room was packed with people. He stopped to speak to a friend. After the exchange of a few words he turned to pass on towards the door. As he did so he came face to face with Derringforth.

The latter had just arrived. It was the first time these two men had met since that first meeting in Marion's home. Each recognizing the other instantly; each felt a sinking sensation at the heart; each was like marble. There was a momentary pause, and then their hands met. They were gentlemen. It was a bitter moment for Derringforth. The past rushed back

over him with a force that was almost overwhelming.

"It has been a long time since we have met, Mr. Edwards," he said, speaking with an effort. His voice was wavering.

"Yes," returned Edwards; "it has been a long time. I hope you are well."

His words did not flow easily. There was a restraint in his manner that was wholly unlike his generous, free nature.

A few more sentences and they parted. Edwards went up stairs, and, putting on his coat and hat, went out into the cold night air, and wandered aimlessly from street to street. The stars looked down upon him, and with twinkling eyes smiled at his folly.

His few words with Derringforth did Edwards good. He had touched hands with one whose suffering had been keener than his own. He saw it all at a glance, and his pity went out to Derringforth. The manly greeting of the latter—the impress of his hand—carried force. Edwards felt this—felt himself irresistibly drawn to the man he had most feared.

Derringforth likewise understood Edwards. That one moment's conversation established a silent bond of sympathy between them. But to forgive Edwards—to forget—would have required the charity of a god.

"It was he who first broke in upon my happiness," sighed Derringforth, with a sadness as of death; "he who first taught her to love another than myself. No man has ever dealt me a blow so cruel; no man can ever equal his. The first stab hurts worst. It was a revelation worse than death—worse than all the other tortures of life piled high one above another. One experience such as this is all God permits man to suffer. There may be repetitions, but they are not the same."

A wave of music from the orchestra flooded the ball room, bursting through the door and rolling on from room to room. The dancers sprang to their feet and plunged into the waltz with merry hearts.

Derringforth worked his way forward till at length his eyes were within range of the whirling, seething sea of terpsichorean devotees. Never had he beheld a scene more beautiful, more inspiring. The room itself was an ideal conception. Its decoration was unique, bordering on the aesthetic. The lighting was the latest expression of art. It was plentiful but soft—that sort of light in which beauty is most beautiful.

The smart set of the metropolis was

there; youth with the gay world just burst upon its vision was there; middle age that had drunk deep of these pleasures was there; and old age was there—old age whose enjoyment was flashed over memory's lines, the scenes of youth brought back by the scene before it.

Derringforth had reached the door. He looked at the beauty of the room, and the beauty on the floor. Graceful girls with bright faces and men of faultless bearing whirled towards him and vanished. The music was an inspiration. He felt it tingle along his nerves. He had not seen Dorothy yet. It was she who brought him there. But there was another whom he longed to see; whom he dreaded to see.

"If I could only see her and she not see me," he said to himself, looking thoughtfully towards the floor.

He raised his eyes; they met Marion's. There was a flash of recognition, and she was gone. But in that one instant he saw in her face enough to set his brain on fire. He dare not remain where he was; he dare not go to Dorothy just now. He worked his way back through the door, and moving to one side, where he could not be seen from the ball room, leaned against the wall for support.

The picture of Marion's face was before him. He held it up and began studying it. It was full of meaning. Tenderness, doubt, hope, gladness, surprise, forgiveness, regret—these were all there, but chief among them was gladness—gladness so fine, so tender that Derringforth's heart melted. Two people were never more unlike than Marion herself, and the distorted likeness of her—the creation of his imagination. He held them side by side in wonder, in regret, in humiliation.

Marion had come to the ball in the best of spirits. A long walk in the cold, crisp air had proved a tonic that sent the color to her cheeks and the tingle of abounding health through her frame. All this was supplemented by her surprise and delight at seeing Devonshire. In a way, she was very fond of him. He was another with whom she had undertaken to enact the same rôle that she was playing with Burton Edwards. She had not yet made a success with either of them; she had not yet made a failure.

In a Parisian gown that was the embodiment of art and the envy of every other woman, Marion was at her best. She had never looked sweeter; had never talked better. To Devonshire she was the only girl in the ball room. It was with him she

was dancing when her eyes met Derringforth's.

She reeled in Devonshire's arms. Her face was deathly pale. He supported her to a seat, frightened and anxious.

"I shall be all right in a few minutes," she said. "I must have been a little faint. I am already feeling better."

"Shall I not get you a glass of water?" asked Devonshire, feeling that he must do something.

"No, oh no, please don't—don't do anything to attract attention. No one realized why we left the floor, I hope."

"No, I think not. I was careful to avoid that."

"I am so glad—what a foolish thing for me to do! I am feeling very well now—am I not looking better? I feel the blood coming into my cheeks again—they are beginning to burn—it was such a sudden freak—I hope you will pardon me for giving you this fright—I never did such an insane thing before."

Marion hardly knew what she was saying. Her brain was spinning madly. The shock for the moment had nearly upset her reason. "Phil!" she cried to herself when she saw him. This one word and her heart gave a great bound of gladness, and for an instant everything was blank. She kept on with her partner mechanically and then somehow she found herself in a chair. It was all the work of a second, but to her it seemed the duration of a life time.

There was one who saw the color fade from Marion's face. It was Dorothy. She too left the floor, scarcely less precipitately and with no more color.

Marion knew nothing of Dorothy; Dorothy knew everything of Marion. The Rayburns spent their winters in New York, and were society people. Marion had met Colonel and Mrs. Rayburn—had in fact been entertained by them, but Dorothy was a school girl then. Marion had been in Europe two years; Dorothy had come out during her absence.

Most obstacles melt when the concentrated rays of earnestness are brought to bear upon them. Dorothy found this out when she began, as she should have begun at first, in a rational way to discover the identity of her whom Burrock accredited with turning Derringforth's head. She had a very clear conception of "that designing creature," as she sometimes mentally styled her—a conception that was the product of jealousy. It is needless to say that this picture was unlike Marion; it is

needless to describe it beyond hinting at its cruel, cunning, cold expression, beneath which a satanic spirit lurked—so very satanic, in fact, that Dorothy shuddered and shut her eyes in very fear whenever she beheld it.

Marion's beauty and popularity were familiar to Dorothy. She had read of her in the society columns; had heard her mother speak of her in warm praise, and once she had seen in a metropolitan paper, more pretentious in the matter of art than the daily, a portrait of Marion. It was a tolerably truthful likeness, and being such must have of necessity been very pretty—Dorothy thought it wonderfully pretty. Her surprise, then, when she learned that Marion, and her own conception of the woman who had played such havoc with Derringforth, were one and the same, was absolutely painful, if surprise ever reaches that point. At all events Dorothy was so disconcerted that she wasn't quite sure whether she was in her right mind or not. She declared that she would never construct any more pictures, and with deep chagrin looked down upon her imagination with bitter contempt, vowing that it was not in keeping with the other faculties of a girl of ordinary intelligence, which she hoped she was; but even this hope sloped towards the realm of doubt.

This was Dorothy's feeling then, and her woe was natural. But a girl can no more keep her imagination in check than she can force back with her delicate hand the tides of the great ocean. This is pretty true of humanity in general, but it may be a little truer of girls than of any one else.

Dorothy was terribly "cut up" over this matter. She felt that she owed Marion an apology. If she had been anybody in this world other than the one Derringforth had loved—loved even now, perhaps—she would certainly have apologized. But there are points at which humanity, be it ever so refined, draws the line. Apologizing to Marion was one of these points with Dorothy.

"I don't care if I do feel mean about it," she said to herself. "I simply won't, and that is all there is about it. I won't, won't, won't!" And metaphorically she stamped her pretty little foot to emphasize her refusal to do the thing she felt she ought to do.

It seemed to Burton Edwards that he had walked over half of New York. He had in fact walked over very little of it. Not that his step was at all sluggish. On the contrary, it was feverish in the ex-

treme. The simple truth was that he had been out only a few minutes when he returned to the scene of gayety, but to him these minutes were hours, for Devonshire was with Marion.

Edwards reentered the ball room very soon after Derringforth so suddenly left it, and before Marion had had time to regain control of herself. He saw the anxious look on Devonshire's face, and noted with alarm Marion's strange manner and pale features—for she had not yet recovered her usual color. He saw at a glance that something unusual had happened.

"What can it be?" he asked himself. He wanted to ask aloud, but that would never do. A glimpse of his face revealed his thoughts to Marion. She made several attempts to appear natural, but succeeded only to the extent of betraying a nervousness that Edwards had never seen in her before.

"Devonshire has done it," he said to himself, casting a withering look at the Englishman, which fortunately was not seen. "Confound him! I'd like to throttle him," he went on. "What is he over here for any way, and just as it was beginning to be clear sailing for me? I'm getting tired of my luck; I'm getting tired of everything. I wish I had stayed at home; then I should not have been disturbed by this fellow's presence—not tonight, any way. It's fate, that is what it is. Something always happens just at the wrong time."

Marion turned her head anxiously towards the orchestra, saying to herself, "Oh, if it would only begin playing!" And as if in response to her wish it did begin. "Thank heaven," said Marion beneath her breath. "I would rather fall on the floor than have these two men look at me as they are looking." And then, turning towards Edwards, she said, "Come, Burton, let us try the polka—Mr. Devonshire will excuse us for a minute or two, I am sure."

Edwards was only too ready to comply with her suggestion, and there was perhaps a gleam of triumph in his eyes as he beheld the look of astonishment and dismay that flashed to Devonshire's face.

When the strains of music ceased Derringforth came back into the ball room, having steadied his nerves in quiet meditation. He saw Dorothy about two thirds of the way down the room. Beside her was a young man whose manner indicated that he was drawing heavily upon his reserve resources to make himself especially

"fetching." This young man was Mr. Stanley Vedder.

Derringforth disliked to interrupt a *tête à tête*, but this had the appearance of being a lopsided one, as Dorothy did not respond with equal warmth to the exuberance of her companion. This was evident at a distance. Derringforth, emboldened by this phase of the situation and by the further fact that Dorothy must have been expecting him for at least half an hour, walked with easy stride to join them.

"Well, I'm here, Dorothy," he said cheerfully; "a little late, but I have kept my promise, you see—hope you are having a good time," and turning to Vedder and extending his hand added, "this is indeed a surprise. I am glad to see you—have you been in town long?"

His hand was not taken. Vedder refused to recognize him. It was a deliberate cut, and before many eyes—one pair in particular that flashed fire as they beheld the affront.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RAILWAY MAID.

THE train was crowded when she came—

A maiden rosy sweet;
I did not know her face, nor name,
But gave her half my seat.

She took it with assumed delight,
And tossed her silken curls
So roguishly, an anchorite
Might love so rare a girl's

Assemblage of soft sorceries,
Which she knew how to show ;
And I was glad, entranced by these,
To find the train so slow.

She said she was not traveling far,
And twirled a gorgeous fan ;
Thrilled by so luminous a star,
I was a happy man.

I gathered from her facts of note, .
And found her heart as free
As an unsailored skiff afloat
Upon a tossing sea.

On every theme, severe or light,
Some fit word she could say ;
She knew each town that came in sight,
And all things on the way.

At length her journey's end drew near,
And we should have to part ;
I told her, in a tone sincere,
That it would grieve my heart.

And when she rose to leave me there,
Quite dismal and alone,
She seemed to me more sweet and fair
Than I should like to own.

She said unto my frank regrets,
"Thanks for your words and sigh,
But you'll be soon forgetting me—"
A haze came in her eye.

"Dear friend," I said, "your words are true
(Once more she twirled her fan)—
"I should be soon *for getting you*,
Were I a single man."

Joel Benton.

THE STAGE.

MISS GRACE KIMBALL, who is the *Betty Linley* in "Sheridan," is a living refutation of the prejudice that used to exist against products of the training school. She was a member of Mr. Sargent's Academy of the Dramatic Arts, and was brought prominently before the public when she played *Miranda* in "The Tempest" at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, in 1890. The next season she was with Charles Frohman, and those who saw the Theater of Arts and Letters' production of "The Squirrel Inn," last season, will remember her very pleasantly as the school mistress.

* * * *

WHEN you have read and re-read a favorite book so many times that there is no longer any pleasure in the occupation, you have doubtless wished that it were possible for the author—who, ten chances to one, is dead—to write another book that should be exactly the same as the first, and yet possess in some magical fashion the charm that only novelty imparts. Of course this would be an entirely unattainable luxury, and yet, if one passes from the realm of books to that of plays, he will find a very close approach to it in Paul M. Potter's "Sheridan," now on the boards of New York's Lyceum Theater. "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" we have enjoyed over and over again, and have sighed in vain for more from the same source; and here is a substitute so dexterously concocted, so daintily served, that we sip from it greedily, almost believing some fairy's wand has added another to the series of plays we most delight to honor.

In "Sheridan," to the writer's mind, Mr. Sothern has found the richest nugget of his collection, and right worthily has he availed himself of it. From his own im-

personation of the happy go lucky young dramatist, down to Ernest Tarleton's rendering of *Philip*, the pompous footman, each rôle is adequately interpreted, while



GRACE KIMBALL.
From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

the mounting is a veritable scenic pageant from the last century. Truly, being a spectator at such a performance, enjoyable as the occasion is, has almost something of the uncanny about it, for here we have not only Richard Brinsley Sheridan himself, but are privileged to see him consort with the originals of his own characters—*Lydia Languish*, *Mrs. Malaprop*, *Lady Sneerwell*—aye, even to behold him take part in the screen scene of immortal memory.

And now to descend for a moment from generalities to particulars, Mr. Potter is to be congratulated specifically on the briskness of his dialogue, the breezy freshness of the scene where *Sheridan* is not sure which of the two young ladies he used to know as a little girl, and on the daring hand with which he has brushed aside stage tradition and taken for his curtain climaxes situations that are quietly rather than sensationally effective.



GRACE TABOR.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

"BLACK CROOK" was once a term regarded as typical of a class of performance which one must mention with hushed tones in the presence of ladies. This was the case up to the time of the revival of the spectacle in which Miss Grace Tabor dances, by Tompkins last season at the Academy of Music. Now everybody goes; the grandeur of the scale on which the

piece has been produced dwarfs every other factor about it. The writer has been astonished again and again at finding such abundant evidence of the complete effacement of that early impression. It is the exception nowadays to meet a woman who goes to the play at all, who has not seen the "Black Crook."

* * *

A PLAY which we ought to be grateful to the new season for bringing to us is "Liberty Hall," written by R. C. Carton for the St. James, London, and imported for his Empire Theater in New York by Charles Frohman. Quietly moving as the stream that flows through level country, this little drama, with nothing novel to commend it, yet takes one captive by its very simplicity and utter disregard of the fact that it makes no effort to break away from any one of the theatrical conventionalities. Two daughters of a baronet are left orphaned and penniless; their cousin, whom they have never seen, inherits the ancestral estates and offers to permit them to stay on there as long as they like. The offer is proudly declined, and the sisters take refuge with a poor relation who keeps a shop in London. Thither the cousin, under an assumed name, comes as a lodger, and succeeds in winning first the respect, then the confidence, and finally the love of the woman who had at first so haughtily spurned his offers of assistance.

The very oldest of schemes, you see, but about these much worn situations there has been thrown such an atmosphere of heartiness and reality—an atmosphere admirably preserved by the players of the Empire—that the lack of originality counts for nothing, and one allows himself simply to enjoy the dish that is placed before him, asking no questions for fear of breaking the charm.

While, as has been said, the piece is admirably cast, we must make special mention of two of the impersonations. Henry Miller heads the *dramatis personæ* as the baronet in disguise, and brings to his by no means easy task not only the personality whose charm always stands him in such good stead, but an intuitive appreciation of the delicate shadings necessary to complete the conception which only the thoroughly equipped actor, who is at the same time a high minded gentleman, can command.

W. H. Crompton's *William Todman*, the poor relation, is a perfect gem. It is to be set down as a "modern classic" of stage old men. And it must not be forgotten



N. C. GOODWIN.
From his latest photograph.

that May Robson plays the part of an untidy servant girl. How much that means, those who have enjoyed her former efforts in the same line can well understand.

* * * * *
It is not always given to man to realize his highest ambitions, but Nat Goodwin is the fortunate individual who seems to be in a fair way to realize certain lofty aspirations which he conceived some half dozen years ago. Then he was doing farce comedy, pure and simple; today he is attracting large audiences in a play written especially for him by Augustus Thomas. The crowning of such commendable dis-

content with success makes a bright spot in this dark age of vaudeville and beer.

* * * * *
THE men have it all their own way in "The Other Man," the new play from the pen of that prolific French writer Bisson, which Charles Frohman's Comedians have brought out at New York's Garden Theater. It is a military comedy, and the fair sex has very little part in its action. Joseph Holland is once more the miserable man in a terrible fix, but this time he has a companion in misery in the artist for whom he passes himself. The military element lends freshness to a series of incidents based on the playwright's old stand by, a case of

mistaken identity. The movement of "The Other Man" is brisk, the long cast is a thoroughly competent one, and as the audience does all that is asked of it—in that it laughs—the comedy may be set down as a success.

"EDGEWOOD FOLKS" and Sol Smith Russell were synonymous terms back in the early eighties, when for five years Mr. Russell played a part that required ten changes. He is a Westerner, having been born at Brunswick, Missouri, in 1848, this



SOL SMITH RUSSELL.

That is more than can be said for "Fanny," the long heralded new play, in which Johnstone Bennett was to win fresh laurels to place atop of those culled from "Jane." The great sign painted on the side of the Standard Theater proclaimed the fact that "Fanny" could be given for six weeks only. Three nights were found to be sufficient for it, and once more "Jane" sits enthroned. Of course if "Jane" draws as much money to the box office as "Fanny" would have done, the management is only out what it cost to mount the shelved piece, but it is hard to withhold pity from Messrs. Sims and Raleigh, the talented authors of "The Gray Mare" and "The Guardsman." They wrote "Fanny," and if, as rumor hath it, the play was taken off, not because the public did not like it, but because Miss Bennett's part was not as "fetching" as that of another lady in the cast, their case is hard indeed.

making him just old enough to go as a drummer boy when the war broke out. His histrionic abilities were displayed even at this early age, for he acted in a tent theater which the soldiers put up during the siege of Cairo and named "The Defiance."

Next to "Edgewood Folks," Mr. Russell's most successful play has been "A Poor Relation," which gives him a superb opportunity to depict that combination of humor and pathos in which he excels. "Peaceful Valley," also by Mr. Kidder, is a favorite with the Russell audiences, and last summer, during his long Chicago engagement, he successfully produced Clyde Fitch's "April Weather," which New York will have a chance to pass upon during his coming three months' engagement at Daly's, which begins October 9th. It will be noticed that in almost all of Mr. Russell's plays, children are employed. He



LILLIAN RUSSELL.
By permission, from a copyrighted photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

married a daughter of "Oliver Optic," the boys' friend.

* * *

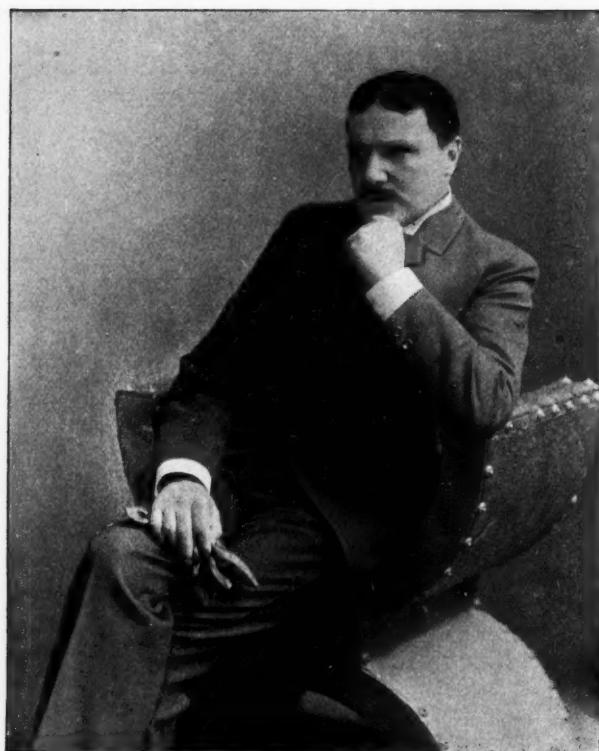
THERE is probably no singer now on the boards who has a greater host of admirers than Lillian Russell. Women chant her praises as loudly as men, and it is good news for metropolitan theatergoers that Miss Russell has secured the Casino as a permanent temple in which her devotees may burn their incense.

* * *

RUMORS of new theaters for New York have started in again to diffuse themselves abroad thus early in the season. One of these credits Mr. Daly with the intention of acquiring a new playhouse on Fifth Avenue, in the neighborhood of Twenty

Sixth Street, to cost a million dollars. Like most Daly rumors, this has no sooner secured firm lodgment in the minds of the public than contradiction overtakes it. It is asserted that Mr. Daly is perfectly satisfied with his Thirtieth Street house, having now brought it to a state that meets his views of what a modern theater should be.

We infer that Mr. Daly, when he thus expresses his content with what already exists, has in mind only the interior of his house in so far as it impresses the outward eye. For the writer's part, while admiring the tasteful decorations of the auditorium, the luxuriousness of the foyer, and the impressive solemnity of the sable attendants. There is a sense of being all the while in a whitened sepulcher when the spectator thinks



CHARLES COGHLAN.

of what the outward eye does not see. The building itself is a very old one, and although the safety of the audience in case of fire is in a measure provided for by the replacing of doors with curtains, this does not give that sense of security that comes from fireproof walls and eight feet wide passageways. In view of this fact, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE would be glad to be able to congratulate Mr. Daly on the acquirement of that magnificent new playhouse to which reference has been made.

The other new theater of which the gossips on the Rialto whispered, was to be built for David Belasco, the playwright. So it seems that our dramatists are "feeling their oats" in the manner of certain leading men and women, who no sooner gain a little popularity than they are wont to head companies of their own. But where are the audiences to come from, if each successful dramatist branches out into theatrical proprietorship as well?

* * *

IN the recent discussion concerning ac-

tors earning large salaries, no mention seems to have been made of the \$700 that was paid weekly to Charles Coghlan as leading man of the stock company with which John Stetson opened the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, in the fall of 1883. But the venture was not a success, whether because of this drain upon the manager's purse, deponent saith not. Be this as it may, Charles Coghlan is an actor of sterling worth, who deserves a large salary. He was born in France, but was brought up in England, and has always acted in the highest class of dramas. He is at present in Chicago, playing with his sister for a second season in "Divorçons."

* * *

MANAGERS must rely for the success of their productions, to a very large extent, on the feminine portion of their audiences. What pleases the "matinée girl" is pretty certain to be a piece that is in for a run. And it is the same with actors, be they men or women. If the ladies like them, they can be counted on to win over a suffi-

cient number of men to their way of thinking to make the fortunate object of their admiration a general favorite.

Gladys Wallis, of Mr. Crane's company, has attained her present rank in this way. Of such diminutive stature that her friends might well have despaired of her succeeding in more than one rôle, the women commented so extensively on her "cuteness," that her absence from the cast of a new play would be a marked one, and today there is no member of Mr. Crane's company whose name is more frequently heard in the audience and seen in the reviews than "little Gladys Wallis."

* * *

EXCEEDINGLY artistic is the performance of the French company in the musical play without words "*L'Enfant Prodigue*," now on at Daly's. Indeed, the work done is of such delicate description that it requires the closest attention in order that it be fully appreciated. There are only six characters in the play, and it could easily become wearisome were they not one and all skilled in their respective tasks. This was proven some years ago when Mr. Daly produced the same piece with his own company, and with disastrous results. Not a small share of the enjoyment to be derived from the present rendition comes from the deft manner in which the piano accompaniment of the pantomime is wedded to every detail of the action, even to such a fugitive incident as the wiping of a monocle.

* * *

DE WOLF HOPPER's long occupancy of the Broadway Theater ceased September 30, and he is not to appear in New York again until February, 1895, when he will have a new opera. Grace Golden's recent accession to the cast of "*Panjandrum*" gives the company a singer of sterling worth. The next attraction at the Broadway is Francis Wilson, who has been absent from the metropolis since the spring

of 1892. He presents a magnificent revival of "*Erminie*," and is to be succeeded in turn by the Bostonians.

* * *

HENRY IRVING and Ellen Terry opened



GLADYS WALLIS.

their American season in San Francisco early in September, with a repertoire in which the new play "*Becket*" was included. The company comes to New York to open Abbey's Theater on November 8.

San Francisco, by the way, did not take kindly to Bronson Howard's "*Aristocracy*," in spite of the fact that its first act is laid in that city. Or was it because of this very thing?

* * *

MISS ANNA O'KEEFE, whose portrait was

printed in this department last month, has left the comic opera stage to enter the field of drama, thus following the example of Marion Manola, who, since she became Mrs. John Mason, has gone on tour with

produced. It is almost an impossibility to get one read and accepted. You have wondered perhaps why certain plays that seem to be drawing houses are suddenly taken off. The cause is very simple. Managers cannot afford to pay authors the royalties they demand. For one or two years, possibly, a good play is actually a financial success to the manager, but after that he begins to lose money on it. The author refuses to reduce his terms and the play is taken off. You will ask why author and manager do not compromise? That is just what we all want to know. It ought to be done, but the fact remains that they do not."

But the playwrights are not the only members of the theatrical craft who have complaints to make. Stuart Robson voices the woes of the manager in a recital of his tribulations in bringing a case against an actor into court. He especially bewails the fact that nobody will take theatrical quarrels seriously; the public, as well as the court officials, appear to think the whole thing a free show, and where it is a case of manager *versus* actor, juries almost invariably decide in favor of the latter.

According to these two presentations, the player himself is the only adjunct of the theater who has a right to call himself happy. But is he happy?

* * *

LONDON advices bearing date early in September report only six theaters of the

higher class open, with nineteen closed. This record, even for the dull season, has not been surpassed in recent years. Daly's was to reopen on September 16, with "Dollars and Sense," to be followed in October by "The Foresters." The Columbian craze appears to have included England in its world wide sweep, as the Lyric announces a musical extravaganza bearing the title "Little Christopher Columbus." Drury Lane has had its destruction put off a little longer, and will throw open its doors again with "A Life of Pleasure."

her husband in comedies. Mrs. Mason has a particularly winsome presence, and has pleased her audiences greatly in "Friend Fritz."

MARION MANOLA.

* * *

AMERICAN plays are "on top" just now, but nevertheless, according to a member of the craft, the lot of the playwright is not a garden blooming with roses. "I cannot encourage any one to go into the business of writing plays," said this author to a newspaper man. "No one can conceive of the trouble we have in getting a play



LITERARY CHAT.

THERE always seems to be a new book which everybody is reading, just as there always is a popular song which everybody sings. People take to fashions in literature as in gowns. One month they are all for being amused, for being lost in a world of the imagination which takes them out and entirely away from the surroundings they know. The next month everybody seems to be seeking for a text book of life. The novel with a purpose enters upon its day.

Just now everybody is reading "The Heavenly Twins," by Sarah Grand. The title of the book makes one expect one of those sloppy tales of mysticism which are affected by a large class of women, and which are said to be favorite reading for England's queen. But these twins are human and healthy and frolicsome, and, notwithstanding the title, of the earth. The motive of the book is the argument that a wife should leave a bad husband. Any story that is founded upon the marriage relation is almost certain to be popular.

Madame Grand—as she prefers to be called, maintaining her incognito—is an Irishwoman of Quaker stock. Her father was in the navy, and as a child she led a solitary existence, amusing herself by books, and by scribbling verses and keeping a self conscious diary, jotting down her valuable opinions upon men, affairs, life, death, and eternity, à la Marie-Bashkirtseff. She must have been a terrible prig. At school she instituted a Bible class, where she lectured and expounded her views. At sixteen she married an officer in the army, and with him she journeyed out to Ceylon, China, and Japan.

Her first story was published in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. Her tales were declined over and over again, and often found a resting place in very obscure corners. At last, after numerous refusals, "The Heavenly Twins" was accepted, to make an instantaneous success.

It is curious to look at the famous books which have been "turned down." The list is headed by "Vanity Fair," that greatest of English novels, which was refused over and over again. General Lew

Wallace's "Ben Hur" was rejected from more than one humbler publishing house before Harper's accepted it. Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" was black with handling before it was put into print. That highly colored tale "Mr. Barnes of New York" was finally, and as a *dernier resort*, published by its author. There is a current tale that one day the author was driving through Central Park, and his wheels splashed the walking shoes of the first man who rejected that tremendously profitable novel.

* * *

THE story of the way in which "Mr. Barnes of New York" was forced upon the public is rather interesting, illustrating as it does a trait in human nature. Mr. Gunter, instead of satisfying himself with a limited edition, as became a modest young author with his first novel (but imagine the author of "Mr. Barnes" being modest about anything!) printed ten thousand copies. After his book was made and arrayed in its gay yellow cover, he went to the American News Company and asked them to handle it. Mr. Gunter had already written two or three successful plays, and was not entirely unknown, so he was told to send down his edition, which presumably was not over fifteen hundred copies.

Wagon load after wagon load of yellow books with bold, black lettering began to arrive at the company's office. There was consternation, wrath, and then amusement, but the books were duly sent out to the trade, and piled up on the news stands. Now it is generally understood that the ordinary newsdealer "is not there for his health," as they say in the wild Western vernacular admired by Brander Matthews, and when the casual passer sees a large pile of books heaped up on a stand he concludes that they must be supplying a demand. If there is a demand for a book, there must be a reason for the demand, and the passer buys a copy to discover that reason. "Mr. Barnes" made himself entertaining after a fashion, after he was introduced, but his débüt was cleverly managed.

* * *

CHRISTIAN REID, whose "Land of the Sky" is one of the most entertaining books

of mountain travel ever written, lives in a little North Carolina town. Her name is Tiernan, and although she is almost fifty years of age she has only been married five years. Her husband owns silver mines near Guadalajara in Mexico, and his wife spends most of her time there.

This curious old Mexican town, of which Americans seldom hear, is a city of seventy thousand inhabitants. It has a great deal of local color, and is famous throughout Mexico for its beautiful potteries. Here Mrs. Tiernan dreams the winters away, perfectly happy, she says, in a *dolce far niente* life which suits her so exactly that she cannot bring herself to break it even by describing it.

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, whose weird fancy has added more to her husband's tales than most people imagine, and who almost entirely wrote the second "New Arabian Nights," says that her taste for the grotesque and the horrible was fostered by her paternal grandmother, with whom she slept as a child. This severe old lady was a stern Calvinist, but with a strong tinge of superstition. Mrs. Stevenson says she used to watch her grandmother disrobe for bed with growing terror. When her false front of dark hair was finally removed, instead of her grandmother there seemed to be in the room a strange man with close cut, white hair, who came to bed to tell her stories.

"Though my terror was excessive," Mrs. Stevenson says, "I do not think I should have liked the stories, generally grim or tragic, so well in a different setting. One that I particularly loved was of a man who fell ill of a strange sickness, wasting away day by day, until he was at death's door. It occurred to him to consult, not his doctor, but his pastor.

"'Have you an enemy?' asked the reverend gentleman.

"It appeared that the sufferer had an enemy, a near neighbor, and, what was very significant, at a certain hour of the night was conscious of the presence of this enemy, whose shadow seemed to pass over the bed with a deathly chill.

"By the advice of the clergyman the sick man carried to bed with him a sharp knife, and that night when the shadow passed struck through it into the headboard of his bed with the blade. The first piece of news that he heard in the morning was that his neighbor was lying at death's door. Accompanied by the clergyman he went to the house of his enemy, who lay

groaning as though in pain. The clergyman pulled down the bedclothes and disclosed in the man's breast a ghastly knife wound that soon proved fatal."

In the recent appointment of William Henry Bishop to the professorship of French and Spanish at Yale, we see another well known novelist enter the list of instructors. Professor H. H. Boyesen and Brander Matthews are at Columbia College in New York. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, whose exquisite "Passe Rose" will live forever, is, or recently was—think of it, ye romance lovers!—professor of mathematics at Dartmouth. Bliss Perry is at Princeton, and Arlo Bates at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Barrett Wendell and Josiah Joyce are at Harvard, and Henry A. Beers is at Yale to keep Mr. Bishop company.

HENRY B. FULLER, in his "Cliff Dwellers," has gone at his work disdainfully, simply to express—so it seems to one who knows him—his contempt for the "public" who would not buy his early and charming books. A year ago he said to an acquaintance that he supposed people would say he was "American," if he were to write a novel and locate it in one of the tall buildings in his native city, Chicago. And then he tried the experiment. All that the critics have had to say is that it is a pity to see a beautiful round peg distorted and pushed into a square hole.

Mr. Fuller has a talent. It is the light and airy touch which gives meaning to a breath. It is the talent of appreciation, of most delicate and subtle expression of things which are usually wordless. In this new story he has tried to be "realistic" after the Chicago fashion, and to a certain extent he has succeeded; but the more successful he is upon these lines, the more the lovers of "The Chevalier" and "La Chatelaine" will grieve.

How many people know the difference between poetry and verse? There is just as much difference between the two, as between a clever photograph on the one hand, and on the other a picture by an artist who feels, and expresses in every line, some hidden spiritual truth, some essence which must be made manifest to the ordinary observer. A genuine poet is always recognized when he appears. He uses the hearts of men as his instrument. But in these days there seem to be so few, that verse makers take their seats aloft.

THOMAS HARDY, while greatly admired by the cult who feel themselves too far superior to the common run of readers even to try to enlighten those of Philistia, never made a really popular success until he wrote "Tess." Like so many men who have brought in unknown and unstudied types and phases of human nature, it was a long time before he obtained recognition. His story "Under the Greenwood Tree" was refused over and over until it finally fell into the hands of George Meredith, who was "reader" for Chapman and Hall. He wrote the author so encouraging a letter that Hardy took up again the pen he had almost put down in despair. Mr. Hardy's peasants are of the Elizabethan era, according to our present standards, but if you do not believe that they exist today, he only asks you to go down into Dorsetshire and hear their quaint talk.

Meredith, whose own work was so long unappreciated, was glad to help another man through the cloud of disappointment.

MR. WALTER BESANT, who is now in this country, and who has been made conspicuous at Chicago, is one of the few men who is entirely literary. He is about fifty five years of age, and was educated for the church. For a time he was a professor in a college in Mauritius, but since his return to London, twenty five years ago, he has done a marvelous amount of work, with great and far reaching results. He has made bricks and mortar to arise from his fancies clothed in words.

He looks more like a physician than a divinity student. He has a short, burly figure, closely set head, and a pair of frank eyes. He has the air of a man almost anybody would trust.

His literary career was decided, as most things are decided, by the purest chance. He wrote a paper upon travel and sent it to *Once a Week*. It was printed with so many mistakes that he wrote to the editor remonstrating. In the answer he found James Rice. They formed a friendship, and presently a literary partnership, which lasted until Rice's death. Their first story, "Ready Money Mortiboy" was Rice's idea, as indeed most of the stories were. Besant did the work. Rice was a racing man—a man of much coarser fiber than his companion. After his death Besant published "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," in which he described "the Palace of Delight" that has since taken form in the People's Palace in the East End of London. This novel first really directed the atten-

tion of English people to the state of their own poor.

ONE of the numerous questions, pertinent and impertinent, "fired off" at Mr. Besant during his American visit, was the old problem, "Why cannot men and women become friends?" His answer is that they can. He cites Mme. du Deffand and Horace Walpole, Mdlle. Lespinasse and D'Alembert, but adds that Mme. du Deffand was past fifty, and blind, when she made a friend of Horace Walpole. The friendship of men was necessary to her; it was what survived of her love making.

"I am not so sure," Mr. Besant continues, "that friendship is possible between two young people of opposite sex. One knows perfectly what will be said—cannot two people become friends without the tie being broken or spoiled by the intervention of that other passion? Well, you see, it is always present as a possibility; as a disturbing element."

He speaks of the colleges in America where the young men and women sit on the same benches to study or listen to lectures, and pass the same examinations, but have not succeeded in creating a new atmosphere of friendship or Platonic love. "There are," he argues, "so many obstacles interposed by society, by convention, even by nature, to this kind of friendship. The young man and the young woman who want to be friends cannot; they must not be seen too much together; they cannot enjoy perfect freedom of conversation because there are many subjects quite proper for either alone, but tacitly forbidden between the two.

"A young man may find in a woman much older than himself, a charming, kind, and sympathetic friend—it is the very best kind of friend that a young man can find; or an old man may find a woman much younger than himself to keep alive in him the waning fire of courage and self reliance. But that a young man should find any young woman who would become to him an equal comrade as another man might be, entering into his views and requiring him also to enter into her own views on equal terms, that kind of equal alliance and friendship I do not ever expect to find between the youth and the maiden."

THE other day an author carried a story to an editor. It was a thrilling story containing a most unusual incident. The editor looked it over. "It is an interesting story, but—" and he looked whimsically at

LITERARY CHAT.

the author—"it is so improbable that it must have been taken from real life."

"It was," the author said.

Real life is too strong for most of us to manage. People do things that are what a novelist would call "completely out of character." The world never knows what is slumbering inside of each of us, ready to break out. When the volcano bursts in a storm of lava and fire, then people wonder and say there is "no reason in it."

It would be interesting to compile a month's record of stories that would make great novels could motives be probed, and the indications which led up to the climax noted. The brothers Goncourt for many years kept this sort of a journal and scrap book, putting in every anecdote, bit of revealed character, or ready made plot, which came in their way. It is more interesting reading than any of their great novels.

THERE is quite a colony of novelists in London, who go on writing and selling their books at prices far ahead of those received by the young men who have entered with such a dash. There is a conservatism about the great middle class, who are, after all, the great readers, which makes them enjoy the thing they understand. They are willing to talk about the new men—and to read their old friends.

Mr. James Payne is a novelist whose work is always in the steadiest demand, and he is about the most versatile, as well as the most prolific of writers. Mr. Payne is the editor of the *Cornhill*, as well as reader for a large publishing house. His sanctum overlooks Waterloo Place. Here he seats himself at ten o'clock every morning for three hours' work on his novel. He lunches at the Reform Club, and then spends two hours in the afternoon reading and editing. He is tall and spare, and looks like a scholar, and his stooped shoulders would never tell that he was educated at a military school. He was for a time editor of *Chambers' Journal*, and it is said that he raised the circulation of that paper twenty thousand copies by his own story of "Lost Sir Massingberd." "By Proxy" is perhaps his most popular novel.

In writing a novel, Mr. Payne says that he first invents his plot, and then searches for the people who can best exemplify it. All of his characters are suggested by real people; so much so that he first makes his skeleton of his novel by the real people's names. He writes his outline on large sheets of paper, and puts down, under each person's name, the particular things he is

to do in the book. He says that after this is done the writing of the book is mere play.

AMONG these old novelists, these favorites of yesterday who are favorites today, there is one name that everybody seems to know, but few people talk about. Nobody ever saw a picture of James Sheridan Le Fanu in a newspaper or a magazine, and yet there have been few writers more widely read, or in better society. Henry James, Jr., tells in one of his cleverest stories of going to bed—late—in an English country house, and finding that his host (or hostess) had considerably put one of Le Fanu's books upon his bedside table. "Just the book to read at midnight in an English country house."

So it is, if the reader is strong of nerves. There is a vividness about "Uncle Silas," a horror that creeps into your bones and stays there, and makes you afraid to turn your head to see that the windows are closed, and that there is no stealthy form moving across the shadows.

THERE are a number of new novels out, and among them the ever recurring book of short stories. Mr. T. R. Sullivan, in his "Day and Night Stories," runs all the way from romance to realism. But Mr. Sullivan can never be anything in his own way but romantic. It is then that he is at his best. He has the touch of the prose poet; he can leave you with a sensation for which his sentences give no adequate explanation.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, whose "John Ward, Preacher," made her name known everywhere, has come out as a short story writer. She clings to the gentle details of the village life she knows, and seemingly in these she finds little that is bright.

Rudyard Kipling is at his old trick of bringing out a new book which is well padded with old material.

"PIERRE and his People" is a new book of short stories by Gilbert Parker. Its contents are studies, in his peculiar style, of the Canadian frontier. What Mr. Parker tells he knows. All of his pictures are drawn from life, and the draughtsman is no mean one. "Pretty Pierre," the gambling half breed, is a character who might be readily recognized from his description.

Mr. Parker seems to be a little self conscious; his hand is not free enough, but the ideas and the power are all there.

ETCHINGS.

THE DISAPPOINTED HOUSEHUNTER.

FAMILIARITY breeds contempt, and Mrs. Blank had become convinced that the house wherein she and her husband had resided for a decade was too small, badly situated, inconveniently arranged, out of repair, and otherwise entirely unworthy of its inmates. So she persuaded her husband, rather against his will, to place it in the hands of a real estate agent for sale, and to begin to look around for a more eligible residence.

One morning, shortly afterwards, she rushed into his room in a state of great excitement with a newspaper in her hand. "I have found the very thing that will suit us!" she exclaimed. "Do go at once and see about it before some one else gets ahead of us."

The poor man, thus adjured, hurried through his bath and dressing, swallowed a few mouthfuls of breakfast, and arrived in a breathless state at a louse agency mentioned—only to find that the attractive advertisement referred to his own house!

A FATAL MISTAKE.

'TWAS fatal! She will ne'er forgive
Such a mistake as this;
And I can never, while I live,
Forget my cowardice.

Nellie and I together sat—
Nellie whom I adore;
(I'll bet a new ten dollar hat
She'll speak to me no more!)

I tried to kiss her lips so red—
Forever shall I rue it!—
"Just kiss me if you dare!" she said,
And I—I didn't do it.

"LOOK PLEASANT!"

AN English investigator reports that he has discovered why French photographers can produce more pleasing portraits than operators of other nations. His explanation of this singular fact—if fact it be—is this:

The brutal Saxon says: "Now, ma'am, look pleasant," while the polite Frenchman says: "It is quite unnecessary to ask madame to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise." A beam of contentment and gratification naturally passes, like a

summer breeze, over the features of the sitter, and while the beatified expression thus brought about is at its height, "click" goes the shutter, and the portrait is taken.

To the above disquisition the *Photographic News* adds the question whether any photographer was ever actually known to ask a sitter to "look pleasant." "We believe it never happened," says the journal named. "The phrase owes its origin to a picture by Du Maurier, which appeared in *Punch* some years ago, and the original fun was in the contrast between a Cockney operator and a very aristocratic looking young damsel. Said he: 'Now, miss, look pleasant; think of 'im.'"

SABBATH EVENING.

THE twilight deepened as we sat,
Her head upon my breast;
The stillness of that Sabbath Day
Seemed full of peace and rest.

'Twas just a few short weeks ago
I first had called her "wife."
What wealth of love and beauty, since,
She'd brought into my life!

What was my darling pondering?
I smoothed the hair of gold;
Perhaps she thought of that sweet time
When first my love I told.

Perhaps my sermon held that day
Some sweet, some tender part,
Some thought that now at even time
Still touched my darling's heart.

What was she deeply pondering?
I kissed the thoughtful brow,
And whispered, "Tell me, dearest wife,
Of what you're thinking now."

She raised her clear blue eyes to mine,
I heard the sweet voice say,
"What am I thinking of, dear John?
Tomorrow's washing day."

AN ENGLISH DEAN'S STORIES.

IN the memoirs of Dean Hole of Rochester we find an amusing story which we might almost consider as verging upon the profane were it not told by so distinguished a member of the English church. It is of a San Franciscan who declined to contribute to a fund that was being raised for

some specially deserving charity, on the ground that his money belonged to his creditors, and he must be just before he could rightfully be generous. "And Who is your greatest creditor? To Whom do you owe the most?" asked the collector. "Well, that's very true," replied the other; "but just now He's not crowding me quite so much as the others."

From the same source we quote the full text of a "complete Irish drama," the author of which was a certain London comedian.

"The Emigrant's Return."—In one Act. Scene—A cottage in Ireland. Enter Emigrant, who surveys the dwelling with emotion, and knocks at door. Door opens. Enter inmate.

Emigrant—"Is my father alive?"

Inmate—"He is not."

Emigrant—"Is my mother living?"

Inmate—"She is not."

Emigrant—"Is there any whisky in this house?"

Inmate—"There is not."

Emigrant (sighs heavily)—"This is indeed a woful day!" [Dies.

Slow music. Curtain.]

DOUBT.

LAST summer I did not propose,
I dare not to this fall,
And only wily Cupid knows
If I'll propose at all.

My hesitation is not fear,
Tho' much to fear allied;
You see it's not exactly clear
Whom I want for a bride.

SAYINGS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

MR. WALTER JERROLD, son of the late Douglas Jerrold, has been collecting some of the countless witticisms uttered by Sydney Smith, or at least attributed to the genial canon of St. Paul's. Here are a few that are more or less unfamiliar:

"My house is just now full of cousins. They are all first cousins, and I wish them—once removed."

"When that showy Mrs. S. appears anywhere, though there is no garrison within a dozen miles, the horizon is immediately clouded with majors."

"The church's ordinances of feasts and fasts are tolerably well kept up. The rich keep the feasts and the poor the fasts."

"The whole story of my life has been passed like a razor—in hot water or a scrape."

"Gout is the only enemy which I don't wish to have at my feet."

"There is the same difference between his tongue and mine as between the minute and the hour hand: one goes twelve times as fast and the other signifies twelve times as much."

THE MODERN POET'S LOVE.

MISS MAUD JEMIMA HETTY—she is neither young nor pretty,

For her brow is furrowed over with the track of winter snows;
She is very slim and bony, and she looks a piteous crony

In her wig of faded ringlets—with the specs upon her nose;
Oh, her heart is far from callow, for her features, sour and sallow,
Are but now the wrecks and ruins of her youth of long ago;
And you could not well discover, though you traveled Gotham over,
Such a neck of tawny parchment, and such lips of indigo.

Yet the mashers bow before her, the chosen few adore her—

Oh, the very cream of Broadway, sir, would wed her to a man!

And the poets hymn her praises in the most aesthetic phrases,

And she dazzles all humanity, from Beersheba to Dan!

For she is the only daughter of Theophilus Breakwater,

The owner of a railroad, and some twenty city blocks;

And though she be not pretty, oh, this transcendental Hetty

Has five hundred thousand dollars invested in good stocks!

LOCHINVAR IN BOSTON.

THE traditional Boston lady who thought it improper to mention the bare limbs of a tree, must have been related to the managers of a school celebration recently held in that city, according to a paragraph in one of its own newspapers. It seems that a reader had been engaged to declaim "Lochinvar" to the pupils. When he reached the lines

And now I have come with this lost love of mine,

To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine,

he was rather surprised to find that the authorities, declining to countenance Scott's shameless allusion to the wine cup, had improved the Wizard's sadly lax expression into the highly moral couplet—

And now I have come with this beautiful maid,

To tread but one measure, drink one lemonade!

WHERE WAS THE JOKE?

THE Boston *Transcript* accuses the editors of some of our humorous papers of an offense which, if committed as charged, would certainly indicate a nodding of their critical faculties. It seems that a few weeks ago *Punch* published a squib, illustrated by Du Maurier, which ran like this:

THE GOVERNESS. "And now what is a parable, Effie?"

EFFIE (who has got rather muddled.) "Oh, of course, a parable is a heavenly story with an earthly meaning."

This was copied by several periodicals in this country; but where was the joke? Beneath Du Maurier's signature there is bound to be a witticism somewhere, and perhaps the editors in question took it for granted. They overleaped themselves, however, if they did so, for *Punch* the next week came to the front with the explanation that the "an" before "earthly meaning" was a misprint of "no," adding that the information would relieve a large number of mystified inquirers.

SHE.

THERE'S a sparkle in her eye
That no millionaire can buy—
If they think so let them try—
She's divine!

There's a blush upon her cheek
Like the peach tree's blossom, eke
Like red willows by the creek
Or like wine.

She has roses in her hair;
It was I who put them there,
Really, did I ever dare?
Is she mine?

Or can it be all a dream,
Idle poet's empty theme
Put in words that make it seem
Superfine?

No; for see—upon her hand
There's a little golden band,
Filigree work, understand—
Like a vine.

And a perfect solitaire
Fits upon it. The affair
Cost two hundred. I don't care!
She is mine.

AN OLD TRICK REVIVED.

BERLIN papers tell of the doings of a certain crafty clothes hawker, who is in the habit of sticking purses into the pockets of his stock in trade, by way of tempting unwary customers into buying a worthless article at a fancy price. No fewer than one hundred dozen purses were lately

bought by him for this purpose. The story may be true, but it certainly is not new, as a similar device was adopted years ago by an old clothes dealer in the arcades of the Muhlendamm. This honest tradesman used to sew odd coppers into the lining of his coats, etc., hung out for sale, and when showing the garments to his customers, he did it in such a way that the latter could not fail to detect the hidden treasure; and, opining that the said coins could be nothing less than Fredericks d'or, or Louis d'or, they took the bait, paid heavily for their purchase, and went off rejoicing.

OUR MODERN SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow;
Hygiene, history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry;
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in;
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in;
What are children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoölogy,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics;
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.

Faces pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same unvarying tale,
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep;
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow, will tell to you
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in and caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow!

COLERIDGE MODERNIZED.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three—
But he getteth on the wrong, wrong card,
And a buncoed he will be!

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

AN EPIDEMIC OF ACCIDENTS.

THAT serious railroad accidents, like other misfortunes, seldom come singly, is a fact that has often been noted, and was terribly exemplified during the latter weeks of the past summer. To conclude that such incidents are inevitable, and that no effectual steps can be taken to render them less frequent, would be precisely comparable to the fatalism of the Oriental who accepts the cholera as a visitation from above, against which it is impious to take precautions.

The newspaper reports of recent railway disasters show that while some of them resulted from imperfections of system or equipment, the great majority were solely and directly caused by pure and simple carelessness on the part of an employee. A switchman has two levers before him; one means safety, the other—a clash, a crash, destruction to property, agony and death to passengers. He pulls the wrong one. His excuse? There is none, except the unexcusing excuse that it was a mistake.

That human nature is fallible we know, and that mercy is due to its fallibility we admit; but these terrible errors have been happening too often. The railroads do not meet the case when they put forward statistics showing the low percentage of passengers killed or injured when compared to the vast numbers they annually carry. Such figures have their value, but they ill condone the killing and maiming of scores, if not hundreds, of men and women within a few weeks upon several of our most traveled highways of communication.

Does the reader remember *Punch's* prescription warranted to prevent railroad accidents? The suggestion was that a director of the company should be attached to the front of every locomotive in use. This would certainly be very likely to render wrecks due to imperfection of track or equipment very rare. But as a preventive of those caused by careless subordinates we know of nothing better than the system that prevails, or rather that is popularly supposed to prevail, in France, where a railroad official who causes an accident pays the penalty provided for murder, on the ground that, even if he did not fully deserve it, it

is better for one innocent person to suffer than a trainload of innocent persons.

THE CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

A HUNDRED years ago, on the eighteenth of September, George Washington, Masonic trowel in hand, laid the southeast corner stone of the north wing of the United States Capitol. It is difficult to say which has changed the most in the century that has elapsed since that inauguration of one of the world's noblest buildings by one of history's greatest men—the structure itself and its surroundings, or the republic of whose government it forms the central home.

In 1793 Washington existed only in name. Its site was a wilderness. It was only three years before that Congress had—by a bare majority—decided that ten years from the date of that vote it would move “to the Indian place with the long name, on the Potomac,” as Secretary Wolcott, an opponent of the proposal, rather scornfully termed it. The “long name,” it may be well to explain, was Connogocheague, which appears on the old maps as the designation of the strip of land between the branches of the Potomac. It consisted of wooded slopes and swampy hollows, with no habitation, beyond an occasional farm house, except the inconsiderable village of Georgetown at its northwestern limits.

Little progress had been made in preparing this somewhat intractable site for its magnificent destiny. The plans of that clever young Irishman James Hoban had been accepted for the Presidential mansion, and the building was beginning to rise above its foundation; but it was not ready for occupancy until seven years later. Its first tenants, President John Adams and his wife, found actual hardships awaiting them when they moved to the new capital from their comfortable quarters in Philadelphia. “I could content myself anywhere for three months,” Mrs. Adams wrote; “but surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it! We have indeed come into a new country.”

At the same date Congress first met in the north wing of the Capitol, the only por-

tion of the structure that was completed. The members had some difficulty in finding quarters for the session. The city site that had been laid out on such an ambitious scale was still almost entirely vacant. The street from the Capitol to the Presidential mansion was already named Pennsylvania Avenue, but what is now a wide stretch of smooth asphalt was then a rough road over swampy land. It had been expected that the eastern district of the city would become its finest portion, and the front of the Capitol was set in that direction; but the expected throng of residents refused to turn thither. "There is one good tavern about forty rods from the Capitol," wrote Wolcott, President Adams' Secretary of the Treasury, "and several houses are building, but I don't see how members of Congress can possibly secure lodgings unless they will consent to live like monks in a monastery, ten or twenty crowded in one house." And the President's wife, on her first journey to her new home, was lost in the woods close to the city's site, so wild was the surrounding country.

Washington had only the population of a village when, twenty one years after the laying of the Capitol's corner stone, the edifice was destroyed by the vandal Cockburn's torch. Its rebuilding was begun at once, and after a dozen years' work it was first completed according to the original plans in 1827. Later enlargements have changed it beyond recognition. Practically a new Capitol was begun when, on the seventy fifth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, President Fillmore laid the corner stone of an immense addition. "If it shall hereafter be the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base," Daniel Webster wrote upon the parchment set in the stone, "that its foundations be upturned, and the deposit beneath this stone brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm; that their constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world." And in the noble speech he delivered that day the Whig orator pointed out that since the Capitol was founded by Washington the population of the United States had grown from less than four millions to more than twenty three. Revenue, imports, exports, coinage, and all other tests of national

prosperity, showed a similar increase. Then what entire creations there had been! Ten thousand miles of completed railroads, and as many more building; fifteen thousand miles of telegraph; ten thousand school libraries; a vast postal system—these and other great figures of 1851 stood against ciphers in 1793.

The development of the country has gone hand in hand with the enlargement of the Capitol. The States, rapidly increasing in numbers and in population, have constantly sent additional representatives to crowd the halls of legislation, and imposed vastly increased duties upon every department of the government. Not even the terrific storm of civil war, which burst during the last and greatest extension of the structure, arrested the work, which was continued with complete faith in the ultimate restoration of the Union. The masons toiled on while the halls beneath them were turned into a great military depot. When Lincoln issued his first call to arms, and the Northern hosts hurried to Washington, the chambers of the Capitol became barracks for the boys in blue and storerooms for their commissariat. The vaults under the terrace along the western front were used as bakeries, and turned out sixteen thousand loaves of bread daily for the garrison of the city and the ring of forts that ran along the surrounding hills.

It is since the civil war that there has come the great expansion that has given Washington a place among the great capitals of the world. For more than half a century it had seemed as if the city's founders, who had hoped "to combine the beauty and grace of Versailles with the practical advantages of Babylon," had been too ambitious in their plans. It remained a city magnificent in its distances, but in little else; and the critical eye of the visiting foreigner regarded it as a "skeleton."

But the present generation, which witnesses the centenary of the Capitol's foundation, sees around it a capital city worthy of the American Union. Washington has shared to a remarkable degree in the wonderful national expansion of the last quarter century. We can today repeat Webster's comparisons on a still more striking scale. Our population has again trebled; our material possessions have increased incalculably. And Washington has become one of our most beautiful and attractive cities—not only the chief political center, but a focus of wealth, fashion,

and culture, as well as of great architectural splendor.

A CREDITABLE POLICY.

THE daily press of New York, and indeed that of the entire country, has often—and, we are forced to admit, too justly—been charged with an undue tendency toward sensationalism; with culpable recklessness in its far reaching and intrusive search for news. It is all the more agreeable to read, in one of our great daily papers, such a paragraph as this :

We have received at different epochs several applications from persons who wished to furnish for publication exposures of what they described as corruption and robbery in this great enterprise (the Columbian Exposition in progress at Chicago); and we have every time refused to entertain the proposition. We don't believe that such rascality and spoliation have existed at Chicago; and we have no taste for that sort of newspaper carriion, which goes about inventing dishonorable reports of wickedness such as has no existence, except in the lairs of bandits or the imaginations of wretches, who are willing to make merchandise of the good name of their own country, and to disgrace every honest man in it. Let any one of these bring his pretended report into the *Sun* office and he will be promptly kicked out. If there has really been any great wrongdoing in the Chicago management—which we emphatically do not believe—it is the business of the proper authorities there; and all we would willingly have to do with it would be to publish the news when the facts are fully established.

Such a statement of fact—for of course it is a statement of fact—is highly creditable to the *Sun*. We regard it as a sign of the general inauguration of an era of loftier journalistic taste.

THE "EUROPEAN WAR CLOUD."

THE cable dispatches of almost any one of our great Sunday newspapers, on almost any one of the Sundays of the last half dozen years, have inflicted upon their readers a more or less lurid description of the terrible tempest that is threatening to burst upon Europe and deluge that hitherto rather attractive continent in blood and ruin. Every week we read—if we don't skip to something less familiar—that the tension between the European governments is become more intense, their mutual dislike more pronounced; and that a general and terrific war cannot possibly be averted more than a few months longer. Every

spring we are assured that the crisis must come before autumn; every autumn we learn that hostilities will positively open with the following year. Yet for once it appears as if our omnipotent and omniscient daily press has been basely and continuously deceived by its correspondents. The promised crisis doesn't come; the predicted hostilities don't open. The combatants remain provokingly peaceful.

Now this state of things is all wrong, and we hereby protest against it. It is not fair to the public. We have been expecting to see a fight—and what fallen man doesn't at the bottom of his heart love to watch a good, fair, square trial of strength? And this was to be a genuine knock-down-and-drag-out affair on an unprecedentedly tremendous scale, fought to a finish, and without the slightest suspicion of "hippodroming." That is what the newspapers have promised us, but they have signally failed to fulfil their promises.

Think, too, of the wasted effort they have imposed upon us, not to speak of the squandering of their own resources. There are pretty nearly two thousand daily newspapers published in this country. Supposing that each of them has devoted half a column per week to its "war cloud" eloquence—undoubtedly a very low estimate—we have 50,000 columns of this verbiage yearly, or 300,000 in the last six years. This must have cost considerably over \$1,000,000 to print, exclusive of the expense of white paper, which would be a bagatelle of several thousand dollars.

In reading the 300,000 columns many thousands of hours have been spent to no purpose by the intelligent workers of the community, who might otherwise have been adding materially to the nation's wealth. The damage caused by wear and tear of their eyes, and the consequent extra expense for mechanical aids to vision, are difficult to estimate exactly, but must have been considerable; nor can we omit the temperamental injuries resulting from disappointment and disgust, which in some cases may have been so severe as to drive the sufferers to suicide or into the insane asylums—causing further expense for the services of coroners and doctors.

We certainly think that the public has ground for an action for damages against the press, and we should like to hear some eloquent New York lawyer, acting as counsel for the plaintiff, amplify the suggestions we have given.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

MUNSEY'S AT TEN CENTS.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at ten cents a copy and one dollar a year inaugurates a new era in magazine publishing. It has come down to healthy, reasonable, rational prices. It has found the substratum—the solid rock foundation. No first rate magazine can ever go lower. In England, where labor and material are cheap and where no McKinley tariff worries and wearies the soul—even there no magazine of good grade has ever sold at so low a price as that at which MUNSEY's now sells. This tremendous reduction foreshadows the end of the old war prices so far as pertains to publications of large circulation.

A NEW VOLUME.

WITH the present issue MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE begins its tenth volume. Tenth! This smacks of age, verily it does. Nine volumes that are history, and a future with a multiplicity of cleverer volumes that no man can number. But only four of these nine appeared in magazine form. The preceding five were issued in weekly numbers under the title of MUNSEY'S WEEKLY.

This magazine is, therefore, an example of evolution. It came out of a field of death and decay and entered one where there is succulent food in plenty—where there is room for growth, and the substance on which to grow.

In making the transition from weekly to magazine, we said in substance that the day of the weekly journal, as a factor in publishing in America, had gone by. This wasn't prophecy; it was the statement of a fact, but to many eyes it was not yet unfolded. The two years that have passed since then have convinced most men whose vision is not hopelessly dull that what we said regarding the weekly publication was true—overwhelmingly true. We were convinced that there was no longer any station between the daily with its Sunday issue and the magazine.

We acted on our conviction. We are glad we did as we did. We have good reason to feel glad. The magazine has made steady progress and long ago swung

into the paying column. Indeed, at times, it has struck a pace that astonished us. These were but hintings, though, at its possibilities when the latent energy within it should be excited to full action. Now that the over heavy price has been reduced by sixty per cent and more, we are prepared to see such an exhibition of speed as we have hitherto not had the pleasure of witnessing.

Volume X, then, begins with prospects brighter than were those of any volume that preceded it—with the probability that before it is half finished the hundred thousand mark in circulation will be overtaken and passed. This is prophecy. We make it fearlessly.

THERE IS MONEY IN PLENTY.

THERE is money, good, clean, crisp money, and in plenty, for any man or woman, boy or girl, who begins at once, before the ground is covered, and takes subscriptions for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. At the new price—the inconceivably low price of one dollar a year—it is sweeping the country. Everybody wants it; everybody will have it; everybody subscribes at sight, and the agents get 20 per cent, or 20 cents on each subscription. This means \$5 on twenty five names, \$10 on fifty names, \$20 on a hundred names, and \$100 on five hundred names.

Five hundred subscriptions can be taken in five days and the canvasser pockets a clean \$100—something worth trying for, isn't it?

JUST A BEGINNING—THAT'S ALL.

We stated last month that the lower price of MUNSEY's would be accompanied by an improvement instead of a falling off in quality and quantity, as would naturally be expected from so radical a cut. We have begun this improvement by an increase in the number of pages; by an increase of 25 per cent in reading matter, by a considerable portion of higher priced matter, by 33 1-3 per cent increase in the number of illustrations. We have used a more expensive paper; have had a some-

what persuasive interview with our printers as to the excellence of presswork, and have set the magazine throughout in new type—type of such size and face as gives sharp, clean print and yet enables us to increase by 25 per cent the number of words to the page. So much for the inside; the outside shows for itself. But this is only a beginning; only the striking of the pace that will carry MUNSEY'S to the head of the procession.

A FIN DE SIÈCLE MAGAZINE.

WE believe that the time has come when it is well to throw conservatism and conventionality to the winds, and to open our eyes and learn a thing or two about publishing from the great daily journals with their marvelous Sunday issues. They are the keenest observers and best typify public taste. But rapid printing necessarily limits their scope in the matter of illustration. It is in this that the magazine of today, the magazine of the future, has its field—has in fact practically its only excuse for living.

An extensively and handsomely illustrated monthly, supplemented by reading of strong human interest and plenty of it—reading as clever, as timely, as juicy as the best work in the metropolitan dailies—such magazine if sold at a rational price will have its place and hold it—a great big place—a place that will mean a million readers to the publication that outranks all others on these lines. This is our conception of the *fin de siècle* magazine; this is what MUNSEY'S will be if energy on our part, and the best efforts of the clever young men and the bright young women about us, can reach our ideal.

THE READER PAYS IT.

WHEN several profits are made by unnecessary middlemen, the publisher, that he may do business at a profit, is forced to charge more for his publication than it is worth. The reader pays for this.

Does the reader enjoy it? Probably not, for even if the extra expense is not very large, still it is felt to be an unfair tax. It certainly is unfair to have to pay thirty five cents, or even twenty five, for an article that cost only a fraction of that sum to produce.

No middlemen; no monopoly.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING.

If you like this magazine—and we naturally assume that you do, or you would not be a reader of it—shall we not hope that you will say a good word for it to your

friends and acquaintances, who perhaps do not know that a publication of this size and grade is being sold at ten cents a copy? It will cost you nothing to say this; it will help us. The best friends of a publication are its readers. You may happen to know of some woman whom these hard times have reduced to a position where she must earn the money for her support. There may be easier ways for her to earn it than by taking subscriptions to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE; there are many ways much harder—few that are surer of bringing her in at least a few dollars—possibly many—dependent upon the time she gives to the work and the earnestness with which she pursues it. Five subscriptions mean one dollar for her. Fifty mean ten dollars, and so on. Every dollar counts when it represents bread for hungry mouths or warm shoes for little feet in frosty weather.

WHY WE CAN DO IT.

"How can we sell MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at this unheard of, never-before-approached price?" is what everyone asks. We can do it because we deal direct with the reader or the retailer, and thereby save the two profits that the middlemen get on other magazines. These are the times when it is well to get down to healthy prices. No middlemen; no monopoly.

FOR ALL THE PEOPLE.

MUNSEY'S is a magazine for the people—all the people—all of the seventy million souls of these United States. By this we do not mean that it is written for a certain class. There is no class about it.

The sunshine is as precious on the frontier as on the crest of Murray Hill. A good thing is a good thing all the world over. Human nature is pretty much the same whether it be in the hustling, bustling West or in the effete East; whether in the mansion of the millionaire or the modest cottage. It is stirred by the same passions—laughs, cries, or becomes sad, in the one place as in the other. Wealth and luxury do not change the convolutions of the brain. A pretty picture, a beautiful face, delights the eye of him of any station.

MUNSEY'S is for the people, all the people; with something for every one—a story, a poem, an illustration, biography, descriptive or historical sketch, or something else. None will lay it down without feeling repaid for turning its pages and lingering thereon according to his taste.